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INTRODUCTORY.

IN presenting to the public the first number of "The American Review," it will not be inappropriate to set forth the reasons that have led to its establishment. This is not because custom has made it proper, or that the public have a right to expect from each new actor a preliminary bow; but mainly because the reasons themselves are of weighty and earnest import. They arise on different grounds, and present their appeal by different considerations; but the result from them all is a united voice that speaks to the American people.

The predominant interests of our countrymen are involved in the issue of great and often-recurring political contests. These contests are always of prevailing concern, at times all-absorbing; and the leading intellects of the country, so long as our institutions shall happily remain free, must be largely devoted to the discussion of questions pertaining to the management of the national government. As the country progresses in extent and increases in population and wealth, these questions are becoming more varied and complicated. The necessity for new measures, and for the enlarged application of established principles to meet the exigencies of the times, demands constant action on the part of those to whom the people have committed their most sacred interests; and the formation of parties taking antagonistical positions

on these matters is a necessary result, aside from the inducements to division arising from personal ambition, cupidity, and love of place and power, which are found mixed up with all human affairs. Of such organizations, numerously existing or constantly springing up, the greater part are indeed of a local nature, or grow out of temporary excitements: two, however, embrace nearly all the rest, and mainly divide the commonwealth.

These great organizations are born of different elements, exist by different means and in a different atmosphere. In every thing of vital concern, their relation, by principles, policy, practice, is that of natural, unavoidable opposition.

The one is in all things essentially conservative, and at the same time is the real party of progress and improvement. It commends itself to the people, and is supported by them, not less for its rigid adherence to the Republican creed—for its unwavering support of constitutional and established rights, and its endeavors to preserve law, liberty, and order inviolate—than for the ameliorating and liberalizing tendency of its principles and policy. Such is that portion of the community who have justly adopted from the men of the Revolution the ever-honored title of Whigs. In all that tends to give strength to the confederacy, and knit together its various sections by the indissoluble bands of a common interest and

* The Review is intended to date from the beginning of the year 1845; though the first number, as advertised, has been issued preliminarily in the autumn.

affection, the Whig party occupy the advance ground. Protection to the laborer and the producer, to the merchant and manufacturer; integrity and economy in the discharge of official trusts; the vigilant defence, as against the world, of national dignity and honor; the observance of honor and good faith in all our dealings with and treatment of other nations; the establishment and maintenance of a sound currency; an enlargement of the means of revenue, and a proper provision for its safe-keeping; an extension of the resources of the country by the construction of harbors, roads, and canals, as the wants of the people demand them; a vigorous administration of the laws; the separation of the seats of justice, by all possible barriers, from popular impression; the adoption, by constitutional means, of such regulations as shall confine the exercise of Executive power within due bounds; the general promotion of knowledge, and an enlargement of the means of education;—these form an outline of the distinctive principles of the Whig party, and by these and other cognate sentiments and measures it will be known to posterity. When the personal rivalries and partisan asperities of the day shall have been forgotten, and the mellowing hand of Time shall have consigned to the Future only the virtues of the Present, the positions and aims of the Whig party will stand out like watch-towers and beacon-lights on the mountain side, and be referred to and quoted as monuments to inspire, as precedents to guide, another race of statesmen and patriots; and whatever it may now do, the world will then acknowledge the moral heroism of those who, doubtless with some defects and some temporary mistakes, yet withstood in their day, the tide of corruption, the insidious arts of demagogues, and the clamors of faction, and taking their stand on the platform of the Constitution, defended the honor and integrity of their country from open and secret assault, and preserved to their countrymen the inestimable blessings of a good government.

The other great political division is as essentially anarchical in its principles and tendencies. In saying this, we would not be understood as denying to the body of its members their claims to sincerity; for the mass of a people, whatever may be their predilections, and however erroneous their views, are unquestionably sincere and honest in their

professions. But whatever the pretensions of their leaders may be, they are practically working to destroy the prosperity of the nation, to corrupt the morals of the people, to weaken the authority of law, and utterly to change the primitive elements of the government. We know that these are grave charges: we believe that they can be substantiated.

A portion of the evidence lies in actual results. It is an unhappy and imperishable part of the national history. Professing an exclusively democratic creed, and a desire to advance the "greatest good of the greatest number," the period of the dominancy of this party in the government has been signalized by widespread ruin and distress, as plainly as the smouldering pile and the ravaged field ever marked the course of an invading army. A profligate waste of the national treasures; a general depression in all the various branches of business and enterprise; the country without a currency at all equal to its wants; the checking, at a vast loss, the progress of internal improvements; a depreciation of nearly every species of property; a denial to the people of their only means of securing an adequate market for the products of the soil, cheating honest industry of its rewards; a dishonorable feeling with respect to public debts; a blind obedience to party dictation, in which the voice of conscience is stifled and patriotism and the eternal rules of justice thrown aside as worthless considerations; a corruption of the elective franchise; the civil power set at defiance; countenance and support given to organized revolutionary parties acting in direct hostility to the laws, and in subversion of all government; the basest perfidy towards an unoffending nation proposed and upheld, and a candidate for the dignities of the chief magistracy selected on account of his willingness to carry out the foul design;—these acts and consequences have attached themselves to and distinguished the party which has strangely arrogated to itself the title of Democratic, as if democracy consisted not in levelling-up and preserving, but in reducing all things to an equality of degradation and ruin.

Yet these, however disastrous, are less to be regarded. Practical errors of individuals or of nations are comparatively of little consequence. They are of the present, and may be retrieved. They belong soon to history, and their

effects become weaker with remoteness in the past. It is the elements native to the character, the ineradicable principles and tendencies, that are of abiding concern. And these, with the party of whom we speak, appear to us thoroughly wrong and pernicious. As we have said, the mass of them are doubtless sincere; but they receive doctrines from designing leaders, of which they recognise neither the nature nor the end. They are led on they know not well to what; but discerning men in the Republic cannot fail to see that they are, in different ways, according to different sections of the community, practically working to relax the whole spirit of law among us, to disorganize and change the original framework and proportions of our government, and, under the deceptive name of advancement, insensibly descending in a rapid progression to evil. There is scarcely any dangerously radical opinion, any specious, delusive theory, on social, political, or moral points, which does not, in some part of the country, find its peculiar aliment and growth among the elements of that party. They are not content with sober improvement; they desire a freedom larger than the Constitution. They have a feeling, that the very fact that an institution has long existed, makes it insufficient for the growth of the age—for the wonderful demands of the latter-day developments. In a word, change with them is progress; and whenever the maddened voice of faction, or the mercenary designs of party leaders demand a triumph over established institutions and rightful authority, they rush blindly but exultingly forward, and call it "*reform*." It is thus, that in some sections of the Union they have sought to make the judiciary, which of all elements in a government should be left free from external influences, subject to periodical revolution by the people, and have shown themselves ready to set aside the most solemn state covenants on a bare change of majorities. It is thus, that in other sections they have exhibited a marked hostility to useful corporations, even to the crying down of institutions of learning as aristocratic monopolies. It is thus that everywhere, and at all times, they have been disposed to make the stability of legislation dependent on the dominancy of a party, and to consider the idea of law as having no majesty, no authority, no divine force inherent in itself—as not a great Idea enthroned among

men, coeval with Eternal Justice, which feeling alone can keep it from being trampled under foot of the multitude—but as derived from, and existing by, the uncertain sanctions of the popular will. And in all this they are not merely loosening the foundations of order and good government: they are paving the way—first, indeed, to anarchy, but next to despotism. For while in the false idea of "liberty" and "progress" they would deny the existence or renounce the exercise of those large and beneficent constitutional powers provided by the sages of the Revolution, they permit their acknowledged exponents to usurp the most extended and unlawful authority, and would give to the Chief Executive a power most liable to be abused, and greater than is possessed by the crowned head of any constitutional monarchy in Christendom.

To resist earnestly and unweariedly these destructive measures and principles, and, in so doing, to support freely and openly the principles and measures of the Whig party, is one great object of this Review. Yet in this we claim that degree of independence which every right-minded man in the Republic should vindicate—liberty to judge for ourselves as great interests change and new events arise.

The need of such a journal has long been deeply and widely felt. The Whig newspaper press is conducted with a degree of ability and address never perhaps excelled in any country; but its expositions and appeals are necessarily brief, and but by few either remembered or preserved beyond the occasion which calls them forth. The Review will be a means of presenting more grave and extended discussions of measures and events, and of better preserving them to after times. But aside from the important field of national politics, there is yet another, vaster and more varied, demanding as constant and stern a conflict for the truth and the right, and making far larger requisitions on the intellect and attainments of whoever would earnestly work for the well-being of his country. We speak of the great field of literature, philosophy, and morals. It is not to be doubted, indeed, that these, from the nature of things, are so closely blended with all other elements that go to compose a state, as to make whatever influences affect these vitally, affect also, for evil or for good, the entire political fabric. We have the voice of history

to this conclusion, since great governments have never fallen but by being first corrupted and undermined by the speculations of ignorant, or fancy-ridden, or designing men. But in relations of their own—above the form politic—as affecting those higher destinies of men, their social, intellectual, spiritual existence, they are of importance never to be estimated. And the aspect of the times reflects on them a yet more grave and serious import. There has been no age of the world in which the physical energies of men have effected so rapid and wonderful achievements—no age in which their intellects have been sharpened to greater acuteness—and no age rife with all speculative errors, with the falsest principles of taste in art and literature, with subtle delusions affecting the whole foundations of the social system. It becomes thus an age bearing in its bosom mighty and doubtful issues for the future. And this, whether we look to the eastern or the western hemisphere. The institutions of Europe seem rapidly verging to dissolution. Old forms have passed away—old foundations have been broken up. Though the convulsions of a former age, which threw down many dynasties, and thrones, and ancient usages, appear now fully subsided, it is but a deceitful calm. There is yet a power abroad on the surface of society, and a commotion in its lowest depths, fearfully ominous of some of those great events which change the face of the moral world, and shake it to its centre.

In our own country, likewise, the same restlessness is bearing us hurriedly onward, but we fear to worse ends. The nations of Europe are restless under the burden of oppression; we are restless under the weight of mere duty and custom.

We are a people eager for novelty; we care more for the newness of a thing than for its authority. This is a trait which, while it opens the way to striking physical improvement, has an unfavorable influence upon us in many respects. It affects our morals, since morality can have no sober growth but on a ground of stability and recognised truth. It affects all our philosophy and speculative belief, since old opinions, however well considered and just, are readily abandoned for new ones. It affects all regular formation of national custom and character, because we suffer our tastes and habits to be continually changing. It especially affects, what must have all these for a

partial foundation—the growth of our national literature. For if tastes may change and customs be laid aside with the hour, and opinions be held no longer than they are able to excite, and faith be considered a matter of choice, it is obvious that our literature must be forever unsubstantial and fugitive. It can have no dignity, because no consistency—little beauty as a whole, because little harmony of the parts—no great body of impression, from the want of uniformity among its effective elements.

Our literature has never been sufficiently earnest. It has been too much the product of light moments, of impulsive efforts, of vacation from other and engrossing employments. There have been many graceful and pleasing productions, and some exhibiting a degree of power that justifies the highest hopes of what *might* be; but few great designs, long considered and carefully planned out, have been entered upon with that serious and stern determination with which Milton commenced a work “which posterity should not willingly let die.” But surely, if literature has, what we *know* it has ever had, a forming influence on the minds of those who form and rule the minds of the multitude, it is not a light thing, a thing to be played with at languid intervals as one of life's ornaments, but a matter to be borne in hand with earnest and fixed resolves. We are speaking here of original works among us; but what shall we say of the criticism of the times? We confess to an almost total distrust of its judgments. Never exhibiting great independence or power of discerning, it has grown of late even more slavish, weak, and meaningless. Foreign productions sent over, ticketed and labelled, receive an *imprimatur* accordingly; the writings of our own countrymen, deserving of cordial and ready praise, must often wait for the dicta of foreign judges; and a sea of trash seems rapidly swallowing up the delicate perceptions, and calm thought, both of critics and people.

For these reasons also, in addition to those of a political nature, has it been determined, “*quod bonum, felix, faustumque sit*,” to establish a national Review. Adding only, that all sectarian discussions and all sectional controversies will be avoided, so that the work may be of equal acceptability in every part of the country, we ask for it a support according to the character it shall be found to bear.

THE POSITION OF PARTIES.

A STRANGER in the country, having little knowledge of our political divisions, would be greatly confused in his attempts to ascertain the real meaning of the terms "democracy" and "democratic." Having received from former free states the impression that the word properly respects the "power of the people," which it literally signifies, exercised by a majority of themselves for the people's good, he would naturally look around to see if the modern multitude who employ that ancient appellation are a sufficient part of the community for such a possession, to what large measures of public policy they have given rise, and with what line of conduct they or their leaders have, in general, pursued the interests of the commonwealth. To his surprise, unless he had made of demagogues and their arts a philosophic study, he would find the term, in its better sense, peculiarly misapplied. He would remark, on the one hand, that by far the greater and more intelligent portion of the people, and the portion from which nearly every measure which has in any degree tended to the common benefit, together with each and all of those broad principles that can lead the nation steadily on to prosperity and true greatness, long since originated, make no use of that attractive title, but are content to consider themselves abiders by the Constitution, consistent supporters of the Federal Republic.

By an opposing minority on the other side, he would hear the term vociferated with great zeal at all meetings in streets and club-rooms, whatever might be the occasion of their assembling, and in whatever part of the Union he might chance to be. Anxious to know, as having the finest opportunity since the days of the Athenian 'democratic,' the exact weight of the word, especially in their own minds, and what amount of distilled opinion has filtered down to them through the ages intervening, the stranger requests one of the more favorable specimens to define his creed. He replies—"I am a Democrat." It is intimated to him that principles and names are different things, and he is pressed to state what particular measure he supports that

is peculiarly democratic in its nature; what great doctrine he believes in;—briefly, what he is *for*.—Why, he is "for democracy!" He supports "the rights of the people!" He "believes in Jefferson!" Sometimes the explanation would be varied to the negative form, by recounting, which they are able to do more readily and at much greater length, what they are *against*. The matter pressed still further, a labyrinthine definition would be the issue, garnished with such a variety of prefixes, according to the locality of the speaker, as to render a consecutive series of ideas out of the question. Our friend, the stranger, grows disturbed in mind. He has lost his old ideas of the word, and gained no new ones. It has become to him a cabalistic phrase, equivalent to the term "great medicine" among the Chippewas or Pottawatamies. But what is this to the public? The cloak is of use to the party that wear it. They have given to it a most ample latitude of comprehension, and have compelled it to cover, like charity, a multitude of sins.

We shall not quarrel with them, however, for possession of the name. During the few unfortunate years in which they have held the false tenure, they have so encumbered the domain with useless and dangerous structures, so imbued it with unnatural, unconstitutional and destructive elements, so divided and undermined it with radical tendencies leading swiftly downwards to ruin, that we hardly know if any period of rightful usage by the worth and patriotism of the nation could restore it to a just and honorable significance. Nor is it, in truth, of much consequence. Names in themselves are nothing, principles and conduct everything; and we are desirous rather, in this article, of setting before the public the two great antagonist parties in the country, as they actually stand. We think this will be best effected by sketching, briefly and clearly as may be, the former history up to this time—especially the rise and progress, the early and the *latter* formation—of the Democratic party. Facts are substantial things: they cannot be lightly blown away by the breath that utters the "euphonious name" so volubly.

Every one is aware that the Democracy of 1844 makes great pretensions to antiquity. It professes to refer its parentage to the Republicans of 1798, and to the democracy of the Jeffersonian era. We think it would be discretion on the part of its leaders to say the least that may be in regard to its birth and childhood; but if, like biographers having the difficult task to impart a fair character to a bad subject, they must commence with the beginning of a vicious life, it would be well to go so far back as to make a reference to facts impossible.

Great differences of opinion did indeed exist among both public and private men at, and soon after, the formation of the government. They were not in regard to the principles of freedom and legal equality, for these were recognised by all—but as to the offices and powers of the federal government, the duration of terms of office, and the constitution and functions of the judiciary and the legislature. A free government was then an untried experiment, adopted with anxious hope, and confided in with trembling. Its wisest framers did not fully comprehend its capacities, its whole mode of action was not yet fully determined, and theories were for the first time to be reduced to practice. It was natural that in such a state of affairs different views of things should arise even among the wise and patriotic. Nearly every man had undergone the perils of war for freedom, and all were anxious to protect the great and dearly-purchased boon for the benefit of those who should come after them. It is seldom, in a contested case, that an intelligent jury of twelve men can agree upon a result, after a basis of facts has been established by evidence. Much less could it be expected that uniformity of opinion would be attained in so serious a matter as that of the formation of a government for a vast country, embracing a multitude of details, and providing for the exigency of a thousand unknown circumstances.

These differences divided the people at the first, and, with some modifications, for many years, into two distinct parties. They were so far parallel to the parties of the present day, as to be, the one *for*, the other *against*, those elements of a general government which experience has shown, are best suited to the condition and permanent interests of the people of this country. The modern Demo-

cracy are slow to trace back their origin quite to so mistaken a position. Yet the chief distinction is, though our opponents may think it a matter of no consequence, that the leaders of the radical minority of that day were honest men. For if, after so many years of reasonable growth and prosperity with the government, as first constituted, unchanged, professed statesmen are yet found supporting opinions that involve a practical opposition to some of its most important principles, what remains but to consider them either incapable or traitorous?

Not to digress, however, the earliest division of the people arose out of the primitive attempts to form a confederacy of the states, and subsequently on the question of adopting the Constitution so anxiously and wisely framed. The discussions in the several states were protracted and earnest: the friends of the Constitution, with Washington at their head, were designated as *Federalists*, its enemies *Anti-Federalists*. But the Constitution once adopted and acquiesced in, the questions which had arisen were rapidly lost sight of; and the latter designation becoming odious, was readily exchanged for the more popular name of *Republicans*. With the election of Jefferson in 1800 the power passed away from the hands of the *Federalists*; the old controverted points were settled or forgotten; new and exciting questions, as the impressment of seamen, the embargo, and various foreign relations, followed, engrossing the public mind, and essentially changing the character and position of parties. Finally, the war ensued, which, however looked upon in its origin, eventually created, for the most part, a community of sentiment throughout the country; and by the close of Madison's administration all previous party distinctions were effectually obliterated. We state results and facts fully established by contemporaneous history. Mr. Monroe entered upon his office by a nearly unanimous choice of the people. The Republican party of the preceding period, known as such, had placed itself on the important practical questions of the day, rather than on any exclusive claims to democracy, such as are now put forth, with little purpose, we think, except to continue party lines, and enable "scurvy politicians" to throw the dice more frequently for the spoils of office. Sometimes, it is true, an alarm was even then occasionally sounded by the demagogue about aristocracy.

cratic tendencies, with which opponents were charged; but they had not made, as now, a false title the battle cry of the party, their first, their last, their only argument. Great measures of foreign policy, almost wholly absorbing men's minds, had not permitted this small game to be played. In consequence, moreover, of the termination of these questions, and the defeat of the Federalists in reference to them, that party ceased to exist as an opposition. •During the whole of Mr. Monroe's administration, they gave a cordial support to the government, and became merged with their antagonists into one united people, wearied with political strife and disposed to take a calm review of former contests. It was, in truth, the era of good feelings. Here and there some of those small men who feel that at such times they have no chance of emerging from that obscurity, for which nature designed them, were endeavoring to maintain the old distinctions of names in local and state elections; but their miserable efforts received little countenance from the mass of the people. The nation desired repose and a concentrated attention to those matters of internal improvement (we use the term in its best and largest sense) which had before to give way to the all-absorbing questions arising out of our foreign relations; and on those questions of national improvement, there was, at that time, but little difference of opinion at the North or the South. Southern men had no doubt of the constitutionality and expediency of protecting the national industry. The North concurred in the sentiment, although at that time its ostensible interests were no more connected with this question than those of other sections of the Union. All felt the importance of a national currency, and there was hardly a shadow of a difference as to the means by which alone it could be secured.

Neither was the election of 1824 conducted on party grounds. Local interests and personal predilections predominated. Adams, Clay, Crawford, and Jackson were the prominent candidates for the presidency. They were all recognised as Republicans, and were supported as such. Failing of an election by the people, the House of Representatives, under the provisions of the Constitution, elected Mr. Adams to the chief magistracy. In the contest between these several candidates, the members of the old Fede-

ral party were about equally divided, as they are between the parties at this day. The radical faction of the present day, neither in name nor principles, had any existence at that period. All pretended affinities of a more ancient date are unsupported by fact, the old Republicans holding few or no opinions in common with the *modern* Democracy.

In the course of this fortunate period there was an incident to which we would wish to call particular attention. It shows how the most violent spirits had felt the composing influences to which we have alluded, and yielded to the general spirit of peace, of unity and nationality which pervaded the land. Some other conclusions also may be legitimately drawn. We allude to a famous letter written during this period by General Jackson to Mr. Monroe. Many may call that letter in question, as some enlightened Democrats would deny that James K. Polk ever opposed a tariff; but we will not so far distrust the intelligence even of our opponents, as to offer proof of a fact so well known to all who have any knowledge of the history of the times. It is, however, rather remarkable that this letter should be suffered to rest in such comparative obscurity, while the most questionable acts of General Jackson's life and administration have been trumpeted forth as evidences of his superior democracy. When his most high-handed measures have ever been most ardently supported by those who have been clamorous in their alarms about the monarchical tendencies of conservative doctrines, it is certainly strange that one of the noblest acts of his life should be seldom mentioned. Over his famous proclamation against the Carolina nullifiers, a veil has been drawn, as though his most devoted friends regarded it as a blot upon his character; and when we allude to his letter to President Monroe, some most consistent Democrat may perhaps charge it to be a political forgery, designed to represent the old chief as failing in his allegiance to a party which had no existence until some time after it was written. But the letter lives. Many of the General's present political foes remember it as a redeeming trait in his character; and it may yet furnish the historian with some materials for his eulogy, and the future moralist a proof how much more valuable are a man's honest opinions in private life, than those he is made to promulge as the head of a polit-

ical party. We would say that the remembrance of this letter might yet furnish the hero of the Hermitage much consolation as he draws nigh the termination of his earthly career, if the charitable supposition had not been prevented by the malignity with which he yet assails Mr. Clay and Mr. Adams, and all who have acted in opposition to any measures of his public life. But to the letter itself. General Jackson directly addresses himself to President Monroe on this very subject of the harmony of the two parties, and its delightful effect upon the returning prosperity of the country. He advises the chief magistrate of the country, as from his high standing in the opinions of the nation he had a perfect right to do, that now was the time to destroy forever the "monster party spirit"—that he should take all pains to promote so high and laudable an object, and that in furtherance of it, he could not do better than to compose his cabinet equally from the two great parties into which the country had been divided. General Jackson a no-party man! Gen. Jackson a peace-maker! Gen. Jackson advise the appointment of Federalists to office! Let us carry our minds some seven or eight years ahead. There is a change presenting itself worth our notice. Mr. Monroe's administration had been conducted on the noble, liberal, and most truly national principles contained in this letter, and had passed away. His successor, Mr. Adams, had maintained the same high ground, although tempted to depart from them by the most unprincipled opposition by which a man had ever been assailed. We find this same General Jackson in office, and in a condition where he might have properly carried out his own advice. Can it be the same man? Could Hazael have known so little of himself? Would he not once have said, "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" But so it is. Humiliating as the fact is to our human nature, the warmest friend, the most determined foe, must both agree, that since the establishment of the Constitution there had not been witnessed an administration in which so bitter a party proscription had been carried on; no period in which the doctrine was so unblushingly avowed, that to the victor belonged the spoils of the enemy. At no time had the waters of political strife been let out in such an overflowing torrent on the land. A bitterness and savage fierceness unknown

to former conflicts marked all the administration of this most consistent man, and a more proscriptive party never cursed any country than that which had been studiously, designedly, and with the utmost care brought into being and fostered during that period, which, according to the noble principles of his letter to Mr. Monroe, ought to have been the golden age of peace, of harmony, of freedom from party spirit, and united national feeling in the promotion of every beneficent national work. Whence came this wondrous change? We will do General Jackson the justice to believe that he had been honest in his advice to Monroe. Men are always so in the declaration of their abstract sentiments. The events which followed were not primarily his. There had been an evil genius working in another part of the Union, who, combining subtlety and talent, playing upon the ungovernable passions of the military chieftain, had so transformed the scene, and dissipated the fair prospect which the letter had given reason to expect. Martin Van Buren, during the close of Mr. Monroe's administration, and the continuance of Mr. Adams's, had been playing the small game of "the mousing politician" in the State of New York. His circumstances were peculiar. A very great man then possessed the gubernatorial chair of this State. He felt the spirit of the times, and this, combined with the workings of his own noble and elevated intellect, led him to seek for honorable fame in promoting the best interests of his country. Ambitious he was, but ambitious in the noblest sense, to take advantage of returning peace with a foreign nation, and restored unity at home, in projecting and accomplishing that great scheme of national improvement from which we are now reaping such incalculable benefits. This man completely overshadowed Mr. Van Buren. It was a shade from which he could find no way to emerge into that distinction which he so ardently coveted, and which he felt himself unable to obtain by any means requiring the qualifications of a lofty statesmanship. But Mr. Clinton must be supplanted. He was an obstacle bidding defiance to any competition to be waged on any high and honorable grounds. There were, too, at that time, other great men, intimately connected with great national interests, and most honorably known in the national history. Not only Clinton and Adams, but that

name at the mention of which even then every heart in the nation warmed—the noble and disinterested statesman of Kentucky—all stood before him. The former, however, was the man, because the nearest impediment; the rest were assailable in turn. Clinton must be supplanted. But how? His antagonist had no resources in the field of exalted statesmanship. His name was connected with no services in the war which had just been fought. He had no plans of internal improvement for the benefit of generations yet unborn. He had no reputation in the world of letters and philosophy like his accomplished rival. What, then, were his resources? They were of a kind corresponding to the dimensions of the man; and the humiliating recollection that they were successful is almost lost, when we consider the tremendous consequences for evil with which that success was attained. Mr. Van Buren set himself to a task for which his abilities were exactly calculated. He found here and there some, who, amid the general harmony, were mourning in obscure places over that obliteration of party names in which their own small hopes of distinction would be forever blotted out. He began to scheme in secret with congenial spirits, among whom the then patron and political guide of the present loco-foco candidate for governor held an unenviable distinction. These men set themselves to the noble work of stirring up again the dying embers of former party strifes. In the absence of all meritorious deeds, they hoped to rise into distinction by the revival of those old titles which General Jackson had desired to be consigned to eternal oblivion. Wicked and unprincipled men were tempted with the hopes of office, and weak men were found in sufficient numbers to form the materials of the demagogue. Year after year the object was pursued with a pertinacity which is often a trait of the smallest souls. The title of Democrat was exclusively appropriated to themselves, their opponents, in contempt of the trick, silently permitting them to be successful in the petty larceny. A portion of the more unprincipled of the old Federal party attached themselves to this new phoenix of Democracy, which had so little likeness to its alleged sire, and, as might be expected, became Democrats of the most rampant sort. In short, the elements of party conflict were again revived with more than their ancient ran-

cor. Mr. Clinton and his friends were styled Federalists, for what reason no one could tell; but Federalists they were, although a great number of the most strenuous members of the old Republican party were among his most ardent supporters. In short, while Mr. Clinton, Mr. Clay, and Mr. Adams were projecting glorious schemes of general improvement, recommending national universities, national observatories, devising plans for a sound national currency, encouraging the efforts of the then flailing Republics in South America, rendering secure the national credit, and giving us a national character, which, but for the subsequent dark days of Democratic repudiation, might have made us the envy of the world—while these true statesmen were thus employed, Mr. Van Buren, and Roger Skinner, and Silas Wright were engaged in the sublime work of *rousing the Democracy*, of exhuming the buried ghost of Federalism, and holding it up as a scare-crow for those of their followers who had too little intelligence to discern the miserable cheat. They were then all bank men, all tariff men, all internal improvement men, because a sound and wholesome popular sentiment on these subjects then pervaded the country, in place of that spurious *vox populi* which has since been the product of their own manufacture, and which is the only species of domestic manufacture to which they were ever in heart favorable. But all these matters were held in reserve as subordinate to the other great matter in which they were so zealously employed, namely, the getting up in some way the old party names, and in adroitly taking to themselves that of Democrats. But we have not space to pursue further the wretched details.

It was in this cessation, then, of partisan politics that the new contest commenced, which resulted in the election of General Jackson to the Executive chair. It was a contest whose impress is yet visible upon the features of the country, and the consequences of which have in a great measure controlled the fortunes of political parties. Out of this contest has sprung the radical Democracy of the present period, and as the character and measures of this party have taken their complexion from the character of their leaders and champions, we shall offer no apology for giving a more extended description of both.

In all respects General Jackson was

a remarkable man. He possessed in an eminent degree many of those great qualities which give to *one* an indisputable command over *the many*. Born upon American soil while this continent owned the sway of the house of Hanover, he enlisted as a soldier of liberty before the flush of manhood had crimsoned his cheek. His growth was in a sparsely settled country, hardly to be distinguished from a wilderness, where the force of law, the restraints of society, and the rules of civilized life have but little weight. In such a situation self-preservation and self-protection are paramount to all other considerations. At an early day he formed such an acquaintanceship with hardships and danger as to give an indelible character to the man in after years. Self-instructed, and with none to render him assistance or to make the opening pathway of life smooth to his steps, without fortune, friends, or adventitious aids, he acquired an independence of thought and action, a disdain of danger, and a contempt of opposition, which followed him through all the vicissitudes of his career. Vigorous in action, energetic in the execution of his plans, ignorant of, or despising, alike the arts of the courtier and the nice distinctions of the casuist, he, in early life, acquired an influence in the border state of Tennessee which never deserted him while he had an ambitious wish to gratify, or a personal desire to be fulfilled. Possessing a haughty and unbending will which would brook no opposition, and which defied with equal boldness the threats of enemies and the entreaties of friends, he had nevertheless obtained an abiding influence over the affections of a vast body of the people, which rendered opposition to him at the polls almost a useless work. It was not because he was deemed a statesman that he was chosen as a candidate for the presidency, in exclusion of the other great men of the Republic. It was not because he was supposed to be possessed of any peculiar insight into the nature of our government, or of any intuitive appreciation of the duties of its chief executive, that the American people bestowed upon him their suffrages almost by acclamation. It, an accurate knowledge of the theory and science of government, and of the details of legislation, Webster and Clay, Calhoun and Crawford, were immeasurably his superiors. His immediate predecessor was, without question, the most accomplished

statesman of the day; profoundly learned in all branches of knowledge, versed in the history of his country, and understanding practically all its varied and multiform interests. Thus endowed, however, for profound and wide-seeing statesmanship, and fitted to be at the head of a great and growing republic, with all its complicated internal and foreign relations—nurtured among the heroes of the era of Independence, and himself the son of a Revolutionary statesman, John Quincy Adams was, notwithstanding, put down by a whirlwind of clamor and abuse, of falsehood and detraction, such as had never been witnessed in the political history of the nation. General Jackson had other claims to popular homage. It was the delusive glory of his military career which gave him this commanding prominence, and secured the enthusiastic support of the people. He had done the country signal service in its struggles with Great Britain; he had conducted our Indian wars with signal success; he had “assumed the responsibility,” and invading the territories of another nation without the sanction of his own government, captured its capital, imprisoned its governor, and dictated terms of peace with all the authority of a sovereign. Right or wrong, he never hesitated in his movements; and, as success invariably attended his undertakings, he gained credit for sagacity and wisdom. The shrewdness of a few leading politicians discovered in his character a combination of all that was requisite in a party leader. He was selected as a candidate; the new cry of “democracy” was raised; and the self-commissioned invader of a foreign territory suddenly found himself the idol of a party that was not over-scrupulous in its means of warfare, or in its choice of weapons. The event justified the accuracy of their calculations. The brilliancy of his deeds in the field, the sternness of his character, and the obduracy of his will, was reflected from his person through the long lines of his partisans, until the humblest of his followers was inspired with an ardor which presaged the victory that ensued. In his private life, the conduct of General Jackson had been equally marked by stirring events. Duels, rencontres, and street-fights, where rapidity of movement and personal courage are decisive, were the methods chosen by him to settle private controversies; and there are probably those now living whose

scars bear attestation to his violent prowess. As a legislator he had not distinguished himself, unless it may be in the characteristic threat to cut off the ears of an unlucky member of Congress, who had ventured to inquire somewhat too closely into the legality of his acts. He made no pretensions to learning or scholarship of any kind; indeed his education was superficial, and but barely sufficient to conduct him decently through life. Such was the history and character of the man who was chosen to preside over a government of seventeen millions of people, as enlightened, at least, as any other portion of the world.

The history of his administration forms a counterpart to his military career and his private life. He entered upon the discharge of the duties of his high office, doubtless, with an honest desire to serve his country faithfully, and with the intention of observing strict justice and equity in regard to men and measures. But the affairs of a great nation, and the diversified interests of a widely-extended country, could not be managed without many differences of opinion arising between the two great parties, nor indeed without creating serious dissensions in the dominant party itself. The plans and policy of the President did not by any means meet with universal favor; and at the first serious opposition his wrath was kindled. He could never forget or forgive any one who had placed an obstacle in his path from the conception to the accomplishment of a design. Establishing his own opinion as the law of the land, he regarded every man as a villain who withstood his will. Bold measures, hastily conceived, and entered upon with little apparent deliberation, were pertinaciously adhered to, and crammed down the throats of his partisans—not without some grimaces and contortions of countenance. Obedience to the commands of the party had become a settled law; and as the party derived its vitality and strength from the character and energy of its chief, his simple word was in all controverted cases held paramount to the Constitution. In the matter of infallibility, he was allowed precedence of the Pope. The voice of the people, expressed through their legally chosen representatives, was to him and his adherents as an idle wind: the behests of sovereign States, conveyed through their senatorial guardians, were equally ineffectual.

At one time the Constitution—the organic law of the land—is not broad enough to meet his purposes. He gives to its provisions an interpretation of such latitudinarian scope as to astonish a section even of his allies, and their anathemas, neither few nor indistinctly uttered, are brought down upon him. At another time he is found to be so far a strict constructionist as to refuse the exercise of those discretionary powers which for great ends have been wisely deposited in the government. It was expected, of course, that he would fill all the chief posts of executive trust with occupants friendly to his interests, and holding similarity of views. Harmony in the government would require this, to say nothing of the policy and propriety of the course on other grounds. But the Dictator went far beyond this point. Acting upon the principle that the honors and emoluments of office were spoils to be awarded to the victors in the political arena, and treating all who were of another party as enemies to their country, he thrust out the thousands of incumbents from the petty posts scattered from Maine to Georgia, and from the Atlantic to the Rocky Mountains. This was done irrespective of their character, services, and situation, till there was hardly a postmaster or petty tide-waiter in office who had not blown his penny trumpet in honor of the victorious chief, or lisped with becoming reverence and precision the shibboleth of “the party.” It is conceded that there was no violation of the Constitution or of express law in this course; but it was a breach of propriety and a stretch of authority altogether beyond precedent. The effects of this system of rewards and punishment are yet subsisting and apparent: we even fear the practice has become a settled principle in the political code. Its effects are clearly disastrous. It has rendered all our political contests more bitter and acrimonious, corrupted the hearts of thousands with the hopes of gain, and driven the dictates of patriotism and the love of justice into a place of secondary importance in the view of multitudes. Patriotism and the love of place do not go hand in hand. If office be the sure reward of partisan fealty and devotion, hypocrisy and a contempt of the well-being of society will most surely follow. For this innovation in our political system the country must render due thanks to Gen. Jackson. That he was besieged

by a host of applicants clamorous for benefactions, and often violated his own views of propriety to favor a friend, is no doubt true; but this does not lessen the evil nor diminish the responsibility resting with him. He was the President of the nation, but he had not virtue enough to forget that he was the chief of a party. The Whigs contended against the introduction of this system, sternly and consistently; but the power of a long-dominant, corrupt party in a commonwealth to establish—it may be forever—a custom or a tendency unprincipled in its nature, and demoralizing to the people, has not thus for the first time been signally displayed.

Personal pique undoubtedly added in some degree to the violence of General Jackson's course, and gave a determining character to many of the measures of his administration. An enemy was at the head of one of the branches of the late United States Bank. The President failed to influence his removal, and procure the appointment of a friend. The friends and managers of the bank did not consult him in regard to the provisions of the new charter applied for, and he had not succeeded in bringing that institution under his control. Impetuous in all things, defying all things, whether of gods or men, this was an opposition to his sultanic will by no means to be endured. He commenced forthwith a war of words and measures against that ill-starred corporation, in which he was backed by all the powers of the government, and aided by all the arts of his shrewd advisers. They first destroyed its business and threw discredit and suspicion upon its solvency, never before suspected; then by crippling the resources and business interests of the country, they weakened its securities and impeded the collection of its vast and extended claims, till by a series of calamities and governmental hostilities beating upon it, the great fiscal institution of the country fell, irretrievably to the ground, and great was the fall of it. In its ruins were crushed the fortunes of hundreds of widows, and orphans, of innocent men, women, and children, whose entire means of subsistence were embarked in its immense capital. This bank had been chartered by Mr. Madison, than whom a better man or a purer patriot never exercised power in the Republic; and it had been sustained and aided by nearly all the other Republicans of the day. And it must be

remembered that Gen. Jackson himself did not then profess to be opposed in principle to a bank, but to *the* bank; for he expressly declared that if application had been made to him, *he* could have given Congress a plan for a national bank which would have accomplished the desired end. It was reserved to the patent Democrats of a later day to reach that sublimation of political wisdom which perceives certain ruin in a fiscal charter, federalism in a paper dollar, and rank treason in an innocent bill of exchange. Gen. Jackson was something of a Democrat in his day, but he had not attained this degree of acute discrimination. He was strongly in favor of the State banks, fostered them by all the appliances in his power, induced the creation of hundreds in the place of one, and left the currency of the country in a state of hopeless depreciation.

The destruction of the United States Bank was in reality *the great measure* of his administration. We may look in vain for any important principle settled by him, or any new theory brought forward, except in regard to the currency. In the management of our foreign interests, the honor of the country was protected, and our relations were generally maintained with dignity and caution. There was one notable instance of impropriety, but that was the error of Mr. Van Buren, his Secretary of State. We allude to the unwarrantable and uncalculated-for introduction of our internal political divisions into his official correspondence with Great Britain. This was a proceeding without precedent, in every point of view indefensible, and a disgrace to its author. Whatever may be our internal dissensions, towards all other nations the American people should present an undivided front. National dignity and self-respect require the strict observance of this rule—the honor of the people demands it. In impugning the acts of his predecessors, aspersing their motives before the world, and calumniating a large section if not a great majority of his countrymen, Mr. Van Buren, from his high station, ventured to practise the petty arts which a village demagogue might emulate, but which no enlightened statesman of any party could ever countenance. For this unworthy act, the United States Senate rejected his nomination as Minister to England, and most justly; and this, we predict, will be the decision of every intelligent and impartial mind, when all personal

considerations connected with the question and the times shall be forgotten. Gen. Jackson deemed the castigation which his secretary received as reflecting an indignity upon himself. What could he do but enter the lists in support of his favorite, with his usual vigor?

While the followers of Gen. Jackson were vociferating their attachment to democracy, and the "largest liberty," the old chieftain was gradually seizing into his own hands all the powers of the government. He needed only a control over the Senate to have established an absolute despotism. As far as its constitutional rights would allow, that dignified body interposed its authority to check the experiments and violent acts of the executive. His denunciations of its members rung through the length and breadth of the land, were echoed with avidity by the partisan press, and formed the theme of factious declamation at Tammany Hall, and from the rostrums of the club-rooms. The U. S. Senate is a constitutional and competent part of the government, with rights and privileges as well defined as those of the executive; and we have yet to learn what rule of law, or of propriety even, was violated by it during that period. Yet a stranger in the country, from the frequency and violence of those denunciations, might well have supposed that the Senate was a tyrannical body, established and supported by foreign enemies, and bent upon the destruction of the government. Not content with the immense patronage in the hands of the executive, the influence of which reaches to the extremest limits of the confederacy; not satisfied with the control of the army and navy, nor with a majority in the House of Representatives, which generally registered his decrees with punctilious servility; Gen. Jackson exercised an absolute mastery over the Treasury, and through that sought to reach the interests and business of the whole people. He wished to regulate the laws of trade, to fix the limits of individual credit and enterprise, and to keep all conditions and classes of people subservient to executive control. This is no fanciful picture; the tendency of his measures to centralize the whole force of the government in his own person was marked and apparent. It is needless to say, that the Whig party opposed the dangerous innovations, and sought to protect the people from the injurious effects of violent changes.

With all his obstinacy and independence, Gen. Jackson was easily controlled by a few designing men who had their own sinister ends in view. Mr. Van Buren, with his usual felicity, had gained a commanding influence over him. His ungovernable passions were played upon in such a way, that while he thought himself the most Roman of the Romans, he became the mere tool of one of the subtlest of demagogues; and it was soon apparent that a suggestion from that plausible gentleman was sufficient to gain for any new design a ready adoption in the breast of the Dictator. How skilfully that influence was exerted has now become matter of history. At the call of the magician, "spirits came from the vasty deep," that under better influences would never have seen the light. In the ranks of his own party Mr. Van Buren had many enemies of no mean character and standing. They were all driven from executive favor with as much seeming zeal and alacrity as if they had been open enemies of the republic. As no situation in life, no high degree of ability and attainments, is absolute proof against intrigue and cunning machination, Mr. Van Buren was soon left without a rival either in the cabinet, or in the ranks of the party. Mr. Calhoun was distanced in the race, and finally driven over to the opposition with a great show of indignation and obloquy. Senators White and Rives were disposed of in a manner equally summary; one cabinet was dismissed without ceremony, and on the most frivolous pretexts, and another was overawed and forced into submission. It may have been purely accidental, but it was a singular circumstance, that in all these commotions and difficulties, whilst other gentlemen were discarded, outcast, overwhelmed, Mr. Van Buren was strengthening his position, and gathering force to reach the station already long occupied in mind by his anticipative ambition. We will not insinuate that he flattered the vanity of the President, or pandered to his prejudices and passions, nor that he used unworthy means to displace his rivals: those who know the habits and character of both will draw their own conclusions. But be this as it may, the last three years of President Jackson's term were employed, it would seem, almost entirely in preparing the way for the succession of the favorite. He had time, however, to make a fierce war upon the State banks, which had sprung up

almost under his supervision, certainly under that of his party. The rays of his indignation were all the fiercer as they radiated from the remains of one dead "monster," and fell upon the sleek and well-fed *corpora pingua* of a thousand little ones, so recently the objects of his especial care. An exclusively metallic currency, and a return to the age of iron had now become the desire of his heart, and with this measure bequeathed to his successor his administration closed. He had come into power on a wave of popularity, whose reflux had buried many of his truest friends; the country had begun to groan under the weight of his measures; but the power of his name, and the unscrupulous use of executive appliances, were still sufficient to elevate Martin Van Buren to the Presidency.

The Whig party at that time confined its exertions principally to preserve the balance of power between the different branches of the government, as the Constitution had wisely left it. The concentration of all the powers of the government in the hands of one man, was an innovation too dangerous to the safety of our institutions to be sanctioned or permitted. They also endeavored to protect the business interests of the country from the ruin which it was too truthfully predicted would follow the sudden and violent changes recommended by the executive. Exercising a conservative influence then as now, they desired to see the resources of the country developed, and to place the agricultural, mechanic, and manufacturing interests on such a basis as to defy the competition of foreign pauper labor, and the hostility of foreign legislation. The great and distinguishing measures which then divided the two parties are not now in issue before the people. We may dismiss the administration of General Jackson with the remark, that when left to his own better judgment, he acted honestly and uprightly; but passion and deep prejudices intervened, he was ill-advised and moved by insidious arts and practices, and we believe it not unjust to say, that no President has left so bad an example to posterity. The country owes him a debt of gratitude for his services in the field; and for these he will be remembered by the American people so long as the broad savannahs of the South shall extend their surface to the sun, or the waters of the Mississippi roll down to

the ocean. We would not detract to the smallest degree from his just claims to respect, but there are points in his civil career which cannot be passed over without the severest condemnation.

The advent of Mr. Van Buren did not at first materially change the situation of parties. He commenced his administration with a formal declaration of his principles at his inauguration. It was really void of meaning except as to one point, and in regard to that he was peculiarly unfortunate. He undertook in advance to veto any law that the National Legislature in its wisdom might enact in reference to a particular subject. The design of this was obvious, and its impropriety equally so. We speak of this without any reference to the merits of that question, in itself considered, and merely as to the promise of the President in advance of legislative action. It conciliated no interests, and displeased if it did not disgust all right-thinking men. All that any party could require of the President was to see that the laws were faithfully administered, and the Constitution of the country observed in all the departments under his control. The caution which he had displayed through life seemed to have deserted him at the very moment when it was most needed. Sagacity and shrewdness were the great characteristics of the man. Never to commit himself upon any great measure so far as to preclude the possibility of advocating either side of the question, unless the popularity of the measure was certain, appears to have been his settled rule. Always plausible, always circumspect and wary, feeling his way by inches, and appearing to follow rather than to lead in the track of popular sentiment, Mr. Van Buren had become the first political tactician of the day. There were no commanding traits in his character at all calculated to enlist the popular enthusiasm in his support; but possessing decided abilities, great experience, and an intuitive appreciation of character, he was always looked up to as a safe pilot by those who were ambitious of distinction and power in political life. No man could foil an enemy or deceive a friend with a better grace; and he had the art to do this in such a manner as to be himself, not unsuspected, but unconvicted. The "How fell, but the hand was invisible. Mr. Van Buren was a lawyer by profession, and attained a high standing at the bar.

He was a politician from choice, and the whole energies of his mind were from the first devoted to political strategy. Combining the carefulness of a special pleader with the tact of an advocate, he effected and controlled a more perfect political organization in his native State than has ever existed in this country. By the force of this organization he derived his power. Through it he could, and did, exclude every man from office who stood in his way, manufactured "public opinion" to meet any possible emergency, give to his suggestions the imperiousness of law, and yet completely cover up the while both from the general public and from the common ranks of his own soldiery, at once the movers and the designs. His chief officers were carefully posted with speaking trumpets in various sections of the State. His drill-sergeants were at every corner of the streets, presided over his primary meetings, and packed his conventions with accommodating delegates. By these means perfect uniformity of action was attained; and the future occupant of the Curule chair succeeded for a series of years in controlling the destinies of the first State in the Republic. It may not be uninteresting to exhibit this precious system in detail; we will give an outline of it, though we have not space to do justice to the subject.

We may remark, in the first place, that all individual opinions, all personal considerations were to be abandoned, and the "good of the party" made the prominent point of observance. Individual will, and the liberty of speech and action, were as completely subjugated under this system as they were under the religious system of Ignatius Loyola. To speak or to write in advance of the action of the central junta, was a capital sin; and when the central power had fulminated its decrees, political death was the punishment unhesitatingly inflicted on the disobedient. A State committee was organized at the Capital, whose functions were to mark out the ground for action, select the officers of the day, and define their duties. Subsidiary to this was a central committee in every county in the State, and under the supervision of the county committee were sub-committees in every ward, parish, and town. When the word of command was given, the order reached the various outposts at once, and action was commenced through the whole country long before

the public at the Capital had any intimation of a movement. If a Governor or other high officer of State was to be elected and the particular individual designated for the station, the first indication of action would appear in the shape of a recommendatory article in the columns of a newspaper at some remote point, soon followed by others of a like character in an opposite quarter. These would thicken, until at last the central organ at the Capital, with a prodigious show of candor and disinterestedness, would re-echo this spontaneous burst of "public sentiment," and with a vast deal of coyness and simple-hearted honesty, venture to give its laudatory opinion. If there was any danger apprehended from independent men, preparation was made for a nominating convention; and in the construction of such a convention, the machinery of the party was admirably arranged. Each town, ward, and parish sent delegates to a county convention, each county convention elected a prescribed number of representatives to a State convention, and this body made nominations for all State offices. At the primary meetings in the towns the faithful servants of the junta were always in attendance, and took a controlling interest in the proceedings; and the character of all the conventions was thus easily determined, till at last the State convention found the labor completed to its hands, having merely to sanction what appeared to be the general choice; and the nominations thus effected were supported at the elections by all the force and power of the united body. The lesser offices in the State were distributed in proportion to party services rendered; the important stations were always filled by those who moved the wires of the great machine. If there was danger of opposition from any of the lesser lights, some soft appliance, in the shape of office, was employed, and the rebellious spirit quieted. But if a man of character and standing, who was beyond the reach of a bribe, ventured to act independent of this insidious power, to abide by what he felt, to express an opinion of his own, he suddenly found himself branded along the whole line, from Lake Erie to the Hudson, with new and choice epithets, and compelled to flee to the opposition in self-defence.

This was the system of Martin Van Buren—the admired organization—the boasted "union of the democracy." By

it he gained whatever was within the capacity of his ambition; the country lost as much as it could well bear to lose. All consideration of public good, all the innate patriotism of the heart, private judgment and personal predilections, were swallowed up. Party expediency became the sole rule of action—all else thrust aside. "The party" might and did change its attitude with every change of the moon; driven in its tergiversations from pillar to post; advocating a principle and insisting on a measure one year to forswear it the next; and the whole combination, from high to low, were obliged to follow, and declare with the loudest protestations that they were all the while consistent—veritable democrats—their opponents aristocrats and rank federalists. A great part of the principles which this happy family of patriots advocated from 1830 to 1834, they now denounce as downright heresy. Such was the system of Mr. Van Buren. We have given an outline of it, as forming a part of the history of the times, and because its origin and success is really the only great achievement of his life.

That one so cautious in his general policy, and so uniformly careful to avoid all probable causes of discontent, as Mr. Van Buren had been through his whole life, should have been guilty of a positive impropriety in the first step in his executive career, was a matter of no little surprise to his friends. But his subsequent acts threw this circumstance into the shade, and verified the proverb, that "whom the gods wish to destroy, they first make mad." His whole administration exhibited a series of measures unfortunate beyond example; and they fell upon the public with the weight of a mountain. These measures centred upon one point—the currency—in regard to which he followed out the intentions of his "illustrious predecessor." But the name of that predecessor had lost its charm. The time had gone by when a bad measure, though sealed with the imperial assent, could be forced into popularity. It was discovered at last that even his opinion was not infallible; that his arbitrary dictum was not sufficient to regulate the laws of trade, and the whole domestic policy of the country. The disorders of the times had opened the eyes of intelligent men. They beheld in the vista, not that golden age which the prophets and seers of the new democracy had predicted, nor that ineffable

state which should betoken the advent of a social and political millennium; but instead, the confusion of ruin, the very "blackness of darkness," and all-pervading distress. The previous action of the government had called into being a multitude of local banks, and these institutions had been made the depositaries of the government treasures. Stimulated by this impulse, with a superabundant capital, no power in existence to keep them in check, and relying upon the continuance of government favor, these banks extended their business beyond all bounds of prudence. Speculations in every description of property had become universal; villages and even cities had sprung up in every nook of the remote wilderness of the West, which needed only buildings, business, and people to render them discoverable by the fortunate purchaser; and "intrinsic value" had become an obsolete term. This state of things had its origin partly in other causes, but mainly in the action of the government; and by a more sudden action it was checked. The bubble burst, and carried with it not only the illusory hopes of the rash speculator, but the more solid basis of the prudent and circumspect. Commercial houses that had stood firm through all changes for half a century were crushed; the activity of business throughout the land was suspended; confidence, and credit, the result of confidence, were destroyed; the banks, which had been fostered and then attacked by government, suspended payment; state obligations were neglected, in some instances repudiated; and even the federal government could not always meet its own engagements. It was at this juncture that Mr. Van Buren disclosed his great measure, and made it the law of the land. The panacea which he recommended in this disordered state of the body politic was the sub-treasury system; and this was the principal measure of his administration. The nature and practical operation of this system are now well understood, and need no new elucidation; the discussions in regard to it have occurred quite too recently to have been forgotten by any observer of events. The introduction of such a system in the most healthy and prosperous times would, of necessity, have produced a disastrous revulsion; and it then added immeasurably to the public distress. The sole pretext for the measure was to protect the govern-

ment from losses by the banks ; the real design was to destroy every moneyed corporation in the land. It is a sufficient commentary to state that the government lost four times as much, in the space of three years, by the faithlessness and rascalities of its sub-treasurers, as it had ever lost by all the banks since the adoption of the constitution. The fallacy of the system was quickly shown. Peculation and corruption became at once the order of the day ; nor was it long before the officer who had only abstracted his hundred thou and was looked upon as a tolerable pattern of sub-treasury trustworthiness. It is fitting to remark, that in 1834, this same sub-treasury scheme was denounced by the whole Van Buren party as a measure unqualifiedly infamous ; in 1837, he was equally denounced who was not in its favor :—so much had the new Democracy become enlightened in the interval. A wise statesman, in such a crisis, would have exercised his influence in sustaining both public and private credit. A patriot would have regarded the prosperity and happiness of the people as the great end of all government. Mr. Van Buren regarded "the party" as the object of his especial care, and his own re-election as of greater moment than the welfare of the state.

But in all his measures and plans, President Van Buren was doomed to disappointment. Public dissatisfaction was expressed in all forms, in every section of the country. Even the dominant party was divided and rent in sunder. Party trammels could no longer prevent an honest expression of feeling, and thousands of his friends left his ranks and deserted the measures which had brought down destruction upon their own heads. Mr. Van Buren, however, was determined in his course ; he had taken to his embrace all the ultra-radicals of the country and listened to their counsels. There was not a vagary so wild, nor a theory so impracticable, that it could not find protection and friendship under the robe of the new Democracy. The President still believed in the efficacy of party discipline. Possibly he thought that as Gen. Jackson, in whose footsteps he had declared it was his highest ambition to follow, had succeeded in bold measures and radical innovations, he, too, might gain some laurels by a similar course. But events were otherwise ordered. His course had left him no power except that which was inherent

in the office he held. When the day of trial came, his appeal to the "sober second-thought of the people" was answered by shouts of triumph and songs of rejoicing at the election of Gen. Harrison. As a public man, Mr. Van Buren's history is ended. Discarded by his own party and distrusted by the other, his career presents the singular spectacle of unvaried success through a long series of years suddenly closed by the most unexampled reverse in the annals of American politics. We believe he has private virtues, and that he may be by education and habit sufficiently well fitted to dignify a private station. In his retirement at Lindenwold he will survey the course of events with calmness and fortitude. He may be visited by the phantoms of ambitious schemes. He will behold the vast shadow of popular power, ever changing like a tumultuous mist in the valley, invite him down to enjoy again the unsubstantial pleasures, unstable triumphs, of a political career. But another and a meaner has been thrust before him ; and he may now employ the leisure and abundant opportunities so kindly afforded, to reflect upon the mutations of the popular will, and to add to his busy experience in life some lessons of philosophic contemplation.

We have presented the prominent points in the history of the last two administrations for the purpose of showing under what circumstances the new Democratic party has perfected its organization. Any mention of the present administration would be out of its order in the narrative. If an exhibition of folly in all its phases is worthy of note, if treachery, perfidy, and imbecility need a record, the administration of John Tyler will demand a separate chapter.

We come, therefore, to the Democracy of the day, renewed into a diseased life from the corrupt remains of the Van Buren party. Professing more than ever an affection for the dear people, more than ever alarmed for the security of freedom and the rights of man, it is desirable to see of what this Democracy really consists.

Every thing has a character of some kind, but it is not always easy to discover what it is. The trouble in this case is, that a mere name, and falsely assumed, as we have seen, has been made a convenient external, universal habit for the party, covering all sorts of form and feature. There is no general character belonging

to them, throughout the country, expressed in any defined principles; it is everywhere traversed and broken asunder by sectional doctrines entirely discordant. They are all *democrats*; but their explanation of the happy term is ever according to their locality.

In South Carolina the man would meet with little short of decapitation, who should deny that the term means any thing else than immediate annexation of Texas, Free-Trade, and the Right of Disunion;—this is the *lex loci* in that state, as laid down by the elect "chivalry." In Mississippi the same definition would be given, with Repudiation added, by way of illustrating the privileges of free-men. In Missouri a metallic currency is the popular exposition, joined with hatred of railroads, canals, turnpikes, and common schools. In Pennsylvania it signifies repudiation, if they have a mind for it; a half-regard for the tariff; and a Mussulman's belief in the consistency of James K. Polk. In New Hampshire and Connecticut it embraces whatever heresy is promulgated, and especially rejoices in peculiar ideas of liberty to annul legislative enactments. In Rhode Island the idea is embodied in rebellion against legal government, opposition to constituted authorities, and immunity for plunder and anarchy. In New York it has most of these traits and meanings combined, with several others of less significance.

The cardinal principles, indeed, of the new Democracy are reduced to these two: "regular nominations"—and that "to the victors belong the spoils of the enemy." All measures of a positive kind, having in view the substantial interests of the country, are constantly avoided; because on such grounds, it is seen, the harmony of the combination would be constantly endangered. There is something in positive measures which requires discussion, and discussion produces thought, and thought leads to inquiry:—but the Democracy must not think. Hence the conduct of this faction, while it boasts so much of principle and censures its antagonists because like independent men they sometimes differ among themselves, has been ever negative and destructive. It has opposed the protection of the national industry; it has destroyed the national currency; it denies to the central government all legitimate and healthy powers, while it has enormously increased its corrupt patron-

age, thus tending ever to make it strong for evil and impotent for good. It has always looked with an evil eye upon the national judiciary, because it has instinct, if not intelligence enough, to discern that there can be no friendship between itself and the spirit of constitutional law. It has found its very vital aliment in sowing dissensions between different classes of the community. It has endeavored to set the farmer against the manufacturer, the merchant against both. By its stupid cry of aristocracy, it has sought to engender the most unnatural war between those natural allies, the poor and the rich; and by its senseless babble about Democracy and Federalism, has aimed to raise up a fiercer party strife than has ever been known in the annals of our nation. This has been the finale of that charming picture of promise which Gen. Jackson presented in his letter to Mr. Monroe. This is the issue which has resulted from a prospect so full of hope which the country presented during the administrations of Monroe and Adams; and this is the Democracy which now claims the title and inheritance of an honored party, with which it has nothing in common but a name which it has most dishonestly filched, and to which alone it is indebted for more votes than it could have procured from any other cause whatever. This is the new Democracy—the Young Democracy, as some call it: a Democracy with which the Clintons, the Madisons, the Crawfords, and Monroes of former days could have held no communion: a Democracy, the rise of which some of those departed patriots were just permitted to witness and denounce: a Democracy which has so largely figured in the prostration of the industry and currency of the country—in Mississippi repudiation—in South Carolina nullification—in Rhode Island mobs—in Congressional contempt for the most positive statutes—in repeated violations of the Constitution—in Texas treaties—in state bankruptcies, and the assumption of the debts of a foreign state—in a radical spirit spreading far and wide, and which threatens, if unchecked, to break up all the foundations of our government. It is a Democracy which everywhere allies itself with infidelity in religion—which holds in most sovereign contempt the intelligence of the people, as is shown by the arguments it daily addresses to them. It is a Democracy which delights in the dregs of all

that was really objectionable in old Federalism, while it indulges in the foulest slander of the man who was the country's right-arm of strength in her hours of greatest peril. It is a Democracy which although a young in years has already given promise of a numerous offspring, each wiser than the sire to which it owes its birth. Already, like some species of prolific cactus, is it sending forth its young shoots in offsets from Tammany, now as little thought of as the present loco-focism was once, but destined in its time to become the young Democracy of its day, and to have its wild notions respecting community of property and marriage, and its hostility to the monopolies of colleges and academies, become the established doctrines of this ever advancing party. In the progression of ideas it has cast off its original founder, the man from whom it drew the very breath of life, and those who yet remain in its ranks are compelled to quicken their speed to keep up with its rapid pace, and to exhibit such a devotion to the growing spirit of lawlessness as is presented in the letter of Silas Wright to the committee of arrangements at the late Dorr meeting in Providence. So rapid is the Descensus Averni that the acts and writings of the founders of the Republic have long since ceased to furnish matter of appeal to these modern patriots. The name of Washington—(significant omen!)—is never seen in the proceedings and resolutions of their meetings. Even the stale reiteration of Jeffersonian principles is becoming less and less frequent among them. In short, it is in every sense of the word a New Democracy, presenting new issues, new measures of destruction, a new and unexampled spirit of ultra-radicalism, of which those whom they claim as their political progenitors had no conception. And all this marshalled under names as new as this new phase of the party itself, and yet, as they would have us to believe, names of renown, names connected with so many thrilling emotions—Polk, Tyler, and Texas.

Beyond the certainty that evil would follow, it is impossible to predict what the American people have to expect if such a Democracy shall succeed to the government. Certainly under such rule there can be no uniform and settled mode of action in any department of the government. It is the virtuous man only who, acting from deep and abiding principles, is ever consistent and uniform;

the juggler and the knave must bend to circumstances, and adopt such schemes of villany as the exigencies of his situation may require, to keep his neck from the gallows. We are earnest in this matter. It is a point of infinite moment. Our appeal is made to the clear judgment of the United People. As we have said, there is no really beneficent measure that the new Democracy can agree upon. What then, of benefit, can we look for? what of prosperity think to retain? what disasters not fear? The triumph of such a party, composed as it is of the ends and fragments of faction, would be the prelude to a scene of varying and inconsistent legislation, of temporizing and ill-digested measures, which would be destructive of every rational plan for the good of the commonwealth. No classes would be exempt from the influence of their discordant councils. We are taught by experience. They have heretofore prostrated our commercial, agricultural, and manufacturing interests, and there is nothing in the future to be expected at their hands but anarchy instead of peace and good order, and change in the place of stability. If continued under their guidance, the country would at last be divided into factions, each pursuing its downward course with fatal celerity, crushing in its way all those institutions and laws which have given to the American Union its strength, freedom, and respectability.

What the people of this country now desire and need above all things is stability in the government. We have had, for a series of years, sudden transitions, which inevitably produce disorder. The elasticity of the American people is proverbial. Difficulties seem only to inspire them with courage. The ruinous measures which we have noticed could not long keep them in despair; and it was a proof of attachment to their institutions, not surpassed in the history of any people, that during all these times, while the whole weight of the federal government was interposed to check prosperity and enterprise, full obedience was rendered to the laws. They trusted to their own future action at the polls to remedy the existing evils. The inscrutable order of Providence deprived them of the President of their choice, and thereby of the means of effecting the desired reform, and as yet but one ameliorating measure has been adopted. A Whig Congress has given the country a protective tariff.

Under its operation the national revenues have increased beyond the hopes of the most sanguine: industry has revived; workshops have been opened that had long been closed; and a new impulse has been given to all branches of enterprise. Facts give more light to men's minds than any series of reasonings. Is not, then, such a measure worthy of support? The conservative part of the Union are committed in favor of the protective policy, on the high ground of principle, and its candidate for the presidency is the father of the system. With Henry Clay at the head of the government, though the details of the law may undergo such modifications as the exigencies of the public may require, the people will have a guarantee that the principle itself will be sustained. On the other hand, the great body of the Democratic party are opposed to the principle. They hold up for the first office in the gift of the people a man, whose whole public course, his votes in Congress, public speeches and acts, convict him of a deep hostility to the system. This is openly proclaimed by his friends at the South, and no man there has the hardihood, and probably not the wish, to deny it. At the North, where the measure is popular, an attempt has been made to create a contrary impression, in direct contradiction of public records and established facts. It is sufficient that in his own neighborhood and state, Col. Polk's friends present it as the strongest inducement to public favor, that he is an uncompromising enemy to the whole protective policy. Duplicity like this is a sufficient condemnation of any party. In the event of his election, one portion of the people, at least, must be deceived by him, and it requires no gift of prophecy to determine on which the effects of the deception will fall.

The Whig party are also in favor of a wise and beneficent system of internal improvement. That whatever is national in character, or is evidently conducive to the common good, should be done at the common expense by the federal government, would seem to be the dictate of good sense and sound policy. The early and earnest action of the government on this subject, is conclusive evidence that the sages and patriots to whom we are indebted for our freedom and our constitution did not entertain such narrow views of the duties and powers of the general government as the

modern Democracy has adopted. But it is remembered that destructiveness is an element in the character of that party; they talk ever of progress, but it is not progression for good. The remembrance comes from fourteen years of their legislative sway in the State and in the nation. That the country has improved in any respect during that time, is owing to causes beyond the entire control of any party. The energy of our people, the fertility of our soil, the genial nature of the climate, and the security afforded for life, liberty, and property by the organic laws of the land, are happily beyond the reach of party power. In spite of bad administrations, natural causes have added to the growth and power of the nation. Under other rule it might have been half a century in advance of its present position. The people do not ask favors of their government, but they demand that its action shall not be always adverse to public good. Those whose very existence is bound up in partisan schemes, and whose only labor is the toil for office, seem to regard the interests of government and people as distinct. The people themselves are content when the government discharges its functions with fairness and equity; but they will not suffer their own public servants to play the part of tyrants and task-masters.

Above all, the Whig party contends for the integrity of the Union. For the mere acquisition of territory they will not consent to disturb the harmony and relationship which now exist among the States. No true-hearted American will stop to calculate the possible value of mortgaged lands in the wilderness, while there exists any danger that their acquisition will bring disgrace upon the character of the nation, or sunder the ties that have hitherto bound us together. He will look with indignation upon that flag, flung to the breeze in one section of the country, inscribed with those words of dark omen, "*Free-Trade—Texas—Disunion!*" If his heart beats with one patriotic emotion, he will be found only under the banner of stars and stripes, which in every latitude protects and shields the American citizen. Is there an American who does not appreciate the benefits and blessings of the Union? Let him cast his eyes across the ocean, and see men fighting with their fellows for the very crumbs that fall from the beggar's hand—unpaid labor and luxurious indolence—excesses of wealth, and the direct

poverty—pauperism in all its disgusting forms—taxes on all things, from the light of heaven to the furniture of the grave—and a soldier at every door. Let him then return to his own country and reflect, that within a century, and under the constitution formed by his fathers, it has grown great and prosperous—its population increased from three mil-

lions to twenty millions of people—its commerce extended until its flag casts a shadow upon every sea—its population well fed, well paid, and equally protected by the laws: he will then no longer disregard the importance of domestic peace and unity, but will nerve himself for every contest in which he can do service for the CONSTITUTION and the UNION.

HOW ARE WE LIVING!

Our noblest life's an hour of morning slumber—
Not couch'd at rest, but walking in our sleep,
Begirt with dream-born phantoms without number,
And wandering dimly by a star-lit deep;
And now we seem to run, and now we creep,
Or droop in weariness on bended knee,
And now a moment gain some little steep
And think to scan the Illimitable Sea,
As o'er it we might reach our ports of destiny!
And ever and anon, where, fringed with flowers,
Some tranquil bay runs up into the land,
The laughing Pleasures build their summer bowers,
And near them beckon with enchanting hand,
Where Venus' star beams softly on the strand;
And Sirens sitting in each glassy cave
Utter alluring strains, so sweetly fann'd
By tremulous airs along the sea-beat pave,
As drown the solemn voice of ev'n the Eternal Wave.

And then, again, the airy steeps are piled,
Where Pride and Fame are throned, and ancient Power;
Lo! on the beacon'd battlements and wild
What crown'd and mailed phantoms shine or lower!
Hark! how the trumps are blown from tower to tower,
And Mars' red planet, burning on the sky,
Rules the ascendant of the thrilling hour;
And ever voices from their summits cry—
"Ho! climb and win renown, that ye may never die!"

And these have power upon the wisest mind,
To make it oft forget or vainly flee
Those warning tones that, wafted by no wind,
Yet come to us from o'er that Unknown Sea.
Oh! oft the noblest toil a space to be
Brief dreamers on those false and giddy heights,
Whence throngs have fall'n to undreamt misery—
Or turn aside where Pleasure's hand invites,
And taste the Circean cup which all the soul benights.

Yes! this is human life! If some have seemed
Not all-perversely journeying on their way,
Forgetting not the wondrous light that streamed
On childhood's path with strange celestial ray,
But onward watching for the burst of day—
Yet ever so the multitudinous crowd
Forget, and grope, and blindly lingering stray,
Or halt in strife, till breaks the misty cloud—
Around their naked souls a sea of light hath flowed!

STEAM NAVIGATION.

If the immortal spirits of Watt, Fulton, and Trevithick can look down on the things of this nether world, and behold the grand results their discoveries and inventions have produced, and contemplate the vast good conferred by their labors on posterity, and the still more extensive blessings which are reserved for unborn millions,—what pleasure, what triumph must be theirs! For half a century the steam-engine had remained a barren fact in the archives of science, when the self-taught genius of the Glasgow* mechanic breathed into it the spirit of vitality, and conferred upon it energies, by which it revived the drooping commerce of his country, and when the auspicious epoch of general peace arrived, diffused its beneficial influence to the very skirts of civilization. Scarcely had the fruit of the labor of Watt ripened, and this great mover been adopted as the principal power in the arts and manufactures, than by the enterprise and genius of Trevithick† its uses received that prodigious extension which resulted from its acquiring the LOCOMOTIVE character. As it had previously displaced animal power in the MILL, and usurped its nomenclature,‡ so it now menaced its displacement on the ROAD. A few years more saw the spirit of Fulton arise and call into existence what has proved perhaps the greatest and most important of all the manifold agencies of steam—that by which it has given wings to the ship, and bade it laugh to scorn the opposing elements, transporting it in triumph over the expanse of the trackless ocean, regardless of wind or current, and conferring upon locomotion over the deep a regularity, certainty, and precision, surpassed by nothing save the movement of chronometers or the course of the heavenly bodies. Such are the vast results which have sprung from the intelligence of three men, none of whom shared those privileges of mental culture enjoyed by

the favored sons of wealth; none of whom grew up within the walls of schools or colleges, drawing inspiration from the fountains of ancient learning; none of whom were spurred on by those irresistible incentives to genius arising from the competition of ardent and youthful minds, and from the prospect of scholastic honors and professional advancement. Sustained by that innate consciousness of power, stimulated by that irrepressible force of will, so eminently characteristic of and inseparable from minds of the first order, they in their humble and obscure positions persevered against adverse and embarrassing circumstances, impelled by the faith that was in them, against the doubts, the opposition, and not unfrequently the ridicule of an incredulous world, until at length, by time and patience, truth was triumphant, and mankind now gathers the rich harvest sown by these illustrious laborers.

It was about the eighth year of the present century that Fulton launched the first steamboat on the Hudson. After the lapse of four years the first European steamboat was established on the Clyde. From this time the art of steam navigation, in the two great maritime and commercial nations, the United States and Great Britain, advanced with a steady and rapid progress. But it took different directions, governed by the peculiar geographical and commercial circumstances attending these countries. The genius and enterprise of the United States saw before and around it a vast territory, intersected by navigable rivers of unequalled length, forming lines of water communication on a colossal scale between its extensive interior and the seaboard. The Mississippi and its tributaries, with their sources lost in distant tracts as yet untrodden by civilized man, and navigable to large vessels for many thousands of miles,—the Hudson, all but touching upon those magnificent

* The invention of the steam-engine may perhaps fairly be dated from the year 1700. The date of Watt's improvements was between 1760 and 1784.

† Trevithick constructed the first locomotive engine in 1804.

‡ As the steam-engine was usually applied to mills previously worked by horses, it became the custom to express its efficacy by naming the number of horses which it displaced; hence the term HORSE-POWER.

inland seas that stretch along the northern boundary and are almost connected with the Mississippi by the noble stream of the Illinois,—the majestic Delaware, rendered memorable by the military achievements of the Father of American independence,—the wide Potomac, which washes the spot where his venerated remains are deposited,—a coast thousandz of miles in extent, fringed by innumerable bays and harbors, and landlocked basins having all the attributes of lakes,—these addressed themselves to the eye of the engineer and the capitalist, and determined the direction of enterprise in the task of realizing what the foresight of Fulton had shadowed out. The application of steam power to inland navigation—the construction of vessels suited to traverse with speed, safety, and economy, these rivers and lakes, these harbors, bays, and extensive inlets—this was the task and the vocation of the American engineer, and this the interest of the capitalist and the merchant. And well may the American behold with honest pride the manner in which this object has been accomplished. Well may he direct the attention of the astonished European to the floating palaces in which he is carried between the head and the source of each gigantic stream. The world has afforded hitherto no parallel for such magnificent apparatus of transportation.*

The problem of steam navigation, however, presented itself to the British engineer under other conditions, and invested with a body of very different circumstances. A group of islands intersected by no considerable navigable rivers, and neither requiring nor admitting any other inland navigation save that of artificial canals,—separated, however, from each other and from the adjacent continent of Europe by straits, channels, gulfs, and other arms of the sea,—it was apparent that if steam power should become available at all, it must be adapted to the navigation of these seas and channels—it must be adapted to accelerate and cheapen the intercourse between the British islands, between port and port upon their coasts, between them and the various ports on the adjacent coast of Europe, and perhaps even finally to a communication with the Mediterranean and the coasts of Africa, Asia, and Eu-

rope which are washed by it. While the American therefore was called on to contrive a steam-vessel adapted to inland and smooth-water navigation, the British engineer had the more difficult task to construct one which should be capable of meeting and surmounting all the obstructions arising from the vicissitudes of the deep.

It cannot be denied that the easier problem fell to the share of the American. The honor, however, from which he was excluded by the minor difficulties of the question, will be cheerfully awarded to him by his generous rival for the superfluity of success, the triumphant perfection to which he has attained in the achievement of its solution. It seems as though the aspirations of genius, ashamed of the too great facility of the task assigned to it, sought, in accomplishing much more than the bare conditions of the proposed problem exacted, that glory which would have been necessarily accorded to the solution of a problem of a higher order.

The result of the labor and enterprise of the English nation directed to this inquiry has been the present sea-going steam-ship. In the first attempts short trips alone, such as could be completed in a day or less, were contemplated; and lines of steamers were accordingly established between the principal ports of the United Kingdom on the Irish Channel, and between those on the eastern coast of England and the nearest ports of France, Belgium, and Holland. Further improvements gradually extended this intercourse to the coast of Spain, the islands of the Mediterranean, and finally to the chief ports of Egypt, Turkey, and Syria. As yet, however, the problem of sea navigation by steam was invested, by the geographical character of the region in which it was carried out, with one condition most essential to its facility and success. Wherever the voyages extended beyond what could be accomplished within a short interval of time, they were resolved into *stages*, at each of which relays of fuel were available, and at which the machinery could be overlooked and put to rights, and the boilers, if necessary, cleaned out. Thus the Mediterranean packets touched successively at Corunna, Gibraltar, Malta, Corfu, and lately at Alexandria. In

* Nothing can exceed the surprise of intelligent foreigners on first ascending the Hudson in such vessels as, the *Troy*, the *Empire*, the *South America*, or the *Knickerbocker*.

cases of emergency they might also run into any of the other ports along the extensive coast by which their course lay.

The importance of expediting the communication with the British dominions in the East next forced itself on the attention of that government and the East India Company, and it was soon determined to extend the operations of steam power to India. One or two steamers (impelled however *pro hac vice* more by sails than steam) were despatched and succeeded in reaching India by the Cape, relays of fuel being provided at several stations on the route. Steam power now penetrated to the heart of India, and the astonished Hindu beheld incomprehensible floating buildings, vomiting fire and smoke, ascend the waters of the Ganges and the Indus. The presidencies of Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay were placed in easy communication; and finally, a line of steamships formed and still maintain a constant and regular route for passengers and despatches between Bombay and Suez by the Red Sea, and between Alexandria and Malta by the Mediterranean, the Desert between Suez and Cairo being intersected by a good road capable of being traversed by wheeled carriages.

The time between Bombay and London was consequently reduced from four months to little more than the same number of weeks.

The difficulties which attended the adaptation of the steam-engine to the propulsion of sea-going ships in general, and more especially to ships required to make long trips, not capable of being (like those of the Mediterranean and Oriental lines) resolved into stages of moderate length, were various. Assuming that the vessel is propelled by paddle-wheels, (the method universally adopted until the improvements of Captain Ericsson,) the fully efficient performance of the engines requires that the wheels should have one uniform immersion, and that both wheels be equally immersed. The complete fulfilment of this condition was evidently impossible, subject to the vicissitudes of the deep. The rolling and pitching of the vessel would produce a continual variation of immersion of the wheels, and the gradual consumption of the fuel during a trip would produce a corresponding diminution of the displacement or draught, and would diminish in the same propor-

tion the mean immersion of the wheels. The former cause of variation would increase with the badness of the weather, and the latter would augment with the length of the trip. Although, however, these causes would diminish the efficiency of the moving power as compared with its effect in smooth water, a large balance of its locomotive virtue would still be available.

To be protected from the effects of the sea in rough weather the machinery must be below the deck. Its *form and arrangement* must then be accommodated to this condition, and not governed by those circumstances which would confer upon it the greatest mechanical efficiency. The nature, construction, and action of the paddle-wheels render it necessary that the machinery which propels them be placed in the centre of the length of the vessel, and the fuel must, of course, be at hand. The machinery and fuel must therefore have that *position* in the vessel—the middle—where tonnage is most valuable. To bring the machinery within the desired limit of height, cylinders were made in violation of the usual proportions; the length being generally equal to the diameter; instead of being twice that dimension, the proportion found best in practice. The beam, instead of being erected *above* the cylinder, was placed *below* it, (to save height;) and, as a consequence, *two beams*, with two sets of parallel motions, became indispensable, where one had previously been sufficient.

The adjustment of the power, tonnage, and fuel to each other, and to the length of the trip, so as to obtain the greatest practical advantage and commercial profit, was a problem of the greatest nicety and most consummate difficulty. It is a problem about the solution of which engineering authorities have not even yet been brought into accordance. The tonnage of a commercial steamship may be regarded as appropriated to three purposes—1st, to freight and passengers; 2d, to the propelling machinery; and 3d, to the fuel. A sufficient space must be reserved for the first, otherwise commercial profit, the sole object of such an enterprise, could not be realized. As such ships will always have the first class of sailing vessels to compete with, and as they must generally depend for their profit more on passengers than on freight, great speed is a condition absolutely indispensable to their success.

Great speed, however, requires that the power should not have too small a ratio to the *tonnage*. The more powerful the machinery is in proportion to the tonnage of the vessel, the more expeditious, *ceteris paribus*, will be her voyages. But from this springs a consequence of great importance in these projects. Just in the same proportion as the power of the machinery is augmented will the daily consumption of fuel be increased, and in a voyage of a given length, therefore, the stock of fuel provided at starting, and consumed on the trip, must be greater in a like ratio. The fuel provided for *daily* consumption must then bear a fixed proportion to the power of the machinery; and the whole stock of fuel provided for the trip must be in the *combined proportion of the time of the trip and the power of the engines*. For long voyages then it would be necessary to build ships with engines sufficiently powerful to insure the necessary average speed, with tonnage not so great in proportion to the power as to be inconsistent with that speed, and at the same time sufficient to leave space for profitable cargo and passengers after the requisite stock of fuel for the voyage was provided.

Beset with these difficulties, and perplexed by discordant conditions, engineers, practical mechanics, and men of science, as might be expected, offered various and conflicting counsel.* For short trips, such as the channel and coast navigation, little difference existed, precisely because there no practical difficulties presented themselves. But for ocean voyages there were almost as many different opinions as individuals. All however agreed, in what indeed was very evident, that in long ocean voyages the power must have a less proportion to the tonnage, and therefore a less average speed can be obtained than in short trips. Some recommended the proportion of four, some of three tons to each horse power, and between these opinion fluctuated.

In the midst of these discussions, two grand projects were promulged, and courted the attention of enterprising capitalists,—the one, to establish a regular steam communication between Bombay and the Red Sea, in the face of the southwest monsoon; and the other, to open a

great steam road between the capital of the East and the capital of the West—between London and New-York. Subscriptions were solicited—companies formed—all the machinery of the share-market was soon brought into full operation—and the celebrated steam-mania of that day seized upon the British nation. In the midst of this excitement the keel of the Great Western was laid down at Bristol in the summer of 1836.

It is a fact well worthy of remark, in recording these events, that in this fever of excitement towards a project, the realization of which would so seriously advance the interests of this country generally, and of the city of New York in particular, not a dollar of American capital found its way to it! Our people and our press lauded the enterprise to the skies, and cheered on their British friends, as hundred after hundred was poured in to swell the growing capital; but, while they cheered, they quietly buttoned their pockets. Was it that with the shrewdness so characteristic of the nation, these cautious calculators saw that the pear was not ripe, but that its maturity might be forced in the hot-bed thus constructed at foreign cost? Was it that they wisely foresaw that, though the enterprise must lead to eventual good, it must first become the grave of a large portion of capital! Was it that they waited till the soil, still in its natural barrenness, should be manured by British gold, and ploughed by British labor, and that when the requisite fertility should have been imparted to it, then, and not till then, they would cast in seed, with the assured expectation of an abundant harvest! Was it rather that, in a genuine philosophic spirit, they reasoned on abstract principles, that all such projects must reach complete success through a series of failures; and that the prudent course were to tarry till the experiment, having passed through its first phases, should, in the fulness of time, reach that condition in which a successful issue might be regarded as secure?

We speak not here of that success, the realization of which should consist in barely crossing the Atlantic by the agency of steam. Although, in the asperity of disputation at the epoch now referred to, individuals are represented as doubt-

* See the Reports and Evidences of Committees of the Houses of British Parliament on steam communication with India; and other measures of a similar kind, where the principal engineers, engine-builders, nautical men, and men of science were examined, and their evidence reported.

ing or denying the possibility of that result, no person really did so. "A vessel having as her cargo," says a writer* of that day, "a couple of steam-engines and some hundred tons of coal, would be, *ceteris paribus*, as capable of crossing the Atlantic as a vessel transporting the same weight of any other cargo. A steam-vessel, it is true, would labor under some comparative disadvantage, owing to the obstruction presented by her paddle-wheels and the boxes which cover them; still, however, it would be preposterous to suppose that these impediments would render impracticable her passage to New York. . . . In fact, no doubt has been entertained or expressed as to the *practicability* of establishing a communication between these countries and New-York, by a line of steam-vessels. But a difference of opinion has prevailed as to what mode of accomplishing that object may best insure certainty, safety, regularity, and profit, without which last element it is presumed the other objects could hardly be secured."

In the debates which at that time prevailed on this subject, Dr. Lardner, as is well known, took a prominent part. He declared himself favorable to the project under certain conditions which he strongly urged on its promoters, the principal of which was, to adopt such a course as would secure to them the advantage of the British post-office contract, unsupported by which he pledged his judgment and experience that the enterprise could not, at that time, be conducted with permanent commercial profit. It was understood, that to secure this object, the steamers must make Halifax an intermediate station; a measure which would have the further advantage of abridging the trip of the steamer. He declared that until some greater advance were made in the art of steam navigation, a line of steamers between England and New York, depending exclusively on the profits of freight and passengers, and unsupported by any subsidy such as that of

the British post-office, could not be carried on with that profit which would ensure its permanency.†

The Great Western made her first trip across the Atlantic in April, 1838. Two other companies were at the same time engaged in a similar enterprise. The "Transatlantic Steamship Company," in the same summer, put two steamers, the "Royal William" and the "Great Liverpool" on the route between Liverpool and New York;—and the "British and American Steam-Navigation Company" put the "British Queen" on the route between Portsmouth and New York, in the following year; the same company soon after widening the scale of their operations, by the gigantic and unfortunate steamship *President*. We should state that this company had previously placed the *Sirius* on the same route, having withdrawn her, however, after a single voyage.

While these operations were in progress the *Cunard Company* was organized; and in accordance with the plan laid down and recommended by Dr. Lardner, submitted to the British government a project for a line of steam communication with the United States and the British colonies, touching at Halifax to land passengers and deliver the mails. They without difficulty effected an arrangement, and a contract was duly signed in 1839, securing to them a subsidy of sixty thousand pounds sterling per annum for the transport of the mails, which liberal stipend has since been raised to the sum of ninety thousand pounds a year! Thus munificently supported, the *Cunard* line of steamers commenced running between Liverpool, Halifax, and Boston in July, 1840, and have continued to the present time to maintain a regular communication between the old and new world, not suspended or interrupted at any season of the year.

Of all the steamships placed on the direct New-York line by three compa-

* See an article on steam navigation, ascribed to the pen of Dr. Lardner, in the *London Monthly Chronicle*, vol. ii., 1838.

† This, and similar declarations, form the foundation for the mistaken reports of Dr. Lardner's having affirmed a steam voyage to New York to be an impossibility. This, however, has long since been set right in England. See an able article in the *Civil Engineer and Architect's Journal*, for Jan. 1842, entitled "Steam Navigation—has it been successful?"—in the course of which it is shewn from documents and facts that the predictions of Dr. Lardner have been realized with a degree of minute precision, which, if it be not fortuitous, affords a really striking example "of the coincidence between the deductions of philosophy and the results of experience."—[*Ed. Am. Rev.*]

nies, working with abundant capital, the Great Western alone has continued to run, subject to an annual suspension during the winter months, and an occasional interruption to her trips, arising apparently from the measures taken by the company with a view to selling her. The *Sirius* made a single voyage and was withdrawn. The "*Royal William*" and the Great Liverpool were worked on the route for a single season, and finally transferred to more profitable work. The *President* was lost. The *British Queen* was sold to the Belgian government; and failing apparently to answer its purposes, ultimately found its station with the Oriental Company, and now plies between Falmouth and Alexandria. The *United States*, another steamship destined originally for the New York route, was likewise placed upon the Mediterranean line. Some of the financial circumstances attending the operations of these companies are noticed in the article already referred to in the *Engineer and Architect's Journal*.

"The Great Liverpool," says the writer, "having in a single season earned a loss to her proprietors of six thousand pounds sterling upon the New York line, it was determined to withdraw her; and with another new vessel built for Atlantic voyaging, (the "*United States*,") now the "*Oriental*," to open a communication with India via the Red Sea. The proprietors of the *British Queen* became competitors with the Great Liverpool and Oriental for the Alexandrian line, plainly showing that both of these companies, after a vast expenditure of money, had arrived at the very conclusion Dr. Lardner held three or four years before. Has it never occurred to the proprietors of these vessels that they might have saved about one hundred thousand pounds, as well as vast responsibility, anxiety, risk, and discredit, if, at the commencement of the Atlantic discussions, they had prevented their passions from exercising their favorite calling, that of running away with their reason!"

Well, then, two of these companies which commenced operations some years since with such high aspirations and ardent hopes, have been swept from the face of the deep, and their very names erased from the tablets of the public memory. No one now hears of the "*Transatlantic Steamship Company*," or of the *British and American Steam*

Navigation Company." They have passed into the catalogue of the things that were. But the Great Western Company continues to have at least a "quasi" existence.

The Great Western has unquestionably been a fine vessel—probably the finest steamship which, up to the date of her establishment, had ever floated on the deep. Her efficiency is mainly due to the consummate ability of Mr. Field, who planned and constructed her machinery, and had a large share in all her other arrangements. This vessel alone has maintained the New York passage hitherto, subject to the suspensions and interruptions already adverted to. But the material question here is, has she done so with such commercial advantage as will insure her continuance,—as will induce the company to extend the scale of their operations by placing other vessels on the station, and as will attract additional capital to the enterprise? We are informed that in answer to this inquiry, the Great Western Company declare that this vessel is a thriving concern, that they are dividing nine or ten per cent. per annum on their capital, and that on the whole the enterprise is in the most prosperous condition. We should be too glad to lay down the pen in the tranquil assurance of this, but are compelled to acknowledge our doubts. This prosperous ship has long been understood to be in the market for sale. Recently a sale of her by private contract was actually made to the Mediterranean or Oriental Company; one of the conditions were, that the sellers should put new boilers in her, and that she should be approved by surveyors appointed by her Majesty's Board of Admiralty. The boilers were put in and the survey made; when, in consequence of some difference or misunderstanding, the Great Western Company replaced her on her original station.

Whatever be the condition of this negotiation or bargain, it is evident that the proprietors of the Great Western desired to get that vessel off their hands. It may then be fairly demanded how this is compatible with a "thriving and profitable concern"—how it is compatible with "dividends of nine or ten per cent.?" Is it likely that in a country where more than three per cent. cannot be obtained for money in the public securities,—where bills are often discounted at less than three per cent.,—where

money to any amount can be obtained even on house mortgage at four per cent,—where railway companies dividing nine per cent. have their shares at one hundred per cent. premium,—is it probable that shareholders in such a concern would not merely be anxious to withdraw from it, but repeatedly offer the whole property in this successful enterprise for public sale, and what is still more strange, offer it in vain?

The shares in the Great Western are limited to so few hands, that they do not enter the market so as to be quoted like those of most other companies. We are not therefore able to bring this point to the test which the price of shares would afford. But it has been generally understood that sales have been made at fifty per cent. discount.

Such being the actual condition of things, it may be asked what is to be inferred respecting the transatlantic steam project? Has it been successful? Has it realized the hopes of its advocates and the promises of its friends? Will it be permanent? To some of these questions we think the history of the past and statement of its present condition, will supply a satisfactory answer.

That the direct New York route has hitherto failed—in the only sense in which failure was ever apprehended, that is, as a mercantile speculation, prosecuted solely with a view to profit—must, we conceive, be evident to every understanding unclouded by prejudice, and unbiased by existing interests. The mere fact that the vessels which have been put on the route, since its commencement in 1838, to the present time, a period of six years, have all but one disappeared; being (with one exception, the *President*, which was lost) withdrawn by their owners, in consequence of the losses they sustained in working them—and that sole remaining ship having been offered in vain for sale—are sufficiently conclusive on this point. This being admitted, the next question is, What is the cause of this failure? To obtain the solution of this last question we must turn our view to the Cunard line of steamers.

That enterprise is established with every appearance of permanency. It has not been compelled, like the Great Western, to suspend its operation during the winter season. Instead of putting up its ships to public sale, it is augmenting their number, and increasing the frequency of their voyages. It is therefore fair to infer that this line is permanently and profitably established. On comparing it with the New York line with a view to discover the elements which have determined the success in the one case, and the failure in the other, the first circumstance which commands attention, is, that the Cunard line, by securing the contract for the British mails, is subsidized to the extent of £90,000 per annum. Now, if it be assumed that twenty voyages are made in the year, this will be equivalent to £2250 per trip; and if it be assumed that the average profit made on each cabin passenger for a single trip is £15, this contract would be tantamount in its effect to adding 150 cabin passengers, each trip, to the number to be obtained from the natural supply.

There is another circumstance which will be better appreciated at the other than at this side of the Atlantic. The Cunard ships are regarded as government vessels; as post-office ships; as carrying an officer of the navy, and agent of the admiralty, on board. This produces a strong confidence, among Europeans, in their efficiency and safety. Whether that exclusive confidence be well founded or not—whether the Great Western is as good, or better—whether it as well, or better officered and manned—is not here the question. Be it a legitimate source of confidence or not, the British mail steamers will always, on that account alone, receive a preference from a very large majority of the European public. To what cause other than this is it that the Cunard steamers can keep their cabin fares* thirty-three per cent. above those of the Great Western, and yet carry a greater amount of passengers?

How far the Cunard line derives an advantage from the traffic in passengers to the British North American provinces, or from the shorter time of the

* The cabin fare in the Great Western is thirty-one pounds, ten shillings; in the Cunard steamers it is forty-one pounds. On particular trips, when the Great Western changed her port of departure and sailed from Liverpool, the fares of the Cunard ships were lowered, but only so for that trip.

trips,* it is not worth while here to inquire, for we think the two causes we have assigned, and especially the post-office contribution, are enough, and more than enough, to explain the question before us.

We have before us the prospectus of a project for the establishment of a new line of steamers between New York and Liverpool, advocated by Mr. Junius Smith, formerly connected with the "British and American Steam Navigation Company." In that document we find a detailed account of the profits and

losses of the British Queen and President, the authenticity and correctness of which may be relied on. From this account, it appears that these ships (with the exception of one voyage of the British Queen) never failed to net for their owners some profit, until the operations of the Cunard line began, and from that time till the dissolution of the company, all profit ceased, and every voyage only added to the loss. This fact pretty clearly indicates the chief cause of the failure of the New York lines of steamships.

* The following table exhibits the performances of the Great Western and Cunard steamers:—

PASSAGES OF THE GREAT WESTERN.

From Bristol to New York.			
SAILED.	ARRIVED.	DAYS.	
1838—April 8.....	April 23.....	14.50	
" June 2.....	July 17.....	14	
" July 21.....	Aug. 5.....	14	
" September 8.....	September 24.....	15.50	
" October 27.....	November 15.....	18	
1839—January 22.....	February 16.....	18.50	
" March 23.....	April 14.....	21.50	
" May 18.....	May 31.....	13	
" July 6.....	July 22.....	15.75	
" August 24.....	September 10.....	16.50	
" October 19.....	November 2.....	14.25	
1840—February 20.....	March 7.....	15.50	
" April 15.....	May 3.....	17.50	
" June 4.....	June 18.....	14.25	
" July 25.....	August 9.....	14.50	
" September 19.....	September 27.....	14.50	
" November 7.....	November 24.....	16.50	

17) 288.25

Average passage..... 15.76

From New York to Bristol.

SAILED.	ARRIVED.	DAYS.	
1838—May 7.....	May 22.....	14.50	
" June 25.....	July 8.....	13	
" August 16.....	August 30.....	13.50	
" October 4.....	October 16.....	12	
" November 23.....	December 7.....	13.50	
1839—February 23.....	March 12.....	15	
" April 23.....	May 27.....	14.50	
" June 13.....	June 26.....	13	
" August 1.....	August 13.....	12.25	
" September 21.....	October 4.....	13	
" November 16.....	November 30.....	13.50	
1840—March 19.....	April 2.....	14	
" May 9.....	May 23.....	14	
" July 1.....	July 14.....	13.50	
" August 18.....	August 31.....	13	
" October 10.....	October 23.....	13.50	
" December 9.....	December 23.....	13.50	

17) 229.25

Average Passage..... 13.48

PASSAGES OF THE CUNARD STEAMERS.

Ship's name.	Sailed from Liverpool.	Out.	Home.
Britannia....	July 4, 1840.....	12.50.....	10.00
Acadia.....	August 4.....	11.16.....	11.00
Britannia....	September 4.....	11.00.....	11.25
Caledonia....	September 19.....	12.30.....	10.25
Acadia.....	October 4.....	11.25.....	12.20
Britannia....	October 20.....	12.00.....	11.25
Caledonia....	November 4.....	12.00.....	11.20
Acadia.....	December 4.....	14.75.....	10.75
Britannia....	February 4, 1841.....	15.40.....	12.00
Caledonia....	March 4.....	14.00.....	10.75
Acadia.....	March 20.....	16.50.....	12.75
Columbia....	April 4.....	13.12.....	11.60
Britannia....	April 20.....	13.75.....	11.00
Caledonia....	May 4.....	12.25.....	10.75
Acadia.....	May 19.....	12.00.....	10.60
Columbia....	June 4.....	10.80.....	10.25
Britannia....	June 19.....	12.25.....	10.00

17) 217.03 17) 188.15

Average passage.... 12.76 11.97

Ship's name.	Sailed from Liverpool.	Out.	Home.
Caledonia....	July 4, 1841.....	11.25.....	10.50
Acadia.....	July 20.....	11.00.....	9.75
Columbia....	August 4.....	13.00.....	11.00
Britannia....	August 19.....	11.20.....	12.00
Caledonia....	September 4.....	11.75.....	10.80
Acadia.....	September 19.....	13.50.....	11.15
Columbia....	October 5.....	13.75.....	11.00
Britannia....	October 21.....	14.15.....	12.25
Caledonia....	November 4.....	11.80.....	12.00
Columbia....	December 4.....	14.75.....	11.75
Columbia....	March 4, 1842.....	20.75.....	15.50
Britannia....	April 5.....	12.85.....	10.55
Caledonia....	April 19.....	13.20.....	10.75
Acadia.....	May 4.....	14.75.....	10.30
Columbia....	May 19.....	11.85.....	9.75
Britannia....	June 4.....	11.75.....	10.40

16) 219.50 16) 179.45

Average passage.... 13.98 11.21

The passages of the Cunard line have been taken as nearly as possible at the same seasons as those of the Great Western.

		Days. Hours.	
The average out-passage of the Great Western is then		15	19
" " Cunard steamships		13	0
The average home-passage of the Great Western is		13	12
" " Cunard steamships		11	2
Difference of the out-passage in favor of the Cunard line		2	19
Difference of the home-passage in favor of the Cunard line		2	10
Difference of the voyage in favor of the Cunard line		5	14

The competition of the Cunard Line is indeed a most important element in this investigation. If, as was the case when the question was first debated in England, and when Dr. Lardner made his widely abused and much-misrepresented speech on that subject at Bristol, no other line were in being, the ground of argument would be different. He then insisted that the post-office subsidy was an essential element of success. That without it the enterprise must fail.—Whether this opinion, at the time it was expressed, were sound or not, we shall not inquire, as that can only affect the value personally of Dr. Lardner's judgment. The question now is, not whether a line of steamers can support itself *without* the post-office contribution, but whether it can sustain itself *against* that subsidy. Whether two rival enterprises cannot be both successful in their financial results, one of which is subsidized annually to the extent of nearly half a million of dollars, while the other is left to depend on its own resources—one of which has its safety, efficiency, good management and punctuality guaranteed by the sanction of the British government, while the other has nothing to offer but the assurances of a private, though very respectable, company! The odds are fearfully great in such a condition of things.

There is one circumstance obviously favorable to a New York line. It is undoubtedly true that the majority of passengers out would be more accommodated by arriving at New York, than by being landed at Boston, and the majority of passengers back would be better accommodated by embarking at New York than by starting from Boston. Against this, on the other hand, it must be considered that the average passage of the Boston steamers *out* has been two days and nineteen hours, and the average passage *home* two days and ten hours less than the corresponding passages of the New York steamer.*

It is not our province to prognosticate the future result of speculations and pro-

jects still to be brought into operation. Of the past and present alone are we able or willing to speak. This is an epoch signalized by the rapid progression of the arts, and improvements are now in progress which hold forth bright promise. Much has been already accomplished, and much more in the fulness of time may be hoped for. The formidable barrier of the Atlantic has been crossed, and one successful and, we trust, permanent line of steam communication between the Old and New World has been established. Whether it connect New York with Bristol, or Boston with Liverpool, must, to the world in general, and to the United States in particular, be a matter of the smallest conceivable importance, however much such a point may interest particular classes and individuals in those cities respectively. We shall therefore dismiss this topic, and turn for a moment to take a view of some of the improvements which are in progress of development on this and on the other side of the wide Atlantic.

It seems to be admitted on every hand that wheels requiring for their efficient performances one unvaried immersion, are ineligible propellers of a vessel exposed to vicissitudes of the sea that vary the immersion every moment, and loaded with fuel, the gradual consumption of which produces a progressive diminution of the average draught. On both sides of the Atlantic engineers and projectors have therefore directed their attention to the contrivance of *subaqueous propellers*. Various forms of these have been tried in England, among which the favorite for the moment seems to be a screw carried with its axis horizontal and parallel to the keel, operating under the vessel, and kept in revolution by the engines. In this country, a submerged wheel, acting at the stern on an axis parallel to the keel, and having its face turned *sternwards*, the invention of Captain Ericsson, has been in operation on various private vessels for the last four years, and has more recently been sanctioned by government, and adopted in the United States

* Since the above was written, it has been announced in the public journals that the Cunard steamers are henceforward to make their passages direct between Liverpool and Boston, and that the mails of the British provinces are to be despatched from and received at the latter city. If this prove to be the case, the time of the passages of these steamers will be further abridged, not only to the extent of their present detention at Halifax, but by being enabled to make a direct and more expeditious course to Boston. They will thus have on the out-passage an advantage over the New York steamers amounting probably to from four to five days.

steamship Princeton, and two revenue cutters.

Among the steps contemplated in the advancement of ocean steam navigation in Europe, that which has attracted most public notice, is the iron steamship built by the Great Western Steamship Company. This vessel and its machinery are said to have been planned and constructed under the superintendence of J. K. Brunel,* the engineer of that company, and of the railway connecting London with Bristol. This stupendous structure is remarkable as being not only the largest ship ever constructed of iron, but the largest of any kind that ever floated on water. She is three hundred and twenty-one feet in length,† fifty-one feet six inches in width, and thirty-one feet six inches in depth; she measures three thousand six hundred tons.

One of the difficulties which have presented themselves in the adaptation of the endless screw to the propulsion of steamships is, that the velocity necessary to be given to the screw is in every case much greater than the speed with which the engines can be worked. Several expedients were proposed to surmount this. Some suggested the use of engines similar to locomotives; others proposed to convey the power of the engines to the screw by toothed gearing, by which the velocity might be increased in any desired proportion; while others again proposed that the engines should act upon a drum or cylinder of greater diameter than the shaft of the screw, and that this drum and the shaft should be connected by an endless band or chain. In this way the velocity would be increased in the ratio of the diameter of the shaft to the diameter of the drum. The last is the expedient adopted in the present case. The drum and shaft (constructed like a rag-wheel) are connected by an endless chain. The drum is placed on the main shaft driven by the engines, and this shaft carries upon it two cranks, each of which is driven by

two cylinders. These cylinders are placed two at each side of the vessel, in an inclined position, leaning towards the centre of the vessel. The piston rods, moving in guides, are connected with the cranks by long links or connecting rods. Each of the cylinders eighty inch diameter and six feet stroke, and they are supplied with steam by eight boilers. This machinery is said to have the nominal power of twelve hundred horses.

The machinery and other appointments of this leviathan of the deep being long since completed, and all being ready for sea, it will naturally be asked why she is not afloat!—why this grand project is not in practical operation!—why this stupendous production of art and science stands immovable in the dock in which the builder put her together! Will it be credited that those in whom this company put their trust for guidance in this novel experiment, have actually either miscalculated or omitted to calculate at all, the space requisite for the vessel to move through in passing from the dock! And that she now lies encaged, crying, like Sterne's Starling, "I cannot get out!" Bent on astonishing the Yankees, and filling the human race with amazement at such a monster-ship as eyes never before beheld, the aspiring engineer was either unable or unwilling to calculate the conditions necessary to liberate the megatherion! To do this it would have been necessary to compute certain matters of a very sublunary kind, such as the immersion, the width and height of the works, and to take into account the dimensions of the dock. Such calculations, it is true, were not as likely to startle as the exhibition of a ship the sixteenth of a mile long, nor were they as likely to draw upon the engineer the wondering eyes of mankind; but, humble as they were, they were indispensable, and they were neglected or wrongly executed.

It was not until all the arrangements for the first voyage were made, and the day and hour advertised at both sides of

* Not, as is sometimes erroneously supposed, the inventor of the block machinery and engineer of the Thames Tunnel, but a son of that distinguished man.

† There are now (August, 1844) two steamboats on the Hudson of greater length, though less in their other dimensions. The "Empire" measures 330 feet, and the "Knickerbocker" 324 feet in length. These are truly magnificent vessels in every point of view, and we may possibly on a future occasion seize an opportunity of giving some information to our "neighbors" on the other side of the Atlantic respecting their performances, which will open their eyes to what has been already and may be hereafter accomplished by American engineering.

the Atlantic, not for the first voyage only, but for the second, and the third, and the fourth, that it was discovered that the dock obstinately refused to open itself wide enough to eject the monster-ship, and that the rigid material of the vessel just as pertinaciously resisted the contraction necessary to escape. In vain was expedient after expedient suggested. It was easier to astonish the world by producing an enormous vessel, than to get it practically afloat when built.

We cannot refrain from expressing our admiration of the forbearance and good-natured indulgence with which this piece of unparalleled professional ignorance or culpable negligence has been treated by the engineering profession and by the press in this country. Reverse the case, and suppose that instead of occurring at Bristol, it happened at New York; instead of being committed by a British, it had been chargeable upon an American engineer,—how endless, how unmitigated would have been the ridicule, what sneers against American engineering, and what self-complacent references to the British steam navy would have followed. But seriously, it is too bad to see capital and property ignorantly and rashly trifled with after this fashion. At the time we write this we learn that no expedient has yet been suggested to surmount this difficulty, except one which would cost the company the sum of fifteen thousand pounds sterling to carry into effect!

On the question of the ultimate success of this experiment, opinion, as necessarily must occur in such a case, is somewhat divided. Her extraordinary magnitude is in some respects a disadvantage. A traffic in passengers is always more successful with frequent trips and smaller loads than with long intervals requiring accumulated supplies. The convenience of the public is obviously better consulted by the former species of arrangement. Besides, in this case opportunities will be offered, twice a month, of sailing by the Cunard line. Will the large accumulation of cabin-passengers which is indispensable to make this huge vessel pay, wait for her! Again; nautical men express grave doubts whether, (supposing her to succeed in a commercial sense,) she will stand the Atlantic. They contend that she will strain herself until her joints will be loosened;—that her length is at the same time too great, and not great

enough for the swell of the ocean;—that she may stretch over the trough of the sea and balance herself on the crest of the wave, but that the weight of her centre in the one case and of her extremities in the other, will produce a destructive strain upon her;—that, in short, without being large enough to convert the waves of the ocean into a ripple, she is too large to glide along their acclivities like a sea-fowl. It is a question, however, on which it is vain to theorize, either in a commercial, nautical, or mechanical sense. Experience alone, and that not of one but many voyages, can give us data on which we can safely reason. Meanwhile we are glad to see so grand an experiment tried, and equally glad that we have ourselves no capital invested in it.

The United States steamship *Princeton* is an experiment in some respects similar to that to which we have just adverted, but presenting to the world a much more promising result, and indicating in its progress and details the presiding influence of a master hand. This splendid ship is, like the former, supplied with a subaqueous propeller. A wheel, fourteen feet in diameter, is placed on an axis projecting in a horizontal direction from the stern of the vessel parallel to the line of the keel. The face of the wheel is therefore presented sternwards, and is vertical when the ship floats in calm water. The thickness of the wheel or the space included between its face and under surface, is forty-two inches. The material is a metallic composition which resists oxidation. With a motion of continued rotation this propeller, by a series of spiral plates or vanes attached to the circumference of a hoop twenty-six inches broad and eight feet diameter, supported on the shaft by a number of twisted arms, acts upon the water so as to drive it sternwards, on a principle nearly similar to that by which the sails of a wind-mill are affected by the atmosphere, only that in the latter case the air is the agent and the sails the object acted on; whereas in this case the propeller is the agent and the fluid the object acted on. Suppose the atmosphere quiescent, and the arms of the wind-mill made to revolve by a steam-engine within the building. A current of air would then be produced by the action of the sails contrary in direction to that current which would have imparted to those sails the motion which

they are here supposed to receive from an internal power. Imagine, then, the fluid acted on to be water instead of air, and the revolving sails to be augmented in number, diminished in length, and increased in speed, and we have an apt illustration of the principle of this propeller.

The engines which give rotation to the shaft of the propeller consist of two semi-cylinders placed with their axes horizontal and parallel to the shaft, and their convex surfaces downward. On the axis of the semi-cylinder is placed a solid parallelogram equal in length to the cylinder, and in breadth to its radius. This parallelogram being suspended on the axis of the semi-cylinder, would hang in the vertical position when not acted on by the steam, and being movable in each direction, is capable of being raised on either side to the height of the flat top of the semi-cylinder. Thus this parallelogram is susceptible of a pendulous motion from side to side, through an angle of 90 degrees. It is this parallelogram which discharges the functions of the piston. Steam is admitted and discharged by proper valves on each side of it, and it is thus driven from side to side alternately with a corresponding force. The discharged steam passes to a condenser, where in the usual way it is converted into water, and the piston is suddenly relieved from its reaction.

These semi-cylinders are placed symmetrically on each side of the shaft, parallel to the keel, and in the bottom of the vessel. The action of the vibrating pistons is transmitted to the shaft of the propeller by short connecting rods attached to vibrating crank levers on the axis of the vibrating pistons, so as to convert the reciprocating pendulous motion into one of continuous rotation. This mechanical arrangement, which we could not hope to render intelligible without a model, presents a singularly happy combination of elegance and simplicity.

In the Princeton, the entire machinery as well as the propeller is below the water-line; the draught of the furnaces being produced by small separate engines acting the part of blowers, a funnel is not needed. A short one with the telescope tube motion is used in the present case, which may be raised or lowered at pleasure.* The fuel used is hard

coal of the species commonly called anthracite, which having an inconsiderable proportion of bitumen, is consumed without flame or smoke.

The inventor claims that these engines occupy only one eighth of the tonnage necessary for British marine engines of the common kind, of equal power, and are only half the weight.

The design of this fine vessel and its machinery was complete before a single plank of it was laid, and that design has been carried into effect without a single deviation—a striking proof of the clearness of the views, and the consistency of the objects of the inventor. No blunder was made in her construction. She was completed and put afloat, and is now and has been for many months in successful practical operation.

The propeller and the other machinery of this vessel are the invention of Captain Ericsson, and have been constructed altogether under his direction, and according to his drawings—copies of which are now before us. The propeller is not an untried expedient, now for the first time essaying its wings. It was first promulgated by Captain Ericsson, in England, before his visit to this continent. He constructed, in England, two experimental boats of about twenty horse power each, besides the iron steamer Robert F. Stockton, which crossed the Atlantic in the year 1839, and has ever since been continually in operation, as a steam-tug, on the Delaware and Schuylkill. It has also been three years in practical operation, in a considerable number of vessels of various tonnage, carrying freight and passengers, on the lakes, the principal rivers, and along the coast in the United States and British provinces. The number of vessels now in operation, driven by Ericsson's propeller, at this side of the Atlantic, is above seventy. It is the more necessary to state this distinctly, as a general impression prevails that the Princeton is the first and only vessel so propelled, and therefore to be regarded as an experiment on a new principle, rather than the adoption of one on which experience so extensive has been obtained.

It will be naturally asked why advantages so great and obvious as those obtained by this invention, may not be equally secured by the screw-propeller

* It has often been proposed to adopt expedients for raising and lowering the funnels of war steamers; but this is, we believe, the only instance of the principle having been brought successfully into practical application.

adopted in the Great Britain. We answer, that Captain Ericsson has succeeded in imparting to the shaft of the propeller the power of the piston by a simple connecting rod, without the intervention of any mechanism by which the smallest portion of that power can be lost or intercepted; that he has thus obtained all the requisite velocity without resorting to any of the usual expedients for multiplying the revolutions. Whereas, on the other hand, the screw requiring a velocity from four to six times that of the engine, the interposition of cog-wheels, leather straps, rope bands, or chains, becomes unavoidable.

In the Great Britain, the engineer, with a curious infelicity of instinct, has out of all this catalogue of objectionable expedients, selected that which is transcendently the most objectionable, namely, an endless chain working round a drum of twenty-four feet diameter, attached to the main shaft of the engines. The surface of this drum is cut into cavities or notches corresponding with the links of the chain. The smaller wheel, or pinion, driven by the chain, is fixed on the shaft of the propelling screw, and is what is called a rag-wheel, having a surface similar to that of the drum, being about one-fourth of the diameter of the latter. Let any practical mechanic imagine for a moment a chain of this kind moving at the rate of twenty-five feet per second!—and conveying the power of twelve hundred horses!! The bare mention of this, without going into the multifarious consequences which it will readily suggest to the mind, will, we conceive, be enough to demonstrate the extravagance of this monstrous project.

The superior claims of Ericsson's propeller have at length forced their way to the notice of the governments of England and France, which are not easily moved to venture on novel or untried projects. In these countries two frigates are now in preparation, in which these propellers will be used.

On the 20th of last October, when the Great Western was starting from New York for Liverpool, the Princeton was stationed in the North River, and a trial of speed took place between these two ships. It is stated, that in leaving the Battery the Great Western was about a quarter of a mile ahead, but was soon overtaken by the Princeton, which passed her, sailed round her, and passed her a second time before leaving the bay. The

G. Western had all her sails set on this occasion. The Princeton put up no canvass.

Independently of the superiority claimed for her machinery, the Princeton has obvious advantages over all steamers propelled by the common paddle-wheels. She may be rigged and worked as a sailing vessel as effectually as if she were not propelled by steam at all. No matter what position she may take in the water; no matter how she may pitch or roll, her wheel will exercise the same propelling power.

As a vessel of war, she has great advantages. All her machinery being under the water line, is protected from shot. She exposes no chimney to an attacking force. She can sail with a fleet without consuming her fuel, and can therefore preserve all her powers as a steamer in the longest voyage.

The prospectus of a project for another direct line of steamers has been recently offered to the public. It is proposed to form a company with the title of the "American Atlantic Steam Navigation Company," to be under the directorship of a body of our most respectable merchants. It appears that a charter was granted to this company about five years ago, since which time it has been, wisely as we conceive, dormant, watching, doubtless, the progress and collecting the results of the experience so dearly paid for by the English companies. The directors now think that the period has at length arrived when they may advantageously take the field. "The experience," they say, "we have had in Atlantic steam navigation,—the more economical construction of steamships,—the skill acquired in navigation and general management, have furnished practical data for our guidance, and developed the subject so fully, that we have only to adopt what is useful and reject what is not, to insure success."

It is proposed that the company shall commence operations by the construction of a steamship of two thousand tons, having accommodation for seventy-five cabin-passengers and eight hundred tons of measurement goods. The projectors expect that whether she gets passengers or not, she cannot fail to make a freight.

It is proposed that subscribers shall be allowed five per cent. discount on their freight bills. The subscribers may therefore, if they desire, monopolize the use of the ship for their own business.

"All the support the company deem it necessary or expedient to ask of the general government is the privilege of receiving postage upon letters carried by their ships." This, we presume, is a privilege which they need not ask. It is a right that they may assume.

"The grand effects of carrying into execution the designs of the company," they observe, "are too obvious to need any comment. If it be important to retain in the hands of American citizens their own European carrying trade; if the prosperity and extension of commerce depend in any degree upon the facilities of carrying it on; if the advancement of this great city to opulence and commercial rank are dear to every American citizen; then he will with alacrity seize any and every opportunity to realize such vast and permanent results."

On these abstract propositions no difference of opinion can exist. If they can be attained without loss to the individuals who devote their talents, labor, and capital to carry them out, they ought to be, and without doubt will be, encouraged and supported. But the only practical view which can be taken of this enterprise must exclude mere patriotic considerations. It must after all be regarded, as it really is, a commercial speculation, in which men will engage with a view to *profit*; and it is only by the fair expectation of profit which it may hold out, that it can be tested.

It is stated in the prospectus that the cost of the British Queen was ninety thousand pounds, and that of her machinery twenty-four thousand pounds. Whether the latter sum is included in the former is not distinctly stated, but we presume it is. It is estimated, however, that a similar vessel, similarly equipped and propelled, may now be completed for little more than half cost.

How far the privilege of carrying freight at five per cent. below the rate charged to non-subscribers may operate favorably on the interests of the subscribers, we do not at present very clearly see. If the rate of freight charged to non-subscribers be such as would insure full loads, then it is clear that the privilege is delusive, for the owners will lose in their character of shareholders exactly what they gain in their character of merchants. If the rate charged to non-subscribers be higher than that which would insure full loads, and

the vacant tonnage be filled at the lower rate by subscribers, it becomes a nice matter of calculation whether the company as a body would not profit more by bringing down the freight to the limit which would insure fair loads at full price, and abandoning the plan of reducing the freightage to each other, which we fear will prove to be an expedient more adapted to attract unwary subscribers, than to secure any substantial and permanent advantage.

It would be extreme weakness if this company were wilfully to close their eyes on the facts we have stated in the preceding pages. Unless they can greatly improve on the Great Western, they will be surpassed in expedition by the Cunard steamers. Can they hope to stand against the formidable subsidy of the British post-office enjoyed by that line? Is it really "unnecessary and inexpedient" to seek some support from the general government, like that which is given to the Halifax line by the English government? If such support, or *any*, is likely to be accorded, we say that so far from being "unnecessary and inexpedient," it would be most necessary and most expedient, and would, in our judgment, prove to be the very life and soul of the enterprise. In fine, it is to our apprehensions as plain as light, that if some measure be not adopted to compensate to such a company for the want of that aid thus extended to the competing line, it cannot be reasonably expected that a profitable and permanent result will ensue; and we frankly confess that we see nothing in the published prospectus likely to produce such an effect.

After what has been stated regarding the Princeton, it is scarcely needful to say, that the serious attention of all parties interested in projects dependent on steam navigation, should give serious consideration to what has been effected, and is likely to be effected, by the improvements of Captain Ericsson. But this is especially incumbent on a body like the present, which avowedly looks to freight as the main source of profit. The machinery of Ericsson will not only leave a large amount of tonnage available for freight, but will give the vessel increased sailing power, and diminished expenses of the mechanical propelling power. We should say that if the project prove eventually successful at all, its best chance is through the agency of these improvements.

HYMN OF CALLIMACHUS,

"IN LAVACRUM PALLADIS."

BY HERMENEUTES.

THIS poem had its origin in the following somewhat singular custom :—

It appears from the Scholiast, that the women of Argos, on a fixed day of annual recurrence, were accustomed to take the statues of Minerva and Diomed from their places, convey them to the river Inachus, and there bathe and purify them. It was unlawful for any male to behold these images uncovered; the punishment of the transgressor being either immediate death, or a life of misery. This corresponds with the fable of Actæon, who, through the resentment of Diana at his unintended sight of her disrobed, was changed into a stag, and miserably pursued and devoured by his own dogs. The poem is eminently beautiful—smooth, simple, and affecting. There runs through the whole of it that air of enthusiasm of feeling, mingled with plainness of language, which constitutes the great and enduring charm of all, but pre-eminently of early Greek, literature. The poem opens with an address and an exhortation to all the maids and matrons of Greece to hasten and come forth to

wait upon the goddess. The first few lines, translated into literal prose, run thus: "As many of ye as are the bath-tenders of Pallas, go forth all, go forth. I heard the sacred horses neighing but lately, and the goddess goes forth well adorned. Haste ye now, oh ye of the yellow hair, haste ye, oh women of the Pelasgi. Never did Minerva lave her mighty arms before she had dashed the dust from the flanks of her horses;—no! not even then, when, bearing their armor all sprinkled with bloody dust, she came from the godless Earth-born." Thus he continues, with great poetical beauty both in thought and versification, for some fifty lines, describing Minerva's dress in her famous trial for the apple of gold and the prize of beauty, before the shepherd of Ida, the 'ill-starred Paris.' Then, after giving all males a caution not to gaze upon the goddess, as they would avoid ruin, he enforces his caution by relating to the listening maidens a beautiful tale, of a young man who had beheld Minerva bathing, and whom her wrath had struck blind among the mountains.

Go! Pallas! bathe thy heavenly limbs, while I to these shall tell
The hapless fate, which once a youth of promise bright befell.
In ancient times a dame there was—a dame of Theban race—
Whom Pallas' self, the great and dread, within her heart did place
Before her mates; the mother she of Teresias bold;—
And whensoe'er the goddess drove by Thespie, rich and old;
Or Coroneia, where for her a perfumed grove arose,
And altars by the river's side, which far and winding goes;
Or unto Haliærtus turn'd the footsteps of her steeds,
To view Beotia's woods and lakes, its hills and flowery meads;—
She lifted by her regal side, upon her chariot-seat,
This dame of Thebes, Chariclo named, companion young and meet;
Nor ever met the woodland nymphs, nor e'er the dance went round,
Where young Chariclo did not lead, and lightly beat the ground;
And though by dread Minerva's side, as peer with peer, she sate,
Yet many a line said wo for her among the leaves of fate.
For once they loosed their gold-clasp'd zones, their snowy forms to lave,
'Midst Helicon's o'ershadowing woods, in Hippocrene's wave—
A mid-day stillness cover'd all the mountain's varied face,
When young Teresias, with his dogs, approach'd the holy place,
And all athirst with hasty foot unto the fount he drew,
And view'd what Heaven's high law declares no mortal eye may view.

Then, whilst the swelling tide of wrath was gathering in her breast,
 With awful glance, the trembling youth Minerva thus address'd :
 " What demon-god, O ! ill-starr'd youth ! has led thy feet astray—
 Thy hapless eyes their precious sight shall never bear away."
 She spoke, and o'er his youthful eyes the veil of night she flung,
 And trembling fell upon his knees, and silence on his tongue.
 But loudly did the mother cry, " What dost thou to my boy !
 And are ye then such friends, ye gods !—Alas, my pride, my joy !
 My wretched child !—Thou didst, indeed, Minerva's figure spy ;
 But never shalt thou see the sun unclose his golden eye.
 Oh ! Helicon ! no more by me thy forests shall be trod,
 For heavily upon my head is laid th' afflictive rod.
 Much hast thou gain'd, for little lost—the scattering fawns which he
 Destroy'd, thou greedy mount, were few—thou hast his eyes with thee !"
 And then her arms around her child the weeping mother flung,
 As some fond dove might fold its wings above its bleeding young.

Minerva saw, and pitied much the mother's deep distress,
 And her with soften'd eyes, and words of soothing did address :
 " Oh ! goddess-woman ! calm thy heart, thy bitter words revoke !
 I darken'd not his youthful eyes—'twas fate's resistless stroke.
 It joys me not to take the eyes of budding youth away—
 But thus the irrevocable laws of old Saturnus say :
 ' Whoe'er shall see a god, when he would shun to meet the view,
 That luckless glance the wretch full long and bitterly shall rue.'
 Oh ! goddess-woman ! I cannot restore his eyes their sight,
 Since thus the thread of fate declared when first they saw the light.
 But oh ! how many offerings rich would fair Cadmeis burn,
 And Aristæus, would their lost Actæon but return !
 Oh ! would he but once more return, though wretched, blind, and old,
 What kindling joy would blaze once more within their bosoms cold !
 The tale which to thy heavy ears, Chariclo, I relate,
 Is future yet, and buried deep within the womb of fate.
 Not Dian's self more fast could speed the hills and valleys through—
 But what avails, when, though by chance, Diana he shall view !
 The trusty dogs, who follow'd him through many a sultry day,
 Shall chase his steps with rabid rage, and deep-resounding bay.
 The mother, through the forest depths, with pitiable moans,
 Shall slowly totter, day by day, to find his bleaching bones.
 And oh ! how happy shall she call, the fate thou deem'st unkind,
 To see once more, once more embrace, her only son, though blind !
 Then weep no more, companion dear—thy son, indeed, is blind,
 But I will pour celestial light upon his rising mind,"
 The goddess said. And comfort came unto the mother's grief,
 And scatter'd through her darken'd heart, the sunlight of relief.
 A wise and great, and mighty seer, her blinded son became,
 And far through circumjacent lands went forth his prophet fame.

MISS BARRETT'S POEMS.*

BY A CONTRIBUTOR.

If we apply the Horatian requirement to poetry, and deny a place to mediocrity, there are but two poets in England who now belong to the new generation—Alfred Tennyson and Miss Barrett. There are many others who write agreeable verses; accomplished men and women who, by the liveliness of their talents, or their cultivation and refinement, may afford us many a delightful hour; popular echoers of popular topics; easy versifiers who reflect for us our personal opinions, in the creed of politics, history, or religion—but the sacred name of poet exacts higher requisitions before it can be rightfully appropriated. How long Tennyson is to remain in the ascendant, “the glass of fashion and the mould of form,” to be worshipped and imitated by inferior writers, is a matter upon which the hopes of some who reverence the manliness of the English character and the ruggedness of the English race, and the contentment of his admirers, may differ. He is certainly not as favorable a representative of the manly character as Miss Barrett is of the feminine, and Miss Barrett’s genius is of too subtle and elevated an order ever to become widely popular with the people. Yet with two such guests standing at the threshold of the temple in which still a few of the great bards of the last age linger, though the music of their cunning hands be still in the choir forever, we need not despair of the coming future. We too shall have our poets. Our lives shall be illustrated by the song of the bard. Great as were the events in our fathers’ lives, ours too are the gift of God; and in good time poets shall sing for us, and raise our existence from the dull life of earth-worms; and we, too, shall transmit an inheritance of genius to our sons. It would be a sad belief if we thought that the poets were dead, and that our cares were to be concluded in buying and selling, sowing and reaping, without partaking of that higher life which the poet teaches us to live. Heaven sends us poets. This act of Providence

may not be included in the books which treat of the evidences of natural or revealed religion; but it is as great a blessing as that the sun shines or the grass grows. This is a reflection which may appear very simple, for it is very natural; but let us fancy our privation, for a moment, if that unconsidered, ill-rewarded being, the poet, together with all he brings to us of love and knowledge, were forever taken from the world. The language that we utter would begin to lose its harmony; we should find ourselves insensibly forgetting the mastery of that cunning instrument of speech which the poets have fashioned for all the finer relations of life, and talking in the jargon of the market and exchange; with our loss of happy words the occasion for them would have passed away, and instead of being friends and lovers by a thousand invisible ties which a refined imagination weaves for us, we should be coarse and treacherous, with no better impulses than desire and interest. Our religion would lose faith, that imaginative worship of the heart, and be driven back to stocks and stones. Our paintings and architecture, if they were suffered to exist, would be strange and idiotic; but they could not exist, for the sentiment that gives life to the color and harmony to the building would be withdrawn, and both would fall and perish by vulgar hands.

Let us, then, hail the new poet, and with the thousand voices of the press, utter the new-found fame wide over the land. This generation too has a poet, though Campbell be gathered to Westminster, and Burns be honored only at his monument, and Wordsworth shelter a quiet and revered age in silence.

Miss Barrett’s new book comes to us indeed with something of the interest of an American production. It is published simultaneously with the English edition, under the care of an American author;† and it has been preceded by the publication of a part of its contents, a

* A Drama of Exile, and other Poems, by Elizabeth Barrett Barrett. 2 vols. 12mo. New York: H. G. Langley, 1844.

† Mr. Mathews, to whom Miss Barrett pays a delicate compliment in her preface, and whose volume of Poems she pronounces in another part of her volume “as remarkable in thought and manner, for a vital sinewy vigor, as the right arm of Pathfinder.”

few of the shorter poems, in the American Magazines. These already directed the eyes of the public to this new star, shining with a pale, steady lustre, yet growing intense as we look upon it, and far unlike the brassy glare of some wandering and much-worshipped meteors.

"My love and admiration have belonged to the great American people, as long as I have felt proud of being an Englishwoman, and almost as long as I have loved poetry itself. But it is only of late that I have been admitted to the privilege of personal gratitude to Americans, and only to-day that I am encouraged to offer to their hands an American edition of a new collection of my poems, about to be published in my own country. This edition precedes the English one by a step,—a step eagerly taken, and with a spring in it of pleasure and pride—suspended, however, for a moment, that by a cordial figure I may kiss the soil of America, and address my thanks to those sons of the soil, who, if strangers and foreigners, are yet kinsmen and friends, and who, if never seen, nor perhaps to be seen by eyes of mine, have already caused them to glisten by words of kindness and courtesy."

There is much in this sentence to wash out the ignorance, flippancy, and contempt of British writers and travellers; who have, indeed, done themselves a greater wrong than us, by encouraging in themselves the practical infidelity and inhumanity of denying any goodness or virtue to so large a portion of the human race.

Miss Barrett is of too generous, too richly endowed and philosophical a turn of mind to favor such injustice. She confidently turns to this much-abused and ill-represented America, and pours out before us the wealth of her mind; and, as in all similar cases where the heart of man deals with man, she will receive in return the generosity she brings with her.

In claiming for Miss Barrett the rank of an original poet in English literature, we have of course implied that her merits, however distinct and unquestionable, are of a class that requires some study and preparation in the reader before he can fully appreciate them. This is a condition with every new writer, however it may be overlooked by the mass of readers who affect to understand metre, cadence, and reach of thought in a moment. Hence original authors are con-

demned, while imitators thrive. The great impulses in literature descend from the author, to whose sovereign height the people travel slowly up, getting partial glimpses by the way: critics should be the Mentors to warn the public of mountebanks and pretenders, and ever renew the flagging attention by calling it upward to the pure eminences.

What are we to expect in this authoress! How are we to receive her! We must prepare our minds for poetry of a different school from that of Eliza Cook or Mrs. Ellis, and sharpen our eyesight to something of a finer texture than the warm and easily worn, though beautiful and graceful, drapery of Mrs. Hemans. And perhaps, with every disposition of the reader to admire and enjoy, he may lack the peculiar studies and discipline of thought and feeling to enter into the habits of mind of this writer, whose subtle style may always remain vague and dim to the popular apprehension. Miss Barrett "soaring in the high region of her fancies, with her singing robes about her," will be found breathing too rare an atmosphere for those who are willing to look no further in a book than for amusement. We warn the readers at libraries, and the loungers at booksellers' counters, against opening these volumes at random, and confidently pronouncing upon their worth. Let them be silent if they cannot understand.

There are two methods which that intellectual chemist, the critic, may apply as the tests of a new work of invention, the synthetic and the analytic; and though these different processes should in the end verify each other, yet there will generally be a greater apparent generosity in the use of the former than the latter. Perhaps the former should be reserved only for those authors in whom we have confidence of genius working with perfect truth and simplicity. In such cases we take the poet's own word, and proceed with him in the development of his work, satisfied that while we are pursuing genius we are following nature. Here let the author teach the critic. In the mass of works this would be evidently a misapplied mode of criticism. The departure from any law of natural growth would soon be detected, and the reviewer and the author would have to part company. We may venture to decide dogmatically at a glance upon most new publications; but we ought to beware of treating in this way the work of genius.

The most evident characteristic of Miss Barrett's poetry is its subjectivity; but she possesses this quality in a different sense from that in which it is generally and unhappily known in modern philosophy. It is not the self-torturing or diseased spirit of a mind recoiling from the outer world of God, man, and nature, and painfully turned upon itself. There is no self-willed arrogance, or spiritual pride, or morbid consciousness, in this high metaphysical abstraction, but a lofty spirituality, purified from ordinary life and common thoughts by the discipline of study and sorrow.

"Till oft converse with heavenly habitants
Begins to cast a beam on the outward shape,
The unpolluted temple of the mind,
And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence
'Till all be made immortal.

No ordinary or grossly nurtured mind could long sustain such topics as the conversation of Seraphim, or venture to portray the sublimities of angels and the song of the morning stars. Miss Barrett has been educated by Æschylus and the Hebrew prophets.

But the prevalent trait of her mind, to which this pursuit of intellectual sublimity is secondary, is its truly feminine character. None of the diversified accomplishments of a muse learned, cultivated, various, pursuing ancient and modern art through the works of the masters of every land, and familiar with all, suffer us for a moment to be diverted from the happy gracefulness, the naturalness of movement, the easy, self-consciousness of womanhood. Learned women are notorious for becoming bold and masculine; but there are few men who could bear about them so many of the rich spoils of books and antiquity, without awkwardness and pedantry. The secret lies in this: what with most men and with other women is apt to be a mere matter of acquisition, something foreign and accidental hung upon the original framework of the mind, with her, by a long and natural process of assimilation, has become part of the texture of the mind itself. Milton's stern grasp of the facts and images of poetical antiquity was not more his own, rightfully appropriated by his manly intellect, and standing out firm, definite, colossal, than is the gentler spirit in which, as with a veil, this feminine mind wears the figure and countenance of an Athenian sybil. Miss Barrett is still young, but we may gather from the

fact of a very early publication of a volume of poems, and the evidences in her translation of Prometheus, and the volume of the Seraphim, that she has long been patiently devoted to the calm and diligent pursuits of learning, "in the quiet and still air of delightful studies." She has read Plato, Mr. Horne, in his Spirit of the Age, tells us, from beginning to end, and the Hebrew Bible from Genesis to Malachi. There are occasionally to be seen in a parenthesis of her prefaces, or by the side of a fine rhythmical line of her poems, a few of these Hebrew characters, which the reader passes by with reverence. There is nothing affected or disjointed in this. There is no impediment to the thought, which may indeed pursue a subtler current to task the mind, but never offends. How these studies were followed we may learn from certain graceful revelations in these volumes, in a poem commemorating some wine of Cyprus given to the poetess by H. S. Boyd, author of "Select Passages from the Greek and others," from which she passes, by a very happy turn of sentiment, to the studies of which the fragrant draught is the symbol.

And I think of those long mornings
Which my Thought goes far to seek,
When, betwixt the folio's turnings,
Solemn flow'd the rhythmic Greek.
Past the pane, the mountain spreading,
Swept the sheep-bell's tinkling noise,
While a girlish voice was reading,—
Somewhat low for *ai's* and *ei's*!

Then what golden hours were for us!—
While we sat together there,
How the white vests of the chorus
Seem'd to wave up a live air!
How the cothurns trod majestic
Down the deep iambic lines!
And the rolling anapaestic
Curl'd, like vapor over shrines!

Oh, our Æschylus, the thundrous!
How he drove the bolted breath
Through the cloud, to wedge it ponderous
In the gnarled oak beneath.
Oh, our Sophocles, the royal!
Who was born to monarch's place;
And who made the whole world loyal,
Less by kingly power than grace.

Our Euripides, the human—
With his droppings of warm tears;
And his touches of things common,
'Till they rose to touch the spheres!
Our Theocritus, our Bion,
And our Pindar's shining goals!—

These were cup-bearers undying,
Of the wine that's meant for souls.

And my Plato, the divine one,—
If men know the gods aright
By their motions as they shine on
With a glorious trail of light!—
And your noble Christian bishops,
Who mouth'd grandly the last Greek!
Though the sponges on their hyssops
Were distent with wine—too weak!

Yet, your Chrysostom, you praised him,
With his glorious mouth of gold—
And your Basil, you upraised him
To the height of speakers old!
And we both praised Heliodorus
For his secret of pure lies!—
Who forged first his linked stories
In the heat of lady's eyes.

And we both praised our Synesius,
For the fire shot up his odes!
Though the church was scarce propitious
As he whistled dogs and gods.—
And we both praised Nazianzen,
For the fervid heart and speech!
Only I eschew'd his glancing
At the lyre, hung out of reach

Do you mind that deed of Até,
Which you bound me to, so fast,—
Reading "De Virginitate,"
From the first line to the last?
How I said at ending, solemn,
As I turn'd and look'd at you,
That St. Simeon on the column
Had had somewhat less to do?

For we sometimes gently wrangled;
Very gently, be it said,—
For our thoughts were disentangled
By no breaking of the thread!
And I charged you with extortions
On the nobler fames of old—
Ay, and sometimes thought your Poisons
Stain'd the purple they would fold.

The learning, then, of Miss Barrett does not stand in the way of her womanly nature, but is rather a severe discipline which refines, elevates that nature, and puts not a pebble in the way of its natural course.

By this plea, that she is a woman, a true, natural woman, albeit a learned one, yet one in whom the intellect has not burnt up the heart, Miss Barrett justifies herself in approaching the great theme of the Fall of Man. "My subject was the new and strange experience of the fallen humanity, as it went forth from Paradise into the wilderness; with a peculiar reference to Eve's allotted grief,

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which, considering that self-sacrifice belonged to her womanhood, and the consciousness of originating the fall to her offence, appeared to me imperfectly apprehended hitherto, and more expressible by a woman than a man. There was room at least for lyrical emotion in those first steps into the wilderness,—in that first sense of desolation after wrath,—in that first audible gathering of the reerminating 'groan of the whole creation,'—in that first darkening of the hills from the recoiling feet of angels,—and in that first silence of the voice of God. And I took pleasure in driving in, like a pile, stroke upon stroke, the Idea of EXILE, admitting Lucifer as an extreme Adam, to represent the ultimate tendencies of sin and loss,—that it might be strong to bear up the contrary Idea of the Heavenly love and purity."

The "Drama of Exile" is cast in a form resembling that of the Grecian tragedy, a form which allows great latitude to the lyrical portions and permits an argumentative metaphysical strain in the remaining passages. The ancient chorus has been the incentive to Miss Barrett's lyrical poems, and not the old English song-writing.

The persons of the drama are Adam, Eve, Gabriel, Lucifer, Angels, Eden-Spirits, Earth-Spirits, and Phantasms, and the Saviour introduced in a vision. The scene is the outer side of the gate of Eden within the "sword glare," and in the region immediately beyond. Gabriel, the good angel, and the malignant, sneering Lucifer, are first introduced.

Lucifer. Hail, Gabriel, the keeper of the gate!

Now that the fruit is pluck'd, prince Gabriel,

I hold that Eden is impregnable
Under thy keeping.

Gabriel. Angel of the sin,
Such as thou standest—pale in the drear light

Which rounds the rebel's work with Maker's wrath,—

Thou shalt be an Idea to all souls;—

A monumental melancholy gloom

Seen down all ages; whence to mark despair,

And measure out the distances from good!
Go from us straightway.

Lucifer. Wherefore?

Gabriel. Lucifer,
Thy last step in this place trod sorrow up.
Recoil before that sorrow, if not this sword.

Lucifer. Angels are in the world—wherefore not I?

Exiles are in the world—wherefore not I?
The cursed are in the world—wherefore
not I?

Gabriel. Depart.

Lucifer. And where's the logic of
"depart?"

Our lady Eve had half been satisfied
To obey her Maker, if I had not learnt
To fix my postulate better.

* * * * *

Gabriel. Go . . . depart—
Enough is sinn'd and suffer'd.

Lucifer. By no means.
Here's a brave earth to sin and suffer on!
It holds fast still—it cracks not under curse;
It holds, like mine immortal. Presently
We'll sow it thick enough with graves as
green

Or greener, certes, than its knowledge-tree;
We'll have the cypress for the tree of life,
More eminent for shadow—for the rest
We'll build it dark with towns and pyra-
mids,

And temples, if it please you:—we'll have
feasts

And funerals also, merrymakes and wars,
Till blood and wine shall mix and run along
Right o'er the edges. And, good Gabriel,
(Ye like that word in Heaven!) I too have
strength—

Strength to behold Him, and not worship
Him;

Strength to fall from Him, and not cry on
Him;

Strength to be in the universe, and yet
Neither God nor his servant. The red sign
Burnt on my forehead, which you taunt
me with,

Is God's sign that it bows not unto God;
The potter's mark upon his work, to show
It rings well to the striker. I and the earth
Can bear more curse.

Gabriel. O miserable earth!

O ruin'd angel!

Lucifer. Well! and if it be,

I chose this ruin: I elected it
Of my will, not of service. What I do,
I do volitent, not obedient,
And overtop thy crown with my despair.
My sorrow crowns me. Get thee back to
Heaven;

And leave me to the earth, which is mine
own

In virtue of her misery, as I hers,
In virtue of my ruin! turn from both,
That bright impassive, passive angelhood
And spare to read us backward any more
Of your spent hallelujahs.

* * * * *

Gabriel. Yet, thou discovered one, by the
truth in me,

Which God keeps in me, I would give away
All,—save that truth, and His love over it:
To lead thee home again into the light,

And hear thy voice chant with the morn-
ing stars;

When their rays tremble round them with
much song,

Sung in more gladness!

Lucifer. Sing, my morning star!
Last beautiful—last heavenly—that I loved!
If I could drench thy golden locks with tears,
What were it to this angel?

* * * * *

Gabriel. *Lucifer,*
I charge thee by the solitude He kept
Ere he created,—leave the earth to God!

Lucifer. My foot is on the earth, firm
as my sin!

Gabriel. I charge thee by the memory
of Heaven,
Ere any sin was done,—leave earth to God!

* * * * *

Lucifer. My wo is on the earth to curse
thereby.

Gabriel. I charge thee by that mournful
morning star

Which trembleth . . .

Lucifer. Hush! I will not hear thee speak
Of such things. Enough spoken. As the pine
In norland forests, drops its weight of snows
By a night's growth, so, growing toward
my ends,

I drop thy counsels. Farewell, Gabriel!

A chorus of Eden Spirits succeeds,
chanting from Paradise, while Adam and
Eve fly across the sword-glare.

Hearken, oh hearken! let your souls behind
you,

Lean, gently moved!

Our voices feel along the Dread to find you,
O lost, beloved!

Through the thick-shielded and strong-mar-
shall'd angels,

They press and pierce:

Our requiems follow fast on our evangels,—
Voice throbs in verse!

We are but orphan'd spirits left in Eden,

A time ago—

God gave us golden cups; and we were
bidden

To feed you so!

But now our right hand hath no cup re-
maining,

No work to do;

The mystic hydromel is spilt, and staining
The whole earth through;

And all those stains lie clearly round for
showing

(Not interfused!)

That brighter colors were the world's fore-
going,

Than shall be used.

Hearken, oh hearken! ye shall hearken
surely,

For years and years,

The noise beside you, dripping coldly, purely,
Of spirits' tears!

The yearning to a beautiful, denied you,
 Shall strain your powers:—
 Ideal sweetnesses shall over-glide you,
 Resumed from ours!
 In all your music our pathetic minor
 Your ears shall cross;
 And all fair sights shall mind you of diviner,
 With sense of loss!
 We shall be near in all your poet-languors
 And wild extremes;
 What time ye vex the desert with vain angers,
 Or light with dreams!
 And when upon you, weary after roaming,
 Death's seal is put,
 By the foregone ye shall discern the coming,
 Through eyelids shut.

The Spirits of the Trees utter their
 song in words borrowed from the musical
 winds that stir their leaves! These lines
 are extremely melodious.

Spirits of the Trees.

Hark! the Eden trees are stirring,
 Slow and solemn to your hearing!
 Plane and cedar, palm and fir,
 Tamarisk and juniper,
 Each is throbbing in vibration
 Since that crowning of creation,
 When the God-breath spake abroad,
 Peeling down the depths of Godhead,
Let us make man like to God.
 And the pine stood quivering
 In the Eden-gorges wooded,
 As the awful word went by;
 Like a vibrant chorded string
 Stretch'd from mountain peak to sky!
 And the cyprus did expand,
 Slow, and gradual, branch and head;
 And the cedar's strong black shade
 Flutter'd brokenly and grand!
 Grove and forest bow'd aslant
 In emotion jubilant.

Voice of the same, but softer.

Which divine impulsion cleaves
 In dim movements to the leaves
 Dropt and lifted, dropt and lifted
 In the sunlight greenly sifted,—
 In the sunlight and the moonlight
 Greenly sifted through the trees.
 Ever wave the Eden trees
 In the nightlight and the moonlight,
 With a rustling of green branches
 Shaded off to resonances;
 Never stir'd by rain or breeze!
 Fare ye well, farewell!
 The sylvan sounds, no longer audible,
 Expire at Eden's door!
 Each footstep of your treading
 Treads out some murmur which ye heard
 before:
 Farewell! the trees of Eden
 Ye shall hear never more.

And the Flower Spirits sing their fare-
 well to the lost inhabitants of Eden:

Farewell! the flowers of Eden
 Ye shall smell never more.

*There is silence. ADAM and EVE fly on, and never
 look back. Only a colossal shadow, as of the dark
 ANGEL passing quickly, is cast upon the sword-
 glare.*

At the extremity of the sword-glare
 Eve reposes upon Adam, reading a deeper
 dread in his face than in the glittering
 terror of the wall of angels.

Adam. Hast thou strength,
 Beloved, to look behind us to the gate?

Eve. I have strength to look upward to
 thy face.

Adam. We need be strong: yon specta-
 cle of cloud

Which seals the gate up to the final doom,
 Is God's seal in a cloud. There seem to lie
 A hundred thunders in it, dark and dread;
 The unmolten lightnings vein it motionless;
 And, outward from its depth, the self-moved
 sword

Swings slow its awful gnomes of red fire
 From side to side,—in pendulous horror
 slow.

* * * * *

What is this, Eve? thou droppest heavily.

Eve. O Adam, Adam! by that name of
 Eve—

Thine Eve, thy life—which suits me little
 now,

I do adjure thee, put me straight away,
 Together with my name. Sweet, punish
 me!

O Love, be just! and, ere we pass beyond
 The light east outward by the fiery sword,
 Into the dark which earth must be to us,
 Bruise my head with thy foot,—as the
 curse said

My seed shall the first tempter's: strike
 with curse,

As God struck in the garden!

Adam. My beloved,
 Mine Eve and life—I have no other name
 For thee or for the sun than what ye are!—

* * * * *

Shall I who had not virtue to stand straight
 Among the hills of Eden, here assume
 To mend the justice of the perfect God,
 By piling up a curse upon His curse,
 Against thee—thee—

Eve. For so, perchance, thy God
 Might take thee into grace for scorning me;
 And so, the blessed angels might come down
 And walk with thee as erst,—I think they
 would,—

Because I was not near to make them sad,
 Or soil the rustling of their innocence.

Adam. They know me. I am deepest in
 the guilt,
 If last in the transgression.

* * * * *

O my God!

I, standing here between the glory and
dark,—
Lift up to Thee the hands from whence
hath fallen
Only creation's sceptre,—thanking Thee
That rather Thou hast cast me out with
her,
Than left me lorn of her in Paradise.

Music, "tender as a watering dew,"
from a chorus of invisible angels follows.
Lucifer appears tortured with metaphysical
doubts and agonies, the Miltonic punishment
of fallen angels, and the morning star,
the beloved of Lucifer, takes his
farewell in a song of fine imaginative
power.

They go further on. A wild open
country is seen vaguely in the approaching
night.

Adam. How doth the wide and melancholy
earth
Gather her hills around us, gray and ghast,
And stare with blank significance of loss
Right in our faces. Is the wind up?

Eve. *Nay.*
Adam. And yet the cedars and the junipers

Rock slowly through the mist, without a
noise;
And shapes, which have no certainty of
shape,
Drift dusky in and out between the pines,
And loom along the edges of the hills,
And lie flat, curdling in the open ground—
Shadows without a body, which contract
And lengthen as we gaze on them.

Eve. *O Life,*
Which is not man's nor angels! What is
this?

Adam wanders in terror with Eve till
the surrounding phantasms figure themselves
in the sign of the zodiac.

..... That phantom, there,
Presents a lion,—albeit, twenty times
As large as any lion,—with a roar
Set soundless in his vibratory jaws,
And a strange horror stirring in his mane!
And there, a pendulous shadow seems to
weigh—
Good against ill, perchance; and there, a
crab
Puts coldly out its gradual shadow-claws,
Like a slow blot that spreads—till all the
ground,
Crawled over by it, seems to crawl itself;
A bull stands horned with gibbous
glooms;
And a ram likewise; and a scorpion writhes
Its tail in ghastly slime, and stings the dark!
This way a goat leaps, with wild blank of
beard;
And here fantastic fishes dusky float,

Using the calm for waters, while their fins
Throb out slow rhythms along the shallow
air!

The spirits of organic and inorganic
nature arise from the ground, and, as in
the bold figures of a Hebrew psalm, the
beasts, rivers, birds "with viewless
wings of harmonies," the "calm cold
fishes of a silver being," witness against
man. The pathetic appeal of Eve in reply
is exceedingly beautiful:

..... Sweet, dreadful Spirits!
I pray you humbly in the name of God;
Not to say of these tears, which are im-
pure—

Grant me such pardoning grace as can go
forth
From clean volitions toward a spotted will,
From the wronged to the wronger; this and
no more;

I do not ask more. I am 'ware, indeed,
That absolute pardon is impossible
From you to me, by reason of my sin,—
And that I cannot evermore, as once,
With worthy acceptance of pure joy,
Behold the trances of the holy hills
Beneath the leaning stars; or watch the
vales,

Dew-pallid with their morning ecstasy;
Or hear the winds make pastoral peace be-
tween

Two grassy uplands,—and the river-wells
Work out their bubbling lengths beneath
the ground—

And all the birds sing, till, for joy of song,
They lift their trembling wings, as if to
heave

The too-much weight of music from their
heart

And float it up the ether! I am 'ware
That these things I can no more apprehend,
With a pure organ, into a full delight;
The sense of beauty and of melody
Being no more aided in me by the sense
Of personal adjustment to those heights
Of what I see well-formed or hear well-
tuned,—

But rather coupled darkly, and made as-
tamed,

By my percipency of sin and fall,
And melancholy of humilient thoughts.
But, oh! fair, dreadful Spirits—albeit this
Your accusation must confront my soul,
And your pathetic utterance and full gaze
Must evermore subdue me; be content—
Conquer me gently—as if pitying me,
Not to say loving! let my tears fall thick
As watering dews of Eden, unreprouched;
And when your tongues reprove me, make
me smooth,

Not ruffled—smooth and still with your re-
proof,

And peradventure better, while more sad.
For look to it, sweet Spirits—look well to it;

It will not be amiss in you who kept
The law of your own righteousness, and
keep
The right of your own griefs to mourn
themselves,—
To pity me twice fallen,—from that, and
this,—
From joy of place, and also right of wail,—
"I wail" being not for me—only "I sin."
Look to it, O sweet Spirits!—

For was I not,
At that last sunset seen in Paradise,
When all the westerling clouds flashed out
in throngs
Of sudden angel-faces, face by face,
All hushed and solemn, as a thought of
God
Held them suspended,—was I not, that
hour,
The lady of the world, princess of life,
Mistress of feast and favor? Could I
touch

A rose with my white hand, but it became
Redder at once? Could I walk leisurely
Along our swarded garden, but the grass
Tracked me with greenness? Could I stand
aside

A moment underneath a cornel-tree,
But all the leaves did tremble as alive,
With songs of fifty birds who were made
glad

Because I stood there? Could I turn to
look

With these twain eyes of mine, now weep-
ing fast,

Now good for only weeping—upon man,
Angel, or beast, or bird, but each rejoiced
Because I looked on him? Alas, alas!
And is not this much wo, to cry "alas!"
Speaking of joy! And is not this more
shame,

To have made the wo myself, from all that
joy?

To have stretch'd my hand, and pluck'd it
from the tree,

And chosen it for fruit? Nay, is not this
Still most despair,—to have halved that bit-
ter fruit,

And ruined, so, the sweetest friend I have,
Turning the GREATEST to mine enemy?

The vision of CHRIST appears, and
Adam blesses Eve in that Presence.

But, go to! thy love
Shall chant itself its own beatitudes,
After its own life-working. A child's kiss,
Set on thy sighing lips, shall make thee
glad:

A poor man, served by thee, shall make
thee rich;

An old man, helped by thee, shall make
thee strong;

Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense
Of service which thou renderest. Such a
crown

I set upon thy head,—Christ witnessing
With looks of prompting love—to keep thee
clear

Of all reproach against the sin foregone,
From all the generations which succeed.

Thy hand which plucked the apple, I clasp
close;

Thy lips which spake wrong counsel, I kiss
close,—

I bless thee in the name of Paradise,
And by the memory of Edenic joys

Forfeit and lost;—by that last cypress tree
Green at the gate, which thrilled as we
came out;

And by the blessed nightingale, which
threw

Its melancholy music after us;—

And by the flowers, whose spirits full of
smells

Did follow softly, plucking us behind
Back to the gradual banks and vernal bow-
ers

And fourfold river-courses:—by all these,
I bless thee to the contraries of these;

I bless thee to the desert and the thorns,
To the elemental change and turbulence,

And to the roar of the estranged beasts,
And to the solemn dignities of grief,—

To each one of these ends,—and to this
END

Of death and the hereafter!

With the words of the Saviour, we
close this remarkable Drama.

Look on me!

As I shall be uplifted on a cross
In darkness of eclipse and anguish dread,
So shall I lift up in my pierced hands,
Not into dark, but light—not unto death,
But life,—beyond the reach of guilt and
grief,

The whole creation. Henceforth in my
name

Take courage, O thou woman,—man, take
hope!

Your graves shall be as smooth as Eden's
sward

Beneath the steps of your prospective
thoughts;

And one step past them, a new Eden-gate
Shall open on a hinge of harmony,

And let you through to mercy. Ye shall fall
No more, within that Eden, nor pass out

Any more from it. In which hope, move
on,

First sinners and first mourners. Live and
love,—

Doing both nobly, because lowly;
Live and work, strongly,—because patient-
ly!

And, for the deed of death, trust it to God,
That it be well done, unrepented of,

And not to loss. And thence, with con-
stant prayers

Fasten your souls so high, that constantly

The smile of your heroic cheer may float
Above all floods of earthly agonies,
Purification being the joy of pain!

THE VISION OF POETS is the second elaborate poem in the collection. Its design is to show the mystery of the poetical character, by which genius is at war with society, and with itself; by which it pines in sorrow and neglect and suffering, both self-imposed and from without, while the rest of the world apparently lives on in joy and carelessness. Its object is the noblest that can employ the pens of poets, to "vindicate the ways of God to man," to teach reconciliation and submission, to calm rebellion, to create smiles of happiness out of very unhappiness itself in the wounded breast of man. Miss Barrett may take for her shield the poet's motto, "We learn in suffering what we teach in song." In truth, this verse of divinest bards is no child's play of the faculties, no elegant amusement of the boudoir penned on satin paper with crowquill for the admiration of taste and fashion, no accidental thing to be picked up by a man as he goes along the world, played with for a while and laid aside. It is the soul's experience, wrung from the very depths of a noble nature, and of the noble nature only;—and the whole life—childhood, youth with its shadows, manhood with calm day-light—the son, the lover, the father—must form its completeness.

A poet in whom the inward light prevented sleep, goes forth into a wood, like early Chaucer when he saw the wonders of the Flower and Leaf, and there meets with a lady on a snow-white palfrey, who leads him over the moor, where he is bade to drink of three separate pools, which represent the poet's dower, and tastes successively of the world's use, a bitter draught; the world's love bitter too, and of the world's cruelty; upon which he swoons, and being purified by this earthly purgation, is admitted to the vision of poets, held in some vast hall of the imagination in dream-land, where a Hebrew angel, clad in Miltonic strength and splendor, ministers at an altar, surrounded by the great bards of time.

Then first, the poet was aware
Of a chief angel standing there
Before that altar, in the glare.

His eyes were dreadful, for you saw
That they saw God—his lips and jaw,
Grand-made and strong, as Sinai's law.

On the vast background of his wings
Arose his image! and he flings,
From each plumed arc, pale glitterings

And fiery flakes (as beateth more
Or less, the angel-heart!) before,
And round him, upon roof and floor,

Edging with fire the shining fumes,
While at his side, 'twixt light and glooms,
The phantasm of an organ booms.

In a deep pool, nurtured by one of the eddies at the foot of Niagara, and shrouded forever by the clouds of mist, hid in a basin of rock aside from the steps of the careless traveller, a rainbow is literally burnt in with deep metallic dyes, an arc of gold and purple, fixed and immoveable as steel, and surrounded by half-illuminated spray, fragile as air. Miss Barrett's Wall of the Poets, with its massiveness and "air-drawn" grandeur, has recalled to us this image, showing that even in the poet's cloud-land Nature has her omniscient prototypes, and that the highest invention cannot get beyond the actual.

Among the portraits hung up in these "chambers of imagery" we see Shakspeare and Dante, Goethe and Schiller,

Electric Pindar, quick as fear,
With race-dust on his cheeks

* * *

And Virgil! shade of Mantuan beech
Did help the shade of bay to reach

And curl around his forehead high!—
For his gods wore less majesty
Than his brown bees hummed deathlessly.

* * *

And Chaucer, with his infantine
Familiar clasp of things divine—
That mark upon his lip is wine.

Here Milton's eyes strike piercing-dim!
The shapes of suns and stars did swim
Like clouds from them, and granted him

God for sole vision! Cowley, there,
Whose active fancy debor' aire
Drew straws to amber—foul to fair.

And Marlowe, Webster, Fletcher, Ben—
Whose fire-hearts sowed our furrows, when
The world was worthy of such men.

Before these good and great spirits a worldly crowd of those who take upon themselves unworthily the name of poets enter, and plead their cunning, their frivolity, their earthly-mindedness in their disguises—

But all the foreheads of those born
And dead true poets flashed with scorn
Betwixt the bay-leaves round them worn—

Ay, jetted such brave fire, that they,
The new-come, shrank and paled away,
Like leaden ashes when the day

Strikes on the hearth.

The last expression is altogether Dantean.

To give the reader an idea of the variety of the poetical powers displayed in these volumes, we should have to follow in this way every separate poem, for each, with a fine under-current of the original mind of the authoress, is a new creation. These poems deserve to be studied as we study the minor poems of Goethe and Schiller. With the flexibility of language of the one, they have much of the moral significance of the other. The "Cry of the Children" is in the high lyrical German strain, beyond song-writing. A Rhapsody of Life's Progress recalls to us the philosopher of Weimar. In *The Dead Pan*, Miss Barrett has written a reply, call it rather a supplement, to Schiller's *Gods of Greece*. In felicity of language, in historical enthusiasm, in picturesque beauty, it is as certainly equal to Schiller's poem, as in its Christian morality it is superior. In a certain massiveness of thought and expression no woman may equal his manliness.

Gods of Hellas, gods of Hellas,
Can ye listen in your silence?
Can your mystic voices tell us
Where ye hide? In floating islands,
With a wind that evermore
Keeps you out of sight of shore?

Pan, Pan is dead.

In what revels are ye sunken
In old Ethiopia?
Have the Pygmies made you drunken,
Bathing in mandragora
Your divine pale lips that shiver
Like the lotus in the river?

Pan, Pan is dead.

Or lie crush'd your stagnant corpses
Where the silver spheres roll on,
Stung to life by centric forces
Thrown like rays out from the sun?—
While the smoke of your old altars
Is the shroud that round you welters?

Great Pan is dead.

Do ye leave your rivers flowing
All alone, O Naiades,
While your drenched locks dry slow in
This cold feeble sun and breeze?
Not a word the Naiads say,
Though the rivers run for aye.

For Pan is dead.

From the gloaming of the oak wood,
O ye Dryads, could ye flee?
At the rushing thunderstroke would
No sob tremble through the tree?—
Not a word the Dryads say,
Though the forests wave for aye.

For Pan is dead.

Have ye left the mountain places,
Oreads wild, for other tryst?
Shall we see no sudden faces
Strike a glory through the mist?
Not a sound the silence thrills,
Of the everlasting hills.

Pan, Pan is dead.

O twelve gods of Plato's vision,
Crown'd to starry wanderings,—
With your chariots in procession,
And your silver clash of wings!
Very pale ye seem to rise,
Ghosts of Grecian deities—

Now Pan is dead.

Jove, that right hand is unloaded,
Whence the thunder did prevail:
While in idiocy of godhead
Thou art staring the stars pale!
And thine eagle, blind and old,
Roughs his feather in the cold.

Pan, Pan is dead.

Neptune lies beside his trident,
Dull and senseless as a stone:
And old Pluto deaf and silent
Is cast out into the sun.
Ceres smileth stern thereat,—
"We all now are desolate—"

Now Pan is dead.

Aphrodite! dead and driven
As thy native foam, thou art,
With the cestus long done heaving
On the white calm of thy heart!
Ai Adonis! At that shriek,
Not a tear runs down her cheek—

Pan, Pan is dead.

And the Loves we used to know from
One another,—huddled lie,
Frore as taken in a snow-storm,
Close beside her tenderly,—
As if each had weakly tried
Once to kiss her as he died.

Pan, Pan is dead.

In the fiery-hearted centre
Of the solemn universe,
Ancient Vesta,—who could enter
To consume thee with this curse?
Drop thy gray chin on thy knees,
O thou puls'd Mystery!

For Pan is dead.

Gods bereaved, gods belated,—
With your purples rent asunder!

Gods discrown'd and desecrated,
Disinherited of thunder!
Now, the goats may climb and crop
The soft grass on Ida's top—
Now Pan is dead.

Calm at eve the bark went onward,
When a cry more loud than wind,
Rose up, deepen'd, and swept sunward,
From the piled Dark behind:
And the sun shrank and grew pale,
Breathed against by the great wail—
Pan, Pan is dead.

And the rowers from the benches
Fell,—each shuddering on his face—
While departing influences
Struck a cold back through the place:
And the shadow of the ship
Reel'd along the passive deep—
Pan, Pan is dead.

And that dismal cry rose slowly,
And sank slowly through the air;
Full of spirit's melancholy
And eternity's despair!
And they heard the words it said—
PAN IS DEAD—GREAT PAN IS DEAD—
PAN, PAN IS DEAD.

'Twas the hour when One in Sion
Hung for love's sake on the cross—
When his brow was chill with dying,
And His soul was faint with loss:
When his priestly blood dropp'd down-
ward,
And his kingly eyes look'd throneward:
Then, Pan was dead.

By the love He stood alone in,
His sole Godhead stood complete:
And the false gods fell down moaning,
Each from off his golden seat—
All the false gods with a cry
Render'd up their deity—
Pan, Pan was dead.

Truth is fair: should we forego it?
Can we sigh right for a wrong?
God himself is the best Poet,
And the Real is His song.
Sing His truth out fair and full,
And secure His beautiful.

Let Pan be dead.

What is true and just and honest,
What is lovely, what is pure—
All of praise that hath admonish'd,—
All of virtue, shall endure,—
These are themes for poet's uses,
Stirring nobler than the Muses,
Ere Pan was dead.

O brave poets, keep back nothing;
Nor mix falsehood with the whole!
Look up Godward! speak the truth in
Worthy song from earnest soul!
Hold, in high poetic duty,
Truest Truth the fairest Beauty!
Pan, Pan is dead.

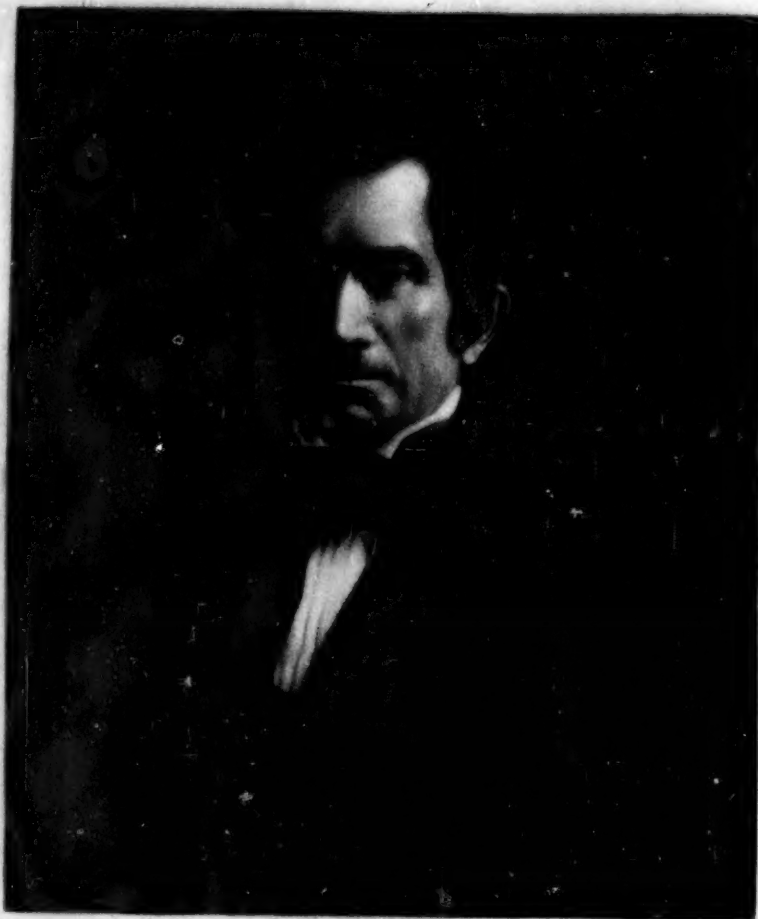
In the poem on Victoria "Crowned
and Wedded," there is a passage worthy
of a chant in old Westminster Abbey:

And so the DEAD—who lie in rows beneath
the minster floor,
There, verily an awful state maintaining
evermore—
The statesman, whose clean palm will kiss
no bribe whate'er it be—
The courtier, who for no fair queen will rise
up to his knee—
The court-dame, who for no court-tire will
leave her shroud behind—
The laureate, who no courtier rhyme than
"dust to dust" can find—
The kings and queens who having made
that vow and worn that crown,
Descended unto lower thrones and darker
deep adown!

The Lost Bower is a happy piece of
ruralizing, founded upon the recollections
from days of childhood of a woodland
bower, which is very beautifully and deli-
cately painted with the softness of a
Claude, vanishing away on the burden of
sweet lines into airy distance. She had
seen the bower once, but could not find
it again. Time passed on, and many joys
of the outer world and from humankind
were lost to the poetess, who, reclining
on her couch of illness, sees through the
fingers which press upon her eyelids this
vision of the trees, and grass, and the
birds of old: Is it not found again in the
verse beyond any concealment or disas-
ter—in verse simple, natural, fluent and
affluent!

The Rhyme of the Duchess May is a
most musical ballad of the olden song,
related by a bell-ringer in a church tower
ringing for the dead, with the burden in
every verse, "Toll slowly!"

But we must pause somewhere. Miss
Barrett's book is now before the Ameri-
can reader, and we confidently appeal to
the mind of the country, recommending
its cordial reception as a book that is
pure, genuine, honest; a book of sustained
power, well suited no less by its high
Christian sentiment, than as an example
of genius without artifice, to be profitable
to the intellect of the country.



Engraved by T. Doney.

John A. Trumbull, Jr.

*Published by Anthony, Edwards & Co. from their Daguerreotype likeness in the
National Miniature Gallery, 247 Broadway, New York.*

Picture according to act of Congress sold by Anthony, Edwards & Co. in the clerk's office of the district court for the Southern District.

THE INFANCY OF AMERICAN MANUFACTURES:

A BRIEF CHAPTER FROM OUR NATIONAL HISTORY.

THE struggle for the general encouragement and promotion of American industry, by the establishment and support among us of new departments of productive labor, is of far earlier date and longer continuance than is commonly supposed. It has now been prosecuted for more than a century. While this country remained in a relation of colonial dependence on Great Britain, the American side of it was maintained at great disadvantage, but with indomitable spirit. It was a leading and then openly avowed object of British policy, to confine our people, so far as possible, to the production of colonial staples—to the cutting of timber, digging of ore, raising of grain, curing of pork, beef, &c., for the markets of the mother country, procuring thence our supplies of all descriptions of manufactures. Even Lord Chatham, our friend in the great struggle against arbitrary power, declared that Americans should be allowed to manufacture not even a hob-nail. Accordingly, acts of Parliament were passed from time to time, from the moment a disposition to minister to their own wants was manifested by our people, discouraging and thwarting that disposition. Thus, so early as 1699, only seventy-nine years after the landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock—years in great part devoted to desperate conflicts with savage nature, more savage men, and the wily and powerful civilized foemen on our northern frontier—the jealousy of England had been awakened by the progress of our household manufactures, and Parliament enacted “that no wool, yarn, or woollen manufactures of their American plantations, shall be shipped thence, or even laden in order to be transported, on any pretence whatever.”

In 1719 the House of Commons declared “that the erecting of manufactories in the colonies tends to *lessen their dependence upon Great Britain.*”

Complaints continued to be made to Parliament of the setting up of new trades and manufactures in the colonies, to the detriment of the trade of the mother country. Thereupon the House of Com-

mons, in 1731, directed the Board of Trade to inquire and report “with respect to laws made, *manufactures set up*, or trade carried on detrimental to the *trade, navigation, or manufactures* of Great Britain.” The Board of Trade reported in February, 1742, and their report gives the best account now extant of the condition of our infant manufactures at that time. It informs Parliament that the government of Massachusetts Bay had lately passed an act to encourage the manufacture of paper, “which law interferes with the profit made by the British merchant on foreign paper sent thither.”

They also reported that in all the colonies north of Delaware, and in Somerset county, Maryland, the people had acquired the habit of making coarse woollen and linen fabrics in their several families for family use. This, it was suggested, could not well be prohibited, as the people devoted to this manufacture that portion of time (the winter) when they could do nothing else. It was further stated, that the higher price of labor in the colonies than in England made the cost of producing cloth fifty per cent. greater in the colonies, and would prevent any serious rivalry with the manufactures of England. Still, the Board urged that something should be done to divert the attention and enterprise of the colonists from manufactures, otherwise they might in time become formidable. To this end, they urged that new encouragement be held out to the production of naval stores. “However, we find (says the Board) that certain trades are carried on, and *manufactures set up*, which are detrimental to the trade, navigation, and manufactures of Great Britain.” Answers from the Royal Governors of the several colonies to queries propounded to them by the Board, were next requested. They generally reported that few or no manufactures were carried on within their several jurisdictions, and these few were of a rude, coarse kind. In New England, however, leather was made, a little poor iron, and a considerable aggregate of cloths for domestic use; but the great part of the

clothing of the people was imported from Great Britain. The hatters of London complained that a good many hats were made, especially in New York. In conclusion, the Board sums up:

"From the foregoing statement, it is observable that there are more trades carried on, and manufactures set up in the provinces on the continent of America to the northward of Virginia, prejudicial to the trade and manufactures of Great Britain, particularly in New England, than in any other of the British colonies; which is not to be wondered at, for their soil, climate, and produce being pretty nearly the same with ours, they have no staple commodities of their own growth to exchange for our manufactures, which puts them under greater necessity, as well as under greater temptations for providing for themselves at home; to which may be added, in the charter governments, the little dependence they have on the mother country, and consequently the small restraint they are under in any matters detrimental to her interests." They closed by repeating the recommendation that measures be taken to turn the industry of the colonies into new channels serviceable to Great Britain, particularly the production of naval stores.

Parliament proceeded to act on these suggestions. That year (1732) an act was passed "to prevent the exportation of hats out of any of His Majesty's colonies or plantations in America, and to restrain the number of apprentices taken by the hat-makers in the said colonies, and for the better encouraging the making of hats in Great Britain." By this act not only was the exportation of colonial hats to a foreign port prohibited, but their transportation from one British plantation to another was also prohibited under severe penalties, and no person was allowed to make hats who had not served an apprenticeship for seven years; nor could any hatter in the colonies have more than two apprentices at any one time; and no black or negro was permitted to work at the business of making hats.

The manufactures of iron next came in for a share in the paternal regard of Parliament. In 1750 Parliament permitted pigs and bars of iron to be imported into England from the colonies duty free; but prohibited the erection of any mill or other engine for *slitting or rolling iron*, or any plating forge to work with a

tilt-hammer, or any furnace for making steel in the colonies, under the penalty of two hundred pounds. And every such mill, engine, forge, or furnace was declared a common nuisance, and the governor of the colony, on the information of two witnesses on oath, was ordered to cause the same to be abated within thirty days, or to forfeit the sum of five hundred pounds. Such was the spirit, such were the exactions of British legislation while our fathers remained subject to the mother country. [See the foregoing facts more fully cited from the original records in *Pitkin's Statistics*, edition of 1835, pp. 461-66.]

The consequences of this state of enforced and abject dependence on Great Britain for the great mass of our fabrics are such as have been a thousand times realized in the history of the world. Although allowed a nearer approach to fair trade with the mother country than she has ever vouchsafed us since our independence, the colonies were never able to sell enough raw produce to England to pay for the manufactures with which she was constantly flooding us. Our people had cleared much land, built houses, and provided every thing essential to physical comfort, but the course of buying more than their exports would pay for could not be evaded. In the midst of outward prosperity, the colonies groaned under an increasing load of debts, which were constantly effecting the transfer of property here to owners in Great Britain. It was a standing reproach against our Revolutionary fathers that they flew to arms to evade the payment of their mercantile debts and the importunities of their creditors. And the Congress which assembled in 1765 to remonstrate against the Stamp Act, drew a graphic though sad picture of the calamities which had befallen the people—the multiplication of debts, the disappearance of money, the impossibility of payment, the stagnation of industry and business, through the excessive influx of foreign fabrics.

The war of the Revolution corrected this tendency, cutting off importation, and largely increasing our own household manufactures. But peace, in the utter absence of all protective legislation on our part, revived the mischief which had been trampled beneath the iron heel of war. The struggle for independence had left all the States embarrassed, trade completely disordered

and the whole country overwhelmed with worthless paper money; and the unchecked importing of foreign fabrics still farther multiplied and magnified debts, deprived us of our specie, broke down the prices of our products, and created general stagnation and distress. From the state of desperation thus engendered, arose the disgraceful outbreak of insurrection in Massachusetts known as 'Shay's Rebellion.' This was but one symptom of a general disease.

Repeated attempts were made to put an end to this state of things, by imposing duties on imports. But the Congress of the old confederation had no power to do this, except with the concurrence of each of the state governments. It was attempted, but failed. Rhode Island, then almost wholly a commercial state, objected, though the duty proposed was but five per cent. and the object the paying off the debts of the Revolution. Here was presented that stringent necessity which alone could have overcome the prevailing jealousies of, and aversion to, a stronger and more national government. A Convention was called, a Constitution framed and adopted; and the second act of the new Congress stands on the records entitled: "An Act to make provision for the necessities of government, the payment of the national debt, and the *protection of American manufactures.*" This act passed both houses of Congress by a substantially unanimous vote.

Great Britain now became alarmed for the stability of her market for manufactures in America. Her Board of Trade made a report on the subject in 1794, urging the negotiation of a commercial treaty with the United States, based on two propositions; the first being, "that the duties on British manufactures imported into the United States *shall not be raised* above what they are at present." The other proposed that the productions of other nations should be admitted into our ports in British vessels, the same as if imported in our own. But the government did not venture to press these propositions.

It was plainly discerned by the British economists of that day, that, while our Congress had explicitly asserted the principle of protection, and had intended to act consistently with that principle, yet, from inexperience and a natural hesitation to change abruptly the direction which circumstances had given to our

national industry, they had fallen far short of this. The few articles of manufacture already produced in the country to a considerable extent, were, in general, efficiently protected; but the greater portion of the manufactures essential to our complete emancipation from colonial dependence were left unprotected by duties of five to fifteen per cent. Years of hard experience and of frequent suffering were required to teach the mass of our statesmen the advantage and beneficence of extending protection also to those articles which had not been, but might easily and profitably be, produced in our own country, if the producers were shielded from the destructive rivalry always brought to bear upon a new branch of industry by the jealous and powerful foreign interests which it threatens to deprive of a lucrative market. We had but begun to learn the truths which form the basis of a wise and beneficent national economy, when the breaking out of the great wars in Europe opened to us large and lucrative foreign markets for our raw staples, and the heads of our most sedate thinkers were nearly turned by the tempting prizes proffered to mercantile enterprise by the convulsions of the old world. It seemed as though we had but to produce whatever was easiest and most natural to us, and Europe would take it at our own price, and pay us bountifully for carrying it where she wanted it. This was a pleasant dream while it lasted, but a brief one. We were awakened from it by seizures, confiscations, embargoes, and at last war, which imposed on us the necessity of commencing nearly every branch of manufacture under the most unfavorable auspices, and of course at a ruinous cost. The war with Great Britain was, in this respect, a substantial benefit to the country. The Congress of 1816 failed to impose a tariff at all adequate (save on a few articles) to the real wants of the country, but the germ of industrial independence had been planted in a soil fertilized by blood, and the plant was destined to live and flourish, though exposed to rude blasts and chilling frosts in its spring-time. From 1816 to 1824, it might well have seemed doubtful whether the country would not discard all the dear-bought experience of the past, and blast all the well-grounded hopes for the future, in a heedless pursuit of what seemed (deceitful seeming!) to be the sordid interest of the present. But better counsels al-

timately prevailed, and the passage of the tariff of 1824 may be regarded as the resting of the ark of national independence on the dry and solid ground of efficient and positive protection to home industry. From that hour until the duties were sensibly reduced under the operation of the Compromise Act, the course of the country was due onward to more and more decided prosperity.

Experience and observation are of little use if we fail to regulate our conduct by them. The same policy which the British Government pursued towards this country whilst in its dependent colonial state, still forms the favorite measures of that government towards the United States. It would be no difficult matter to show that upon every agitation of the question of protection in Congress, the British Parliament have introduced some proceedings in order to distract, if possible, the attention of our statesmen, and to induce among us an opposition to any measures which should establish protection to our own industry, as the settled policy of the nation. The Parliament even carried the farce so far, that in May, 1840, a time when the whole people of this country were thoroughly waking up to the importance of the home system, they raised a select committee in the House of Commons, to inquire whether the duties levied by the British tariff "are for protection to similar articles" manufactured in that country, or "for the purposes of revenue alone." This select committee, in their report of August 6, 1840, appear to have lost sight of the principal object apparent on the face of the resolution authorizing their examination and report, and content themselves with observing that the English tariff "often aims at incompatible ends; the duties are sometimes meant to be both productive of revenue and for protective objects." But they state that they had discovered "*a growing conviction, that the protective system is not, on the whole, beneficial to the protected manufactures themselves.*"

After such a discovery, and its solemn announcement by a select committee of the House of Commons, it would reasonably be imagined that some steps would be taken towards rectifying that "*incompatibility*" in the British policy, and in abandoning that system which they represent as having been found not to be beneficial to their protected manufactures. If, however, we expect any such

thing from that quarter we shall be much mistaken in our anticipations. That report was grown and manufactured for the *American market*, and was not designed for any real effect upon the proceedings of the British House of Commons. It was intended to convince the American Congress and the American people that Great Britain was almost ruined by her protective system, (a system of ruin which she adheres to with astonishing pertinacity up to the present moment,) that our protective tariff would in like manner be ruinous to us, and that our only salvation was in adopting at once the principles of free-trade,—opening our ports to all British manufactures, and becoming, in fact, merely a market for British labor. Whether, following a change on our side of the policy, they would admit our agricultural products freely, or how our own mechanics should find employment to keep them from starving, they would leave to be afterwards discovered.

Finding that their recommendation to us had no effect upon the measures of our government, they cease to be careful of the principles they put forth to the world, and seeing no longer any good reason for disguise, the leading men in both houses of Parliament afford us a fine commentary upon the text of that report of the select committee. The Duke of Wellington very recently, with the frankness of his known character, stated in the House of Peers, the true and permanent policy of Great Britain, in observing that "when free-trade was talked of as existing in England, it was an absurdity. There was no such thing, and *there could be no such thing as free-trade in that country.* We proceed (says he) on the system of protecting our own manufactures and our own produce—the produce of our labor and our soil; of protecting them for exportation, and protecting them for home consumption; and on that universal system of protection it is absurd to talk of free-trade."

The necessity of a modification in our duties upon imports, which became apparent early in 1842, afforded a farther insight into the course of British policy towards this country. So soon as the cry for protection to American industry became so loud and long as to require an answer to its demand from the supreme legislative authority, we were told throughout the whole length and breadth of our land, the information originating in

England for our benefit, that Great Britain was willing to take our surplus bread-stuff in exchange for her manufactures; and that there was therefore no necessity of changing our tariff policy in order to build up a home market for our grain-growers in the Western and Middle states, as well as our cotton-planters in the South. This would have been the tale to this day if we had not settled our protective system. It continued to be used as long as it could be with any effect; and when it became apparent to the British administration that the people of the United States could be no longer deluded by their interested and mystified views of state policy, volunteered for our service, they at once changed their note, as will be seen on reference to the speech of Sir Robert Peel in the House of Commons, in May, 1845, upon the motion of Mr. Villiers for a repeal of the English corn-laws. Sir Robert sustains and advocates the British system; and that motion was rejected by a majority of one hundred and ninety-six votes! Those who had previously flattered themselves that the British ministry were prepared to go, in some modified form, for free-trade, will do well to notice the horror expressed by Sir Robert Peel of the consequences of abandoning "the principle of protection;" and they will see by that most decisive vote that the House of Commons agree with him in sentiment. As to the judgment of the House of Peers on the subject, there cannot be a question that they are more thoroughly opposed, from interest, to any kind of free-trade, than even the Commons. The Duke of Wellington in his speech (to which we have previously referred) expressed the sentiments of a large majority of that house.

It follows then, that unless we are determined to be infatuated, we must see that Great Britain does not intend, under any possible state of circumstances, to abandon the full and entire protection of her own agriculturists, and her own manufactures. We do not see then why we should for a moment hesitate about effectually protecting ours. It does not become us as a people to suffer ourselves to be hoodwinked by interested British statesmen,—to have our state policy indicated to us by British capitalists and manufacturers—a policy which they are very careful not to adopt themselves.

And with the knowledge which our people have, or may have by merely

looking into the history of the world about us, it is beyond measure strange that there should be a difference of opinion amongst our citizens on the subject. The new school of political economists, disciples of Adam Smith, have set up for their chief maxim, that nations should *buy where they can buy cheapest*. This may at any time be a sufficient rule for the *present* by itself; but they seem never to have reflected that with nations as much as with individuals, a smaller present good is often to be foregone for a greater good in the future. Great Britain was once dependent on Flanders for her woollen goods, on the East Indies for her cottons, on France for her paper, glass, and various articles. Had she continued to act on the present-advantage system, she would have been so dependent to this hour. She now makes them all for herself, besides gathering in half the wealth of the world by selling the surplus. It is the same policy which alone can raise us to any permanent height of strength and prosperity, or even keep us from sinking into a second state of colonial dependence. The advantages and blessings which have followed the adoption of the present tariff, the act of 1842, should open the eyes of all who are not intentionally blind. Just before the passage of the present tariff in August, 1842, there were forty thousand unemployed persons in the state of Pennsylvania alone; and at the same time full ten thousand of the industrious classes in the city of Philadelphia were vainly endeavoring to earn the means by which to buy bread to feed themselves and their families. Our tariff has fed the hungry, found employment for the destitute; and the blessing of those who were in want, and ready to perish, sanctifies it as one of the most righteous measures of a government founded for the good of the people.

The enemies of the American system are accustomed to assail it as unconstitutional. We consider this point to have been effectually settled by Mr. Webster's late clear and powerful argument at Albany. We do not see how any one can read that argument, or can be in any other way familiar with the history of those times, and not be convinced of the existence of such powers in the Constitution to the full extent claimed by the friends of the tariff. It is known, as well as any thing can be known, that the exercise of such powers by the new

Congress "was the expectation, the belief, the conviction that prevailed everywhere;" that the first three petitions presented to that body were from tradesmen, manufacturers, and mechanics; in different sections of the Union, for protection, and that Congress recognised the propriety of such petitions, and passed acts for their benefit.

History makes it certain, also, that our great men, throughout that eventful period and at a later day, whatever opinions they may have expressed when mere party or political interests were at stake, at other times, when looking alone at the true interests of the nation, the whole nation, have uniformly held and expressed but one opinion, and that in favor of the American protective system. Of the sentiments of Washington on this point there is not and cannot be a doubt. They have been too often expressed to leave it a matter of question. Our opponents, however, are rarely found quoting Washington on any point; they believe in Jefferson rather. They should have better known the opinions of the man to whom they so constantly and pertinaciously appeal. The sentiments of Hamilton, Franklin, Madison, on the subject, and others of the Men of the Revolution, it would be a waste of time to call forth in array; but as it seems to be somewhat the fashion of the day to represent the leaders of the Democratic party as opposed to the Protective System, we shall occupy a few moments to show most clearly, if they are so now, it is because they have abandoned the primitive faith of Democracy, as known in the time of Thomas Jefferson, and much later. We do this in no invidious sense, but merely to show that but one system of policy has ever been held in the country, from the first formation of our federal government to the present time.

And first, the Free-Trade and Texas party will be delighted to hear the words of one whom they are proud to call "the Apostle of Democracy." In Jefferson's "Report on the privileges and restrictions of the commerce of the United States" are the following sensible passages:—

"When a nation imposes high duties on our productions, or prohibits them altogether, it may be proper for us to do the same by theirs—*first burdening or excluding those productions which they bring here in competition with our own of the same kind; selecting next such manufactures as*

we take from them in greatest quantity, and which at the same time we could the soonest furnish to ourselves, or obtain from other countries; imposing on them duties light at first, but heavier and heavier afterwards, as other channels of supply open.

"Such duties, having the effect of indirect encouragement to domestic manufactures of the same kind, may induce the manufacturer to come himself into these States, where cheaper subsistence, equal laws, and a vent for his wares, free of duty, may insure him the highest profits from his skill and industry. *The oppressions of our agriculture in foreign parts would thus be made the occasion of relieving it from a dependence on the councils and conduct of others, and of promoting arts, manufactures, and population at home.*"

Corroboratory views are given by him in his Message of Dec. 2d, 1806. After representing the accruing revenue as being more than sufficient for the wants of government if peace should continue, he proceeds:—

"The question therefore now comes forward, to what other objects shall these surpluses be appropriated, and the whole surplus of impost, after the entire discharge of the public debt, and during those intervals when the purposes of war shall not call for them? Shall we suppress the impost, and give that advantage to foreign over domestic manufactures? On a few articles of more general and necessary use, the suppression, in due season, will doubtless be right, but the great mass of the articles on which impost is paid are foreign luxuries, purchased by those only who are rich enough to afford themselves the use of them. Their patriotism would certainly prefer its continuance and application to the great purposes of public education, roads, rivers, canals, and such other objects of public improvement as it may be thought proper to add to the constitutional enumeration of federal powers."

It is fitting that this should be followed by a maxim or two from Adam Smith, from whom this school have derived all their new tenets:

"Whatever tends to diminish in any country the number of artificers and manufacturers, tends to diminish the home market, the most important of all markets for the rude produce of the lands, and thereby still further to discourage agriculture.

"If the free importation of foreign manufactures were permitted, several of the home manufacturers would probably suffer, and some of them perhaps go to ruin alto-

gether, and a considerable part of the stock and industry employed in them would be forced to find out some other employment."—*Smith's Wealth of Nations*, vol. i. p. 321.

These maxims are altogether the truth; we are not bound to consider whether the Doctor falsifies in them his own theory.

The name of Thomas Cooper, again, is constantly in the mouths of our opponents as an upholder of their favorite notions. They should learn to read less obliquely. We quote from his *Principles of Political Economy*, written during or soon after the War :

"We are too much dependent upon Great Britain for articles that habit has converted into necessities. A state of war demands privations that a large portion of our citizens reluctantly submit to. *Home manufactures would greatly lessen the evil.*

"By means of debts incurred for foreign manufactures, we are almost again become colonists—we are too much under the influence, indirectly, of British merchants and British agents. We are not an independent people. Manufactures among us would tend to correct this, and give a stronger tone of nationality at home."

Consistent Democrats are always lamenting the influence of manufactures on agriculture. They will be comforted by discovering that Judge Cooper thought otherwise. * He remarks :

"The state of agriculture would improve with the improvement of manufactures, by means of the general spirit of energy and exertion which nowhere exist in so high a degree as in a manufacturing country; and by the general improvement of machinery, and the demand for raw materials.

"Our agriculturists want a home market. Manufactures would supply it. Agriculture at great distances from seaports languishes for want of this. Great Britain exhibits an instance of unexampled power and wealth by means of an agriculture greatly dependent on a system of manufactures—and her agriculture, thus situated, is the best in the world, though still capable of great improvement."

It should ever be brought out into the light and kept before the people, that we possess an immense country, with every variety of soil, and climate, and geological structure, calculated for all the staple manufactures in use among us, and for all kinds of agricultural products, especially those grown away from the tropics; and that one part of the country is fitted

to produce what another part cannot. One section may therefore just as well exchange commodities with another as with a foreign country, aside from the vast advantage of having a market nearer and surer. On this point and some others at the same time, we commend to free-traders among us some judicious remarks of their favorite, Judge Cooper :

"The home trade, consisting in the exchange of agricultural surpluses for articles of manufacture, produced in our own country, will, for a long time to come, furnish the safest and the least dangerous—the least expensive and the least immoral—the most productive and the most patriotic employment of surplus capital, however raised and accumulated. The safest, because it requires no navies exclusively for its protection; the least dangerous, because it furnishes no excitement to the prevailing madness of commercial wars; the least expensive, for the same reason that it is the safest and the least dangerous; the least immoral, because it furnishes no temptation to the breach or evasion of the laws; to the multiplication of oaths and perjuries; and to the consequent prostration of all religious feeling, and all social duty: the most productive, because the capital admits of quicker returns; because the whole of the capital is permanently invested and employed at home; because it contributes, directly, immediately, and wholly, to the internal wealth and resources of the nation; because the credits given are more easily watched, and more effectually protected by our own laws, well known, easily resorted to, and speedily executed, than if exposed in distant and in foreign countries, controlled by foreign laws and foreign customs, and at the mercy of foreign agents; the most patriotic, because it binds the persons employed in it by all the ties of habit and of interest to their own country; while foreign trade tends to denationalize the affections of those whose property is dispersed in foreign countries, whose interests are connected with foreign interests, whose capital is but partially invested at the place of their domicile, and who can remove with comparative facility from one country to another. The wise man observed of old, that 'where the treasure is, there will the heart be also.'"

"Nor can there be any fear that for a century to come, there will not be full demand produced by a system of home manufacture for every particle of surplus produce that agriculture can supply. Of all the occupations which may be employed in furnishing articles either of immediate necessity, of reasonable want, or of direct connection with agriculture, we have in

abundance the raw materials of manufacture; and the raw material, uninstructed man, to manufacture them. Is it to be pretended that these occupations, when fully under way at home, will not furnish a market for the superfluous produce of agriculture, provided that produce be, as it necessarily will be, suited to the demand? Or ought this variety of occupation, and above all, the mass of real knowledge it implies, to be renounced and neglected for the sake of foreign commerce—that we may not interfere with the profits and connections of the merchants who reside among us; and that we may be taxed, and tolerated, and licensed, to fetch from abroad what we can, with moderate exertion, supply at home? It appears to me of national importance to counteract these notions."

We pass finally to one of the modern pillars of the no-protection policy, John C. Calhoun. What he now thinks, his party profess to know. For ourselves, we are glad he ever held opinions so sound as these.

The passages, taken from a speech delivered in Congress, April, 1816, relate to that momentous condition to which every nation is liable, but the idea of which seems never to have presented itself to the minds of the radical economists—a state of WAR. The language is eloquent and powerful, the reasoning most conclusive:

"The security of a country mainly depends on its spirit and its means; and the latter principally on its moneyed resources. Modified as the industry of this country now is, *whenever we have the misfortune to be involved in a war with a nation dominant on the ocean, and it is almost only with such we can at present be, the moneyed resources of the country, to a great extent, must fail.* It is the duty of Congress to adopt those measures of prudent foresight which the events of war make necessary.

"Commerce and agriculture, till lately, almost the only, still constitute the principal sources of our wealth. So long as these remain uninterrupted, the country prospers; but war, as we are now circumstanced, is equally destructive to both. They both depend on foreign markets; and our country is placed, as it regards them, in a situation strictly insular. A wide ocean rolls between us and our markets. What, then, are the effects of a war with a maritime power—with England? *Our commerce annihilated, spreading individual misery, and producing national poverty; our agriculture cut off from its accustomed markets, the surplus product of the farmer perishes on his hands; and he ceases to produce, because he cannot sell.* His resources are dried up,

while his expenses are greatly increased, as all manufactured articles, the necessities as well as the conveniences of life, rise to an extravagant price.

"No country ought to be dependent on another for its means of defence; at least, our musket and bayonet, our cannon and ball, ought to be domestic manufacture. But what is more necessary to the defence of a country than its currency and finance? Circumstanced as our country is, can these stand the shock of war? Behold the effect of the late war on them! When our manufactures are grown to a certain perfection, as they soon will, *under the fostering care of government*, we will no longer experience those evils. The farmer will find a ready market for his surplus produce; and, what is almost of equal consequence, a certain and cheap supply for all his wants. His prosperity will diffuse itself to every class in the community; and instead of that languor of industry and individual distress now incident to a state of war and suspended commerce, the wealth and vigor of the community will not be materially impaired. The arm of government will be nerved. Taxes, in the hour of danger, when essential to the independence of the nation, may be greatly increased. Loans, so uncertain and hazardous, may be less relied on; thus situated, the storm may beat without, but within all will be quiet and safe.

"However prosperous our situation when at peace, with uninterrupted commerce—and nothing then could exceed it—the moment that we are involved in war, the whole is reversed. When resources are most needed; when indispensable to maintain the honor, *yes, the very existence of the nation, then they desert us.* Our currency is also sure to experience the shock; and becomes so deranged as to prevent us from calling out fairly whatever of means is left to the country. The exportation of our bulky articles is prevented; the specie of the country is drawn off to pay the balance perpetually accumulating against us; and the final result is the total derangement of our currency.

"Manufactures produce an interest strictly American, as much so as agriculture. In this they have the decided advantage of commerce or navigation; and the country will derive from it much advantage. Again, it is calculated to bind together more closely our wide-spread Republic. It will greatly increase our mutual dependence and intercourse; and will, as a necessary consequence, excite an increased attention to INTERNAL IMPROVEMENT, a subject every way so intimately connected with the ultimate attainment of national strength, and the perfection of our political institutions."

Having thus exhibited the opinions on this great question, of the most eminent of those whose opinions our opponents have ever professed to follow, (undoubtedly they can claim that James K. Polk is not of the number—he never had but one sentiment on the subject, and the people will remember it,) we wish only to subjoin a passage from another eminent man, on a consideration of mightier importance to a great nation than any of these practical points—the influence, namely, of the protective system on the education and morals of the people. It is a passage from Mr. Webster's late speech at Albany.

"In this country, wages are high: they are, and they ought to be, higher than in any other country in the world. And the reason is, that the laborers of this country are the country. The vast proportion of those who own the soil, especially in the Northern States, cultivate their own acres. They stand on their own acres. The proprietors are the tillers, the laborers on the soil. But this is not all. The members of the country here are part and parcel of the Government. This is a state of things which exists nowhere else on the face of the earth. An approximation to it has been made in France, since the Revolution of 1831, which secured the abolition of primogeniture and the restraints of devises.

"But nowhere else in the world does there exist such a state of things as we see here, where the proprietors are the laborers and at the same time help to frame the Government. If, therefore, we wish to maintain the Government, we must see that labor with us is not put in competition with the pauper, unlearned, ignorant labor of Europe. Our men who labor have families to maintain and to educate. They have sons to fit for the discharge of the duties of life; they have an intelligent part to act for themselves and their connections. And is labor like that to be reduced to a level with that of the forty millions of serfs of Russia, or the serfs of other parts of Europe, or the half-fed, half-clothed, ignorant, dependent laborers of a great part of the rest of Europe? America must cease then to be America. We should be transferred to I know not what sort of a Government—transferred to I know not what state of society, if the laborers in this country are to do no more to maintain and educate their families and provide for old age, than they do in the Old World. And may our eyes never look upon such a spectacle as that in this free country!"

Having thus set forth, though in too short space, the early history of our

manufactures, the early and the latter conduct of England with respect to them, and the true and only policy of our government in the matter, confirming our views and the force of history by the opinions of men whom the enemies of such policy are bound to believe, we are disposed to embody, in conclusion, some of the grounds of the Protective Theory in a few simple propositions.

1. A judicious tariff affords to the industry of the country, protection against derangement and depression by unequal foreign competition; it sustains and cherishes such industry, increasing its efficiency and rewards at the same time that it provides a revenue, adequate to pay the debts and defray the current expenses of the government.

2. It extends and diversifies the sphere of home industry, by calling into existence such new branches of production as are adapted to the wants and circumstances of the people, keeping ever in view the natural resources and facilities of the country, and the genius of its inhabitants.

3. The effect of such protection is to increase generally the intellectual and industrial capacity of the laboring class; to render them more independent, and increase the reward of their labor; while at the same time it ensures to capital a more uniform activity, and renders property and products of all kinds more readily and uniformly convertible at fair and reasonable prices.

4. This policy is especially adapted to and demanded by the interests of the great Agricultural class, who can very rarely secure a steady, remunerating demand for their surplus productions elsewhere than in their own country; many of those products being perishable, and liable to be seriously injured, if not destroyed, by transportation to any considerable distance, while nearly all of them are bulky, and only to be conveyed to foreign countries at a ruinous expense.

5. Protection, though often valuable and necessary to the farmer in keeping out of our own markets foreign products which rival and supplant his own, is still more useful and indispensable to him in creating and maintaining all around and beside him ready and steady markets for his produce, by bringing into prosperous and durable existence new branches of industry which do not rival his own, but which employ multitudes who are con-

sumers only, and not to any great extent producers, of agricultural staples.

6. Duties levied on foreign fabrics which shut out those fabrics and build up a home production of substitutes, and so a vastly enlarged and quickened home consumption of provisions, fruits, wool, cotton, fuel, &c., are truly protective of agriculture, and essential to its prosperous existence.

7. The effect of an adequate and wise protection is to bring the producer and consumer far nearer each other—to unite them in friendly intimacy and mutual good-will—to diminish largely and beneficially the heavy subtraction otherwise made from the general proceeds of productive labor to pay the cost and charges of transportation and trade—and to secure them against the chances and changes of fluctuation in national policy and the occasional intervention of embargoes and war.

8. The limitations thus set to the sphere and operations of trade are not injurious even to a just and useful commerce, since every nation must still purchase of other nations those various products, mineral and vegetable, with which the diversities of soil, of climate, and of geologic structure, enable one to supply another with decided advantage to both; and far greater development and productive efficiency will be ensured to the industry of each nation by wise protection and encouragement. The imports of any nation will be found to bear a far nearer proportion to the productiveness of its industry than to the freedom of its trade—being governed by its ability to pay rather than its willingness to buy.

9. The proper and decisive consideration in determining whether to protect or not protect the home production of a particular article, is simply—Have we evidence that it may ultimately be produced here, if adequately protected now, as cheaply—that is, with as little labor—as it can be produced elsewhere? If it can be, then it is wise, beneficent, patriotic, to cherish the home production, although the money cost of the article, by reason of the cheapness of labor in some other countries as compared with its price in our own, may be permanently less if imported free of duty.

10. If the effective laboring population of our country be estimated at 4,000,000, by whom 3,000,000 under a revenue tariff are engaged in producing articles of necessity or utility, and

1,000,000 in interchanging, transporting, and selling them; and the consequence of a resort to protective duties be to diminish the latter class to half a million and increase the former, without impairing the efficiency of their labor, to three and a half millions, as its tendency must manifestly be, then the aggregate annual product of our national industry must be increased one-seventh, the average reward of labor enhanced in like proportion, and the wealth of the country be rapidly and steadily augmented.

11. While one effect of mere revenue duties manifestly is and must be an enhancement of the price to the consumer of the article on which they are levied, the influence of protective duties naturally is and must be to diminish the price of the protected articles to their consumers, by cutting down the cost of transportation and traffic, although the producer in this country may receive for it as much as, or even more than, formerly.

12. This tendency of protective duties in diminishing the cost of the protected articles to the consumer is accelerated by the following incidents or results of protection:

1st, *Comparative steadiness of demand for the producer*; the home market being naturally less variable than a distant one.

2d, *Increased demand for the product*. Our people buy and consume more of an article, made at home and paid for with their own products, than of a foreign one.

3d, *Comparative steadiness of prices*. The maker of hats or calicoes for a protected home market, while he is constantly pressed down in his prices by competition, to a point very near the cost of production, is yet never subjected to that sort of competition which, based on cheaper labor and other elements of production, seeks a present ruinous depression of prices in the hope of securing a future monopoly of the market, and a consequent ample remuneration for all losses.

The man who produces any fabric, knowing that he is morally *sure* of a fair reward for his labor, can afford it cheaper, and generally *will* do so, than if he labored always in terror of an unequal and ruinous competition; just as the New England farmer of to-day can afford corn cheaper than his forefathers could two hundred years ago, when they were compelled to raise it only within

the shadow of a fort, and hoe with their guns stacked in the field.

13. We object altogether to the levying of a tariff for revenue merely, as unequal and unjust. On the free-trade assumption that *all* duties raise the price of the articles on which they are levied, and so operate only as a tax on the consumer, we deny the rightfulness of raising revenue in this mode, since the man who has no property to protect, and the woman who has no voice in the government, may often be compelled to contribute as much towards the support of the government as a Rothschild or Jacob Astor. If a tariff is not beneficently protective, it ought not to exist at all.

14. We do not propose nor advocate absolutely prohibitory duties. We would adjust the tariff so as to give to every branch of home industry a clear and undeniable advantage over the rival industry of foreign nations in the supply of our own markets, but leave it so that novel and rare fabrics might be moderately introduced, to stimulate invention and improvement in our own artisans, and contribute to the national revenue. Such limited importations may also be serviceable in correcting any momentary tendency to excessive prices by combinations among our own producers of any article.

THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

FROM THE DANISH

MARK the little blossom, smiling
By the way-side, sweet to see :
When it looks up thine eye beguiling,
Ah ! forget not me !

Blue it is as heaven above us,
Friendship's emblem on our path :—
Of all the many flowers that love us,
Most my love it hath.

When the hand of God bereaves us
Of our life-friend loved so well,
This pledge the loved departing leaves us
Still of him to tell.

Yes ! when he hath gone forever—
Gone unto the Far-off Shore,
Sweet flower ! with his "forget-me-never !"
Still it doth implore.

Want and sorrow ! when, unsleeping,
Ye our dreary path have wrought,
This flower, in dew our tears beweeeping,
Sighs, "Forget-me-not !"

NOTES UPON LETTERS.*

HALF way through any tolerably full edition of Mr. Coleridge's poems may be found under "Ode to Dejection" this bit of music:—

We receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does Nature live;
Ours is her wedding garment, ours her shroud;

And would we aught behold of higher worth
Than that inanimate cold world, allowed
To the poor, loveless, ever anxious crowd?
Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth

A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud,
Enveloping the earth:

And from the soul itself must there be sent
A sweet and potent voice of its own birth,
Of all sweet sounds the life and element!

It is what five out of eight readers of Mr. Coleridge's poems would call very beautiful—running it over but once: two out of the eight would read it twice for a fuller understanding of its merits: and we dare say there might be one out of eight who would read it a third time, without any decided impression whatever. Of course this latter reader would be one of the "poor, loveless, ever anxious crowd;" and the first five, among whom we reckon L. Maria Child, who quotes it as the motto of her book, are they from whom "issue forth

A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud,
Enveloping the earth."

Those who had to read twice in order to a fair understanding, would never think of placing it as a motto to a book of letters from New York or any other place; but very ingeniously is it placed on the title-page to letters of a lady who looks out ever from under "a fair luminous cloud" on scenes we are presently to enjoy, all the while her soul sending forth

"A sweet and potent voice of its own birth,
Of all sweet sounds the life and element!"

We do not mean to speak too jokingly of a verse of Coleridge's—least of all of an ode which ourselves can run through delightedly in dreamy hours, and call, with heart full, and eyes almost—beautiful! But if we had business on hand and wanted our mind clear of cobwebs, our vision unincumbered by any "forth

issuing glory," our sympathies sound and our whole heart right, we should leave it, with all other Leaves Sibylline, on our shelf. Very likely, if we should think it worth our while to write a book of letters—full of sights and sounds about a great city—in the hope of doing the world a trifling service, we should want our mind clear, our view unincumbered by any poetic hallucinations, and our heart, not diseased with a morbid sensitiveness, but sound, healthy, right. Mrs. Child has taken the work out of our hands, and let us see how bravely she has done it.

And a note in setting out, upon her title. These are letters. There is a charm in that word—letters. It is a name to conjure with. If we were ever to take it into our head to write a book, and should wish, as we surely would, to make its sale great, we would call it—what do you think!—*Letters from Home!* Who in the wide world would not buy *Letters from Home!* But all letters are not *letters*. They will understand what we mean, and they only, who have, like ourselves, a little packet tied together with a narrow ribbon, now soiled with frequent handling, which they take cautiously and reverently out of some hidden nook, on days of driving tempest or far into the middle of a winter's night when all around are coying with Death's brother, and read them over with *such* smiles and *such* tears, *such* sorrow and *such* hope, *such* blessing and joy as no other one of all life's episodes can bring together. But these are not all. What sweet sympathies will not the social experience of another, written down fully, fairly, freely, call out of a sensitive soul! But mind—it must be written in letters. Think of Cowper: what a household name is that of Mrs. Unwin! Not through the whole cycle of romance does one woman-name bring such softened memories up as this of that good woman. And Lady Hesketh, and John Johnson, and Samuel Ross, and the Throckmortons,—what a life they live in letters! Think of Scott and his letters, and straightway—if you have a spark of music in your soul—

* Letters from New York, by L. Maria Child, author of "The Mother's Book," &c., &c. Chas. S. Francis: 1843.

Johnny Ballantyne and Jemmy, and Constable, and Annie, and Laidlaw, and all the rest, are at your elbow. Letters are not to be read in a crowd, but by one's self, and late into the evening or at dusk. Nor must they be read aloud, but softly and quietly, with the mind free and the heart open. With these thoughts uppermost turn we again to the title before us:—Letters—from New York. A bold preface of the place. A good letter should have a blurred post-mark "we canna weel mak out," leaving us doubtful till our wishing eyes catch the first glimpse of the friendly hand running along the top-line in characters, how much plainer than print—New York. And then what—in the matter before us? No address—no kindly word—no *care* or *cariissime*—no half-line! No, surely these of Mrs. Child's are no real letters. They have only one requisite—a careless freeness, how little without the rest!

"You ask what is now my opinion of this great Babylon; and playfully remind me of former philippics, and a long string of vituperative alliterations, such as magnificence and mud, finery and filth, diamonds and dirt, bullion and brass-tape, &c. &c. Well, Babylon remains the same as then. The din of crowded life, and the eager chase for gain, still run through its streets like the perpetual murmur of a hive. Wealth dozes on French couches, thrice piled, and canopied with damask, while Poverty camps on the dirty pavement, or sleeps off its wretchedness in the watch-house. There amid the splendor of Broadway sits the blind negro beggar with horny hand and tattered garments, while opposite to him stands the stately mansion of the slave-trader, still plying his bloody trade, and laughing to scorn the cobweb laws, through which the strong can break so easily."

Can these things even be, Mr. Mayor, and

"Overcome us like a summer cloud
Without our special wonder?"

And would it not be the part of proper humanity to call upon Mrs. Child at her lodgings—(which may be found by the new directory)—and, after sufficient inquiry, to send down a bevy of the new police to make capture of these bloody traders, and test once more their ingenuity in breaking through the cobwebs of the law! Your reputed caution will suggest at once the propriety of observing some degree of secrecy in conducting the manœuvre.

Letter I.—which we have half a mind to call, from sheer vexation, Chapter I.—continues in very much the same rhapsodic vein through its greater half; and then follows on in pretty comparisons of the Battery with Boston Common—of the Past and Present, of the Will and Force—of the Practical and the Ideal. The next opens with new gossip upon parks and trees—

"I like," she says, "the various small gardens in New York with their shaded alcoves of lattice-work, where one can eat an ice-cream shaded from the sun. You have none such in Boston; and they would probably be objected to as open to the vulgar and the vicious—(any more, pray, than a thousand two-shilling shows, or eating-places?) I do not walk through the world with such fear of soiling my garments. Let science, literature, music, flowers, all things that tend to cultivate the intellect, or humanize the heart, be open to 'Tom, Dick and Harry,'—and thus, in process of time they will become Mr. Thomas, Richard and Henry. In all these things, the refined should think of what they can impart not of what they can receive."—(p. 6.)

Very good: and she has imparted, we fancy, somewhat of her refinement to the utterance of the "poor fellow, lying a sleep, covered with filthy rags"—at the bottom of the next page, (the story, we mean)—who, on being awaked, exclaimed piteously, "Oh don't take me to the police office, please don't take me there! Was there ever a ragged man in New York—not a lunatic—who did such speaking as that! We have a suspicion—a hard one, but a real one—that if the correspondent of Mrs. C. had been by such tatterdemalion, her ears (or his) would have been greeted more likely with the cracking laconism of some such wicked words as these, "D—n the police!" We make our report, not from disrespect to the report of the Letters, but as the more probable one. For the soul-born voice, "of all sweet sounds the element," does so modify the talk of every talking one, the work through, as to destroy individuality, and—we say it with regret—weaken interest.

But we are trifling, and our authoress trifles through chapters two and three—elegant trifles, but "light as air." Let us have something to suggest inquiry; and we find it no further over than on page fifteen.

"It is said a spacious pond of sweet, soft water once occupied the place where

Five Points stands. It might have furnished half the city with the purifying element; but it was filled up at incredible expense—a million loads of earth being thrown in before perceivable progress was made. Now they have to supply the city with water from a distance, by the prodigious expense of the Croton water works. This is a good illustration of the policy of society towards crime. Thus does it choke up nature, and then seek to protect itself from the result, by the incalculable expense of bolts, bars, the gallows, watch-houses, police courts, constables, and ‘Egyptian Tombs,’ as they call one of the principal prisons here.”

The reflection appears to us very unfortunate, inasmuch as the Croton works mete out an infinitely greater, and more accessible, and every way preferable supply of the pure element, to what even half a dozen ponds of however soft or sweet water would afford. Just so little of practical wisdom appears in many of Mrs. Child’s occasional remarks, as is manifest in this romantic regret for fresh water ponds, albeit the Croton is spinning its white floods down walk, and street, and gutter at every sunrise. So trustworthily would the Abyssinian prince, or his sister, Nekayah, have dilated upon city economy.

But should we blame an imaginative woman for one of the thousand errors in which taste takes precedence of judgment? We would not, surely, had she not arrogantly and needlessly made the same the vehicle for a mischievous satire upon social policy. If the reflection was unfortunate, the accompanying illustration is even more so. Not only does it fail her rhetorically, but from its very nature exposes the weakness of her logic. Observe her words: “Thus does it (social usage) choke up nature, and then seek to protect itself from the result, by expense of jails.” &c.

Now, did it ever occur to Mrs. C., we mean not in penning her illustration, but did it ever occur to her, that our nature does not need to be choked before it is full of depravity and rottenness;—that man is not sweet and pure, but rather the opposite, by nature—for which we beg leave to cite, most unfashionably, that Old Authority—than which, pray tell us, what is higher?

No, no, good Mrs. C., trust us for it: man needs not to be choked into uncleanness, but the rather if he is to be choked at all, it should be out of it. It may seem

trifling, that we use so many words to expose a mere disagreement of terms—unfitness of apodosis to protasis;—so, however, it does not seem to us; and for reasons we hope to make apparent. Two or three, or even half a dozen times, through the volume, does our pleasant-writing authoress give expression to opinions kindred to that quoted—of the aggressions of society upon the—not rights—but the dispositions and feelings of the individual. Thus, of the vagabond children at Five Points—in all whose eyes she sees visions of suffering innocence, stricken tenderness, debauched modesty, tearful aspirations—she says: “And this is the education society gives her children—the morality of myrmidons, the charity of constables!” And again on page eight, that “society makes its own criminals;” and again, “When, oh when will men learn that society makes and cherishes the very crimes it so fiercely punishes, and in punishing reproduces?” (p. 84.) And again, “Society is a game of chance, where the cunning slip through, and the strong leap over.” (p. 190.) And again, “For every criminal you execute, you make a hundred murderers outside the prison, each as dangerous as would be the one inside.” (p. 212.) Now, if disposed, we might take a very logical, and a very practical way withal, of disposing of this squeamishness, by asking, what is society after all, this bugbear, but the understood agreement of you and I, and the million, to conform to certain usages, which the past experience of mankind, and the known and accredited tendency of humanity to evil doing, unless restrained, seem to have rendered essential? If, now, those usages grate harshly on that sensitive one, or even chance to help forward this unfortunate, by its action, to misery, who are you, or who are the ten, or the ten hundred, wiser than all, who shall say of this great establishment—glorious with the highest of human endearments, rich with the golden sheaves of a harvest ripening ever, finding change by reform, and not reform by change, (*sedulo cavere, ut Reformationis studium mutationem inducat, non autem studium mutationis Reformationem preterat*),—away with it! it is unclean! But, we say, we prefer, with a little of the reader’s forbearance, to take up the matter in Mrs. C.’s own gossiping way. “Society makes its own criminals.” Well, we will not now question the fact, for we think we are told in

the book under hand, that the wildest fancies are facts somewhere within the limits of God's creation; and if this notable one must be met, why, as well here as anywhere. If society makes its own criminals, it should not surely punish its own making:—if not, it makes no more. But, straightway, if we are to consider any point settled in human experience, criminals proceed to make themselves; now, query—had society better make a few, giving a monopoly, as it were, of crime, or had individuals better multiply it among themselves to the most profit?

Or the question can be stated thus: Society, in its corporate capacity, if it make criminals, ought not in justice to punish; it therefore does not, and is just—to whom, pray! Why, only to the criminal; it appearing a matter of very little importance whether justice is done to those who are not criminal. Thus it appears that half of Mrs. Child's romantic regrets lose sight entirely of the great principle that the glorious operations of justice have regard not only to the *individual* subjected to its power, but to that *society* of which it is protectress. A violation of civil obligation, under any enlarged consideration of the subject, should be viewed not only with reference to the *violation*, but to the interests which are violated. Further on, where her pleasant trip to Rockland Lake calls forth some remarks upon the fate of the unfortunate Andre, she says: "It is not therefore a sense of justice, but a wish to inspire terror, which leads to the execution of spies." There again she loses sight, from mere wilfulness, (will directed by her strong sympathies,) of proper distinctions—distinction between justice to the individual and to the species. Could there be less of reason in smaller space? A General is servant to the interests of the people investing him with power. Justice to the interests of that people is his motive of action. If these interests are hazarded by such and such anticipated operations, so as to require the execution of such and such demands, on their occurrence, who would not see, and say, that justice was fulfilled in their execution, whether done by inspiring terror, or some other way!

But again, give these ideas of the harsh justice of society the most practical bearing they can have—apply them to the need of the criminal himself. Here is a man who has offended against law; he is committed to the "morality of myrmidons, and the charity of constables,"

without any very visible perturbation in the outward world. But society made him a wretch, and, if you please, (a hard supposition,) he is aware of it; either through the medium of some such written sentiments as are within these covers, or better, because more probable, he arrives at it amid his prison fancies. Well, by and by he finds there are those outside of just his way of dreaming. He credits it hardly, (especially if a shrewd knave,) but yet credits it; and we will suppose him anxious to see such sympathizers. He finds one in a lady—any lady but Mrs. Child. Pleasantly, very likely, he listens to words that render less and less cankerous his own conscience, and give it less and less of doubt and fear to digest; but presently, amid the verbiage which seems to have no definite issue—neither opening his prison, nor making it sweeter—nor breeding any new love for his species which has so wronged him, nor for Right, which has given him such a left-handed blow—nor for his own nature, seeing it has made a shuttlecock of him, but only for his vices, which have made a hero-martyr of him, which martyrdom he would neither extend nor renew, however graphically came from his visitor the pictures of its glory—amid all this, we say, he ventures the question, "Here I am: now what shall I do?" A disgusting bluntness the fellow has, but what shall he do? How a short, plump question, testing practical issues, does bear down, and bear away, the pretty, the ideal, the vain! Now that he is in earnest, it will never do to read him Coleridge's Ode on Dejection, or to tell him of the bond of human sympathy, or of unutterable human love, or of *eternal* progress to the clouds, or of a "gleam in the far-off future;" for if a weak man, they will make him a lunatic, and if a strong one, he will either grin, or else put a fresh quid of tobacco in his cheek. No, no; the only way is the best way: "Sir, you have offended the law; you are in duance for it. You must reform, and if the temptations society has held out have helped you to misery, you should in future resist them; you can, and you must. Inaction or womanly regrets will never strengthen you."

How like a flood of effulgence beams in here the memory of a Howard's philanthropy! directing to a world that knew no crime—bringing promise of a career that will never fade! We do not intend to excite any comparisons very

unfavorable to Mrs. C. We are sure few possess her warmth of heart-feeling; it pulsates heavily through her pages; we know it must beam in her looks. Still, once more, we put it to her candidly, do these romantic sneers at the hollowness of existing social usage, considered either speculatively or practically, prove either helps or helpers? If so, which way, and who are the helped? Are the sufferers helped, one or all; counted few or many? Nay, consider a moment; reckon all the sufferers you will—hundreds or thousands—are such sentiments like manna to the fasting descendants of Abraham?—are they words to bring down manna? Does she even propose any system—digested or not—for better usage? Has she in her moments of nearest commune with Infinity, whether ascending by the steps of music, or sympathy, or making the petals of forget-me-nots the ladder-rouds for celestial pilgrimages—has she ever contrived a probable scheme for that “Living by Love” which the gold-wrought vases over the head of the out-cast woman so prettily suggested? If, even now, men and women were to call together, for the government by Love, with the which society should make no criminals—criminals no crimes—trust induce honesty—sympathy breed universal love—riches be magnified, and yet scattered—old formularies discarded—laws abrogated—prisons be transmuted into blooming conservatories for crab-cactuses—alas, would not our philanthropist be weak to marshal the movement, or even to act as third-rate committee-woman in directing issues? There might be those, and she among them, to cry, even with brazen-mouthed trumpets, or golden wrought ones, (for such matters would be common under the rule of Love,) have faith—grow strong in soul—be steadfast—have love; but who shall tell us what new state of things would make more listeners, or more quiet for listening, than now!

“Virtue could see to do what virtue would,
By her own radiant light, though sun and moon

Were in the great sea sunk.”

But have we not here an honest disclaimer of all speed and Proteus sort of reasoning: “What is written is written: it did itself. I would gladly have shown more practical good sense, and talked wisely on the spirit of the age, progress of the species, and the like, but I believe

in my soul, fairies keep carnival all the year round in my poor brain; for even when I first wake, I find a magic ring of tinted mushrooms to show where their midnight dance has been.” Would to heaven that all who devoured these same tinted mushrooms believed them no sweet vegetable growth, but only diseased fungi from over-imaginative brains! Yet we quote from her without full endorsement: “Thy simplest act, thy most casual word, is cast into the great seed-field of human thought, and will reappear as poisonous weed, or herb medicinal, after a thousand years.”

Letter XIV. is somewhat remarkable from the half-dozen very wonderful vagrants it brings to notice. We dare say, without intimate knowledge in the premises, that such, and so many as the news-boy—the two Spanish youngsters and mother—the tired vagabonds sleeping under the trees—the creature draggled all over with mud, and the struggling woman at midnight—of such uniform benignity of aspect—such inner sympathies shadowed in their tearful eyes—never in one day before delighted the most inveterate romancer. Why, Lawrence Sterne—that kind soul whose eyes flowed over at the sight of a spilled bowl, found only one Maria in all France; yet here we have two Marias in a day, and curly-headed boys, with bright eyes, for prisoned “starlings.” And should our lady observer extend her walks till after ten, who can tell how many Rosamond Grays she might find, pleading how tenderly, against the new measures of the new authorities!

We by no means say that faces full of inward pleading, telling of innocence undone, may not sometimes waken a good man's sigh, even in New York streets; but that they may be found by the half-dozen in a walk over the Battery, is too great a reproach upon humanity. Brute sorrows, tears and desires, may be found any day with the looking after; but how unlike to that soul-touchedness of aspect which Mrs. C. so currently reckons on! Unlike as baby tears to those of manhood, or as the dim circles which an occasional mist will throw about the sun, to those glorious and changing ones which to-day (Sept. 7) are twining brilliantly as braided rainbows, and tortuous as a shifting wave, high over head.

We have after the chapter of what we cannot help considering eccentric beggars—an account interesting, and more

full than we remember to have seen elsewhere, of that singular being, Macdonald Clarke :

"A poet comfortably crazy,
As pliant as a weeping-willow ;—
Loves most everybody's girls ; an't lazy—
Can write an hundred lines an hour,
With a rackety, whackety, railroad power."

Thus, not inaptly, he described himself. He was born in New London, lost his mother at twelve—slept in Franklin's monument at Philadelphia, "habitually," at one period of his youth—wrote for New York papers in 1819—married an actress, from whom he was forcibly separated by her mother, after a serious ducking at her hands in a rain-water hogshhead. "From this time, the wildness of poor Clarke's nature increased, until he came to be generally known by the name of the 'mad poet.'" Mrs. Child mingles with these prime facts some romantic touches, after her own way, making his story altogether a very readable one. Indeed, there are numerous stories, and anecdotes, and curious facts, scattered up and down throughout the volume, interesting enough for a book of much greater pretension ; and subtracting somewhat from them, as in courtesy due to her very active fancy, they are very reliable stories, and safe to be read. Such is that about the Polish Jew—the fish and the ring of Captain T. and the Swiss emigrants—of the snake and the swallows. And of places, and histories around New York, are these true daguerreotypes and transcripts, such as we would put into the hands of a fresh country cousin, even in lieu of a pocket map.

But our business now is not so much to give a general idea of the book—which, however, we may do incidentally and in all fairness—as to observe such things dropped here and there, as seem to require a note. Thus, having ourselves little confidence in mesmerism, we relished indifferently well the railery which, in her chapter on that subject, she takes occasion to throw upon those who cavil at the professed attainments of that branch of human speculation ; and observed, with some degree of caution, the progress of that railery—very prettily, daintily, and speciously made out, until her uniform extravagance of expression betrays her. "Nothing can be more unphilosophic," says she, "than the ridicule attached to a belief in mesmerism. Our knowledge is exceedingly imperfect

even with regard to the laws of matter ; though the world has had the experience of several thousand years to help its investigations. . . . There is something exceedingly arrogant and short-sighted in the pretensions of those who ridicule every thing not capable of being proved to the senses." (p. 119.)

How is this ? It appears to us on the contrary the part of a rational man to receive with exceeding distrust, and of a merry man even to ridicule the pretensions of those who believe without "proof to the senses"—saving only in matters of the soul's connection with futurity. Mrs. Child's error consists in neglecting proper nicety of distinctions. The fact that a phenomenon cannot be understood in its nature or in its relations, in no way invalidates the evidence which may and ought to be presented to the senses, that the phenomenon exists ; in fact, acceptance of the phenomenon as real, is virtual acceptance of the evidence—which must come through the senses, and in no other way. Therefore we say again, the rational thinker will very properly hold himself aloof from what is not proven to the senses—in animal magnetism, as in any other branch of inquiry.

We know of electricity scarce any thing but that it exists in two states, which we term negative and positive : the evidence of these is palpable to the senses. But a belief in any one of the theories started to account for its action, being insusceptible of proof to the sense, is not held as good. Just so of mesmerism : prove to the senses that certain manipulations will render a lady capable of seeing new sights, and of telling new stories, and we will believe it, understand the phenomena little as we may. But observe how accurate must be the character of evidence to establish premises so unusual. First, there must be evidence to show that the manipulation has connection so intimate as to induce, and alone to induce, the new state : next must be proof that the new state is *bona fide* a new state—that the mind under treatment is opened to sights previously unseen and unheard of by that mind. It will readily appear that such evidence, from its nature, is hard to come by, and that trust (which is only evidence to the senses taken at second-hand) must be almost unlimited before the circle of testimony is complete. Therefore it is that mesmerism is slow in working out for itself belief in the minds of men ; there-

fore it is that the arrogant will ridicule any extravagant confidence, and that moderate ones—they who lack the *per-severidum ingenium* of our authoress—defer belief; and Mrs. C. must continue to pity, but, we entreat her, not reproach.

"Carlyle's sharp rebuke," which she quotes with big assurance, will not altogether uphold her. "Thou wilt have no mystery and mysticism! Wilt walk through the world by the sunshine of what thou callest logic? Thou wilt *explain* all, *account* for all, or believe nothing of it! Nay, thou wilt even attempt laughter!" As for mystery and mysticism, we are surely content that they should be, and that they who love them should live by them, and in them—allowing us the passing favor, that while they remain such, we may leave them alone; yea, even preferring, not "boldly," but modestly, "to walk through the world"—i. e., to gain a reputable living, doing what good we may, by the sunshine of what we call logic, rather than the moonshine of what we both call mystery. And as for explaining—with God's help, we will explain what we can; and the much which we cannot explain—so far as it be essential to our living here or hereafter—we will take on what we call faith, and on what you call the inner light; and the much which is not essential we will leave to such as love it better than we. And as for laughter—if in their travails after a laying open of the remaining mysteries, their lovers be decoyed into situations ridiculous enough, yet which they are so delirious as not to see, or so self-willed as not to admit, be assured, we will not only attempt laughter, but laugh out courageously, leaving the world to decide (which they will claim to be a weak judge, but which, for want of other, must sit) which of us are the greater fools.

The subject of spectral illusions, Mrs. C. makes the topic of some remark under the same letters, and adduces an instance or two. To say that there is something very wonderful and incomprehensible about these occurrences, and more especially the kindred and still more strange fact of the occasional fulfilment of dreams, is saying nearly all that can be said. The spectral illusion may indeed, in a measure, be accounted for, by supposing that under a morbid state of the system, a mental conception may be so intense as to leave the impression of real existence. (Observe, that by our very use of the term spectral

illusion, we do not, with Mrs. C., admit, or seem to admit, that a spectre can be any thing else. There is strangeness enough, and unaccountableness enough, philosophically speaking, in an illusion so perfect, as to be taken by a sound-minded man for actual existence.) The fulfilment of some dreams may be also in a measure accounted for, by supposing intense thought or anxiety in the individual's mind previous to the dream, and of a nature similar to the actual fulfilment. Thus, a man dreams, being away from home, that a mortgage upon his house will during his absence subject it to a ruinous sale; and he hurries home just in time to prevent the foreclosure. It were very reasonable to suppose in this case, that the mortgage, and the character of the holder, had been with him subject of great thought, and that an occasional absence had rendered him trebly anxious; the dream thus became the natural sequent of previous impressions, and its accidental fulfilment is noised about as an *exception* to their general issue. The *minute* concurrence of times in a dream, and its fulfilment, is indeed a matter which cannot be reasoned about; and a disbelief of them on that ground would be ridiculous, it is true; but equally ridiculous would be belief in them without "evidence to the senses" that the dream and fulfilment were real.

But we owe the reader a relief; and here he has it in one of the prettily told yet curious stories that lie profusely over these letters:

"M. Guzikow was a Polish Jew: a shepherd in the service of a nobleman. From earliest childhood, music seemed to pervade his whole being. As he tended his flocks in the loneliness of the fields, he was forever fashioning flutes and reeds from the trees that grew around him. He soon observed that the tone of the flute varied according to the wood he used; by degrees he came to know every tree by its sound; and the forest stood round him a silent oratorio. The skill with which he played on his mystic flutes attracted attention. The nobility invited him to their houses, and he became a favorite of fortune. Men never grew weary of hearing him. But soon it was perceived that he was pouring forth the fountains of his life in song. Physicians said he must abjure the flute, or die. It was a dreadful sacrifice: for music to him was life. His old familiarity with tones of the forest came to his aid. He took four round sticks of wood, and bound them closely together with bands of straw; across

these he arranged numerous pieces of round, smooth wood of different kinds. They were arranged irregularly to the eye, though harmoniously to the ear; for some jutted beyond the straw-bound foundation at one end, and some at the other, in and out, in apparent confusion. The whole was lashed together with twine, as men would fasten a raft. This was laid on a common table, and struck with two small ebony sticks. Rude as the instrument appeared, Guzikow brought from it such rich and liquid melody, that it seemed to take the heart of man on its wings, and bear it aloft to the throne of God.

"He was heard by a friend of mine at Hamburg. The countenance of the musician was very pale and haggard, and his large dark eyes wildly expressive. He carried his head according to the custom of the Jews; but the small cap of black velvet was not to be distinguished in color from the jet black hair that fell from under it, and flowed over his shoulders in glossy natural ringlets. He wore the costume of his people—an ample robe, that fell about him in graceful folds. From head to feet all was black as his own hair and eyes, relieved only by the burning brilliancy of a diamond on his breast. Before this singularly gifted being stood a common wooden table, on which reposed his rude-looking invention. He touched it with the ebony sticks. At first you heard a sound as of wood: the orchestra rose higher and higher, till it drowned its voice; then gradually subsiding, the wonderful instrument rose above other sounds: clear, warbling, like a nightingale; the orchestra rose higher, like the coming of the breeze: but above them all swelled the sweet tones of the magic instrument, rich, liquid, and strong, like a skylark piercing the heavens!" (pp. 173-5.)

Letter XXIX. contains an account of and reflections upon a visit to Blackwell's Island. It is a long one; it takes up and goes over all the writer's peculiar views relating to crime, and law, and society, yet again. It must have filled, at the least, three close-written sheets; and unless the correspondent to whom were addressed these favors, had more enthusiastic relish for these particular views than nine-tenths of the readers of the printed copy, it could hardly have been run over at one sitting. Society she makes appear the wilful parent of every wrong, and now adds, with some more show of justice, the charge of caprice in judging a wrong, equalled only by its malevolence in seducing to the wrong.

"Every thing," says she, "in school-

books, social remarks, domestic conversation, literature, public festivals, legislative proceedings, and popular honors, all teach the young soul that it is noble to retaliate, mean to forgive an insult, and unmanly not to resent a wrong. Animal instincts, instead of being brought into subjection to the higher powers of the soul, are thus cherished into more than natural activity. Of three men thus educated, one enters the army, kills a hundred Indians, hangs their scalps on a tree, is made major-general, and considered a fitting candidate for the presidency. The second goes to the southwest to reside; some 'roarer' calls him a rascal—a phrase not misapplied, perhaps, but necessary to be resented; he agrees to settle the question of honor at ten paces—shoots his insulter through the heart, and is hailed by society as a brave man. The third lives in New York; a man enters his office, and, true or untrue, calls him a knave. He fights, kills his adversary, is tried by the laws of the land, and is hung. These three men indulged the same passion, acted from the same motives, and illustrated the same education; yet how different their fate!" (pp. 190-1.)

Now, we venture to say, without further knowledge of these three very extraordinary brothers (which we fancy to be the enormous progeny of Mrs. C.'s extraordinary fancy) than she herself has afforded, that they acted from different motives, illustrated different educations—if, indeed, we may be guided by the simplest and safest possible deduction—and for aught that appears in the premises to the contrary, may have been as unlike as possible in passion. Thus, the major-general (we have known of such) may have had no passion at all, and yet have hung the hundred scalps upon a tree; and as for the motive, it may have been as destitute of passion as of patriotism, or (the thing is possible) as full of the one as of the other. The southwesterner may have had no passion; surely the motive was not passion, which in case of the third brother was the only motive; nor could it by any supposable construction have been the same with his, who directed the movements of an army. And as for education: the first may have had, for aught that appears, the best every way; the second may have had it, lacking only that moral education which gives most perfect moral courage; and the third must have lacked the best part of education—that which teaches subjection of the passions to reason. They *may*, it is true, have had the

same, but we want "evidence to the senses" before we believe that they illustrate the same. And as to the recompense. Mrs. C. evidently means to direct our especial attention to the New Yorker, and have us feel that he ought not to have been punished. But society, in the cases supposed, *may* act unjustly only in that of the southwesterer. For the first man may have acted for the urgent necessities of his country, and have deserved her rewards; the second, under a lingering remnant of feudal sentiment, now abandoned by the greater part of christendom, receives honor, when he should be severely punished; the third merely gets his due. This is only other proof of the writer's want of discrimination; a want which—we must say it, for we like her writings—totally unfits her for any serious discussion in which her peculiar prejudices are awakened—we must say it earnestly, since others like her writings as well as ourselves. Prejudice was the word we used; and did it ever occur to Mrs. C., that there can be prejudice so anomalous as to favor new things, just as easily as those *old* ones, which here and there call out her poutings and sneers? And has it ever occurred to her that she is the actual subject of such prejudice in whatever relates to coercion on the part of law, or its ministers—any infringements upon the rights, absolute or relative, of every human being—any doing of violence to the genuine wishes of our natural hearts? It is a glorious failing—yet a womanly failing, and a real failing—that sympathy with the oppressed which warps reason to a justification of its claims—which would extend its power by sounding plaintively those notes to which every human heart is made to vibrate more or less distinctly. Take her appeal to the street woman, who complained of the delay to execute a public malefactor—"Would she so desire were the criminal her son? She had forgotten," continues the paragraph, "that every criminal is *somebody's* son." A touching way to close a period; but what does it show? It may show that every criminal is to be pitied, but not at all what Mrs. C. manifestly feels—that he is not to be punished to the fulness of the law. Such appeals, which abound in the book, are, if we may use the expression, the fungal growth of an over-sensitive heart—just as some of her previous remarks proved to be the *fungi* of the brain. Mercy is indeed a

beautiful attribute of justice; but, after all, one only among many. "It," says Sheridan, beautifully speaking of justice, "is in its loveliest attitude when bending to uplift the suppliant at its feet." But if always bending, no longer justice—no longer would it need to be either inquisitive or searching, vigilant or active, commanding or awful. There is this difference between love and duty: that while duty to all, and duty to individuals may have perfect agreement, love to all may sometimes be at disagreement with particular love. Thus duty is higher than love. Does not the writer see that any or all of her sweetly extenuating voices of sympathy plead as strongly for a sufferer under Infinite punishment as under this temporal? "Far from us," said Burke, with something of his usual extravagance, and a great deal of his usual good sense, "be that false, affected, hypocritical candor that is eternally in treaty with crime; that half-virtue, which, like the ambiguous animal that flies about in the twilight of a compromise between day and night, is to a just man's eye an odious and disgusting thing." Thus fretted that greatest of great men at the casual expressions of sympathy for the very questionable culprit, Warren Hastings.

We are glad to afford our readers another relief—a couple of pages and more, which we transcribe from Letter XXX. with pleasure, and with fullest commendation. Surely we have a right to change our topic as violently—as these letters theirs.

"There is a false necessity with which we industriously surround ourselves; a circle that never expands; whose iron never changes to ductile gold. This is the presence of public opinion: the intolerable restraint of conventional forms. Under this despotic influence, men and women check their best impulses, suppress their noblest feelings, conceal their highest thoughts. Each longs for full communion with other souls, but dares not give utterance to its yearnings. What hinders? The fear of what Mrs. Smith or Mrs. Clark will say; or the frown of some sect; or the anathema of some synod; or the fashion of some clique; or the laugh of some club; or the misrepresentation of some political party. Oh, thou foolish soul! Thou art afraid of thy neighbor, and knowest not that he is equally afraid of thee. He has bound thy hands, and thou hast fettered his feet. It were wise for both to snap the imaginary bonds, and walk onwards unshackled. If

thy heart yearns for love, *be loving*; if thou wouldst free mankind, *be free*; if thou wouldst have a brother frank to thee, *be frank* to him.

"But what will people say?"

"Why does it concern thee *what* they say? Thy life is not in *their* hands. They can give thee nothing of real value, nor take from thee any thing that is worth the having. Satan may *promise* thee all the kingdoms of the earth, but he has not an acre of it to give. He may offer much as the price of his worship, but there is a flaw in all his title-deeds. Eternal and sure is the promise, 'Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.'

"But I shall be misunderstood, misrepresented."

"And what if thou art? They who throw stones at what is above them, receive the missiles back again by the law of gravity; and lucky are they if they bruise not their own faces. Would that I could persuade all who read this to be truthful and free; to say what they think, and act what they feel; to cast from them, like ropes of sand, *all* fear of sects and parties, of clans and classes.

"What is there of joyful freedom in our social intercourse? We meet to see each other; and not a peep do we get under the thick, stifling veil which each carries about him. We visit to enjoy ourselves; and our host takes away all our freedom, while we destroy his own. If the host wishes to work or ride, he dare not lest it seem unpolite to the guest; if the guest wishes to read or sleep, he dare not lest it seem unpolite to the host; so they both remain slaves, and feel it a relief to part company. A few individuals, mostly in foreign lands, arrange this matter with wiser freedom. If a visiter arrives, they say, 'I am busy to-day; but if you wish to ride, there are horse and saddle in the stable; if you wish to read, there are books in the parlor; if you want to work, the men are raking hay in the fields; if you want to romp, the children are at play in the court; if you want to talk to me, I can be with you at such an hour. Go where you please, and while you stay, do as you please.'

"At some houses in Florence, large parties meet without invitation, and with the slightest preparation. It is understood that on some particular evening of the week, a lady or gentleman always receive their friends. In one room are books, and busts, and flowers; in another, pictures and engravings; in a third, music. Couples are enconched in some shaded alcove, or groups dotted about the rooms, in mirthful or serious conversation. No one is required to speak to his host, either entering or departing. Lemonade and baskets of fruit stand

here and there on the side-tables, that all may take who like; but *eating*, which constitutes so large a part of all American entertainments, is a slight and almost unnoticed incident in these festivals of intellect and taste. Wouldst thou like to see such social freedom introduced here? Then do it. But the first step must be complete indifference to Mrs. Smith's assertion, that you were mean enough to offer only one kind of cake to your company, and to put less shortening in the under-crust of your pies than the upper. Let Mrs. Smith talk according to her gifts: be thou assured that *all living souls* love freedom better than cake, or under-crust."—(pp. 203-4-5.)

This is good, so far as it goes: we wish that the writer, in place of her meek dissent and quiet ridicule, had employed every allusion that her memory would justify, and every figure of speech her rhetoric could command, to satirize the dogmas of fashionable life. In such work we would bid her, earnestly and in good faith, God-speed; adding thereto, whatever of mockery our feeble language could promote, to throw the foulest odium on those puppets of their own fashion, who prescribe modes and orders for social intercourse. Any severity of remark, any bitterness of ridicule, would be mild weapons wherewith to controvert that growing spirit of stupid formalism which prevails through all the ranks of city life—from the silver bell-pulls of Leroy Place, or St. John's, to the Nag's Head in Barclay-street. Nor is the evil only metropolitan:—the infection reaches to every town in the country that can boast its Mayor, or its Mayor's lady. And, incredible as it may seem, the distinctions in society—which in a measure spring out of city habits, but are yet ordered and modified by the controlling voices of wealth and fashion—are carried, with all the petty modifications they engender, to embitter the freedom and naturalness of country life. Self-possession, ease, and quietness—always the truest tests of good-breeding—can have no place where all is studied constraint. Refinement and intellectual cultivation are utterly inappreciable by those who gloat at the absurd inanities which distinguish prevailing social usage. Does the reader remember how, in the tale of Woodstock, Sir Henry Leo chafes and fumes at the impertinence and noisy merriment of the page Louis Kernegay, until he finds that the blood of royalty flows in his veins, when in an instant,

petulance is succeeded by submission and reverence! Proper familiarity with the forced conventionalities of social life, will, like the blood-royal, carry impudence anywhere, and confront innocence with sensuality, grosser even than that of the Scotch page. Under such disposition of things, polite conversation has become the merest stolidity; no naturalness, no freedom, no heartiness of expression. Where would Charles Lamb find now the type for his Rosamond!—"one whose remarks should be suggested most of them by the passing scene, and betray all of them the liveliness of present impulse; whose conversation should not consist in a comparison of vapid feeling, an interchange of sentiment lip-deep—but have all the freshness of young sensation in it." Here is no extravagance, yet how unreal! Not only is there lack of that *freeness*, which is the subject of the present writer's regret—but also of a fulness, that joined to freedom of thought and of expression, upon any topic suggested, would always give the happiest and healthiest kind of animation to a properly constituted social circle. But where are now the contributing forces to that excitement which keeps alive the general forms of social intercourse? Do they lie within the province of reason, or anywhere upon the broad ground of what Mrs. C. would call, in her exaggerated way—Universal Love! How utterly the reality falsifies either supposition! We seriously believe that they have their origin in the worst kinds of selfish pride, and ignorant vanity.

Another suggestion occurs to us, in view of the present state of polite society. Its whole tendency is to wean away from the quiet and the charms—as they once were—of the domestic circle. For the forms and vulgar ceremonies of the one, are wholly foreign to the freedom and conviviality of the other. A taste for the one will insensibly breed a distaste for the other. Not a woman, nor man either, can put away their habit of thought, and expression, and action, as they would a garment. Hence, the charm that lay in the fireside circle is gone;—that promoter of virtue—that restorer of broken spirits—that procurer of heart-felt contentedness—is gone. Not a hundredth part can the bewildering excitements of what we call society supply the earnest and hearty joys that used to gather round the hearth-

stone at evening. Who, that is reading this, has been so barbarously taught from childhood, as not to have somewhere in his memory—a little corner—a nook—filled with some such image as is now present to our mind,—of crackling flames—of youngsters busy with old Dr. Aikin and Mrs. Barbauld—of girls, not grown too old for some such story as that of the Skotcher Boy or Lazy Lawrence—or, hearkening intently to the tale of some neighbor grandam, or to the mother as she runs softly through some of Crabbe's silver melody, or, possibly, to the father, lifting up his voice to some of Milton's organ-music, or the glorious, great things of history!

We think, then, there is needed, in view of the social reform our authoress proposes, primal attention in the sphere we have designated—need of the independence she suggests; an independent love of home; an independent appreciation of its privileges; an independent love of its quietude; an independent contempt for those excitements and follies which destroy its best influences, and canker all its joys.

We have not done with this subject yet. The refinement which the prevailing systems of polite education demand, has no sort of relation to the social qualities of the heart or mind; it has not even any connection with the duties of private companionship, or the enlivenment of domestic scenes; but its whole meaning, and nature, and ends, as currently understood, centre in *publicity*. Refinement is opposed to vulgarity, and vulgarity is understood to mean only non-compliance with those forms of speech, or dress, or action, which existing fashion has brought into vogue, and which the next change may carry out. Immorality has no part in the making up of what is called, in the polite circles, vulgarity. So, too, highest natural endowment, and elegant cultivation of the mental perceptions, have little to do with the popular meaning of refinement. Hence, the education of females especially—for with them rests the control of the social usages we are considering—is modulated to a compliance with those established public forms and ceremonies—called, when the compliance is nice, and, as it were, insensible, refinement—which refinement, or which education, for the one is the other, has no foundation in any truthful sentiment of the mind, or any natural love of the

heart. But truth or love must be the basis of all genuine social enjoyment. Not intoxication of the spirits—not mere compliance with formalities—not fullest occupation of rank—but that genuine heart-flow which two or three may make up as fully as a thousand. They alone will create and keep alive such charms as will outlast life, and only make the domestic state happy. Without them, the subjects of the education mentioned above must look for an appreciation of their unreal and factitious attractions, to a constant, and, as it appears to us, immodest, connection with publicity. This connection matured, forms that gangrene on our social life which is called Fashionable Society,—that society of which Madame de Staël says justly:—"How hard it makes the heart, how frivolous the mind! *How it makes us live for what others may say of us!*" Of this monarch among women, Mrs. C., by the way, frequently reminds us—from her impassioned bursts of feeling, and exaggerated tones. This much, even, we count high praise.

But what have we here? "You ask my opinions about 'Women's Rights.'" We must confess, that after our happy agreement with Mrs. C. upon a somewhat kindred topic, we approached this chapter with some tremor—for not willingly would we disagree—feeling that the subject was one which required a great deal of quiet tact and shrewdness, and very little of impassioned or imaginative feeling, for proper management. And we knew, and the reader knows, from what glimpses he may have already had, that Mrs. C. could not bring to the discussion the requisite faculties, and held in excess those which were unfit.

She opens with some pleasant retorts upon those who have fancied that woman's interference with public business would be necessarily accompanied with boldness and vulgarity. Next, she advances the agreeable idea, that the mildness of woman's nature approaches more nearly to the Gospel standard of excellence than any attainments of manly supremacy, or any manifestations of mental courage. The boldness of her opinion on this point goes so far as even to liken the meek expression and beauty of woman to the Great Head of Christianity;* but the acute intellect and political cunning of man, to—the Devil! But her

grand stand-point, to which these playful witticisms are but so many *exordia*, seems to be this:—"The present position of women in society is the result of physical force."—(p. 234.) This is a distinct and full proposition. The confirmatory testimony is in a nutshell, and is equally satisfactory:—"Whoever doubts it, let her reflect why she is afraid to go out in the evening without the protection of a man." We repeat it again—now reversing the terms, and supplying the minor of the premises—thus reducing it to the form of a proper enthymeme: Woman is afraid to go out in the evening without the protection of a man; man's physical force is the occasion of the fear; therefore, the present position of women in society is the result of physical force. The logic is even better than the sentiment; and the logic is shocking. She follows her proposition in this language:

"What constitutes the danger of aggression? Superior physical strength uncontrolled by the moral sentiments. That animal instinct and brute force now govern the world, is painfully apparent in the condition of women everywhere,—from the Morduan Tartars, whose ceremony of marriage consists in placing the bride on a mat, and consigning her to the bridegroom, with the words, 'Here, wolf, take thy lamb'—to the German remark, that 'Stiff ale, stinging tobacco, and a girl in her smart dress, are the best things.' The same thing, softened by the refinements of civilization, peeps out in Stephens' remark, that 'woman never looks so interesting as when leaning on the arm of a soldier;' and in Hazlitt's complaint that 'it is not easy to keep up conversation with women in company. It is thought a piece of rudeness to differ from them: it is not quite fair to ask them a *reason* for what they say.'"—(pp. 234-5.)

We fear we shall be guilty of a piece of rudeness, in saying that these reasons, which we have without the asking, appear to us to be no reasons at all. Such a silly remark as this—a man never appears so interesting as when in the dress of a soldier, with a woman leaning on his arm, would seem to our obtuse senses as good proof that "animal instinct and brute force now govern the world," as the equally silly remark which Mrs. C. quotes from Stephens. If she wishes to make out the fact—that woman is everywhere dependent upon the superior energies and physical power of man for protection—

* Vide p. 234.

it is granted, before it is stated; and the reasons why it is so, are demonstrative; and the reasons why it should be so, intuitive.

We cannot resist the temptation to quote here a paragraph from an ingenious treatise, by a lady writer, which covers the whole matter with sufficiency of reasoning, and wonderful aptness of illustration:—

"All inconvenience is avoided by a slight inferiority of strength and abilities in one of the sexes. This gradually develops a particular turn of character, a new class of affections and sentiments that humanize and embellish the species more than any others. These lead at once, without art or hesitation, to a division of duties, needed alike in all situations, and produce that order without which there can be no social progression. In the treatise of *The Hand*, by Sir Charles Bell, we learn that the left hand and foot are naturally a little weaker than the right; the effect of this is to make us more prompt and dexterous than we should otherwise be. If there were no difference at all between the right and left limbs, the slight degree of hesitation which hand to use, or which foot to put forward, would create an awkwardness that would operate more or less every moment of our lives, and the provision to prevent it seems analogous to the difference Nature has made between the strength of the sexes."

We shall take the liberty of quoting two or three detached passages from Mrs. C.'s chapter, that the curious reader may be enabled to arrive a little more fully at her peculiar ideas.

"There are few books," says she, "which I can read through, without feeling insulted as a woman; but this insult is almost universally conveyed through that which was intended for praise. Just imagine, for a moment, what impression it would make on men, if women authors should write about their 'rosy lips,' and 'melting eyes,' and 'voluptuous forms,' as they write about us! That women in general do not feel this kind of flattery to be an insult, I readily admit: for, in the first place, they do not perceive the gross chattel principle, of which it is the utterance; moreover, they have from long habit become accustomed to consider themselves as household conveniences, or gilded toys. Hence they consider it feminine and pretty to abjure all such use of their faculties as would make them co-workers with man in the advancement of those great principles on which the progress of society depends."

Again: "I have said enough to show

that I consider prevalent opinions and customs highly unfavorable to the moral and intellectual development of women; and I need not say that in proportion to their true culture, women will be more useful and happy, and domestic life more perfected. True culture in them, as in men, consists in the full and free development of individual character, regulated by their own perceptions of what is true and their own love of what is good."

We lay down the book here a moment, to express our general assent with the last-quoted opinions, with this demurrer only: we do not apprehend, with the writer, that women anywhere need be instructed to regulate "their individual character by their own perceptions of what is true"—the need in the case we suppose to be simply this: that those perceptions, and that "love," should be rendered strong and definite.

But we quote again; our writer appearing now in the new character of a prophetess:—

"The nearer society approaches to divine order, the less separation will there be in the characters, duties, and pursuits of men and women. Women will not become less gentle and graceful, but men will become more so. Women will not neglect the care and education of their children, but men will find themselves ennobled and refined by sharing those duties with them; and will receive in return co-operation and sympathy in the discharge of various other duties now deemed inappropriate to women. The more women become rational companions, partners in business and in thought, as well as in affection and amusement, the more highly will men appreciate home."

Is this true? The heart is an odd one that feels it to be so. Home—why, it is the blessed, and ever to be blessed absence of worldly thought and anxiety, that makes it let in such glimpses of Heaven. What could breed quicker or fiercer—than the coming-in of life's business and harassing cares—the

troublesome storms that toss
The private state, and render life unsweet!

But we quote once more—her closing paragraph:

"The conviction that woman's present position in society is a false one, and therefore reacts disastrously on the happiness and improvement of man, is pressing, by slow degrees, on the common consciousness, through all the obstacles of bigotry, sensuality, and selfishness. As man approaches to the truest life, he will perceive

more and more that there is no separation or discord in their mutual duties. They will be one, but it will be as affection and thought are one; the treble and bass of the same harmonious tune."

We have thus given Mrs. C. the benefit of her own representations; nor would we let our language jar discordantly upon the rich tone of prophecy into which she so naturally falls. We, too, believe and trust in a higher harmony to be heard yet on earth; but so far as the respective duties of man and woman are concerned, we believe it will consist in perfect and well-ordered distinction. Treble and bass make harmony, it is true; but amalgamate them in a common utterance, and the charm of the music is gone. Affection and thought appear to us in no way one. And if it were possible to conceive of every thought as made up of affection, and every affection as a mental act, the beauty of the one and the force of the other would be lost. The universe is in a noble sense one; and in a conceivable sense distinct in parts. As one, it has entireness, likeness, and grandeur of movement;—as many, its parts have their proper and peculiar action: as one, it possesses a glorious harmony, limited only by itself, and as more than one, its several units possess the attributes of individual perfection, comparable only with themselves.

Women's rights are one thing; women's duties quite another. Very many women are disposed to discuss the first, who are exceeding shy of the latter. Mrs. C., in a rambling way, (all letters are rambling,) runs over both grounds, and ends with assuming that man's duties and women's should coalesce. This seems to us a meager handling of the great issues—very meager. The grand question is this—what duties, in this strange, perplexed lifetime of ours, belong more appropriately to women than to men? The next question is equally plain and to the point—are these duties performed—fully, rightly, advantageously performed?

The question of man's duties and their performance is another, and one for his conscience to deal with. And woman must have her question of duty, and be guided in answer by her perception of what is true, and her love of what is good. And would to Heaven that those perceptions and that love were better fortified with reason, and more familiar by frequent appeals, than we have cause to think.

Is it wrong for us to inquire, in this connection, where some of the more prominent duties lie? And we fall back here upon what we have previously said relative to the sickening formalities of social life. Here lies work, in subduing, purging, and building anew. It is an urgent duty of women everywhere to direct the weight of their influence against those *dicta* of fashion which are ridiculous in themselves, and which enrb every natural expression of thought or manner; which, discarding appropriate distinctions between refinement and vulgarity, education and ignorance, set up their own unreal distinctions, guarding them with despotic sway, and blazoning them over with the false glare of their own deceits and follies. Tell us, Mrs. C., looking back to your eloquent chapter of regrets at the mockery which invests social usage, tell us, is woman fulfilling her right vocation in adding to, more and more, the frivolities which consummate the evil; and if she has not an appropriate work—more appropriate than new-modelling alms-houses, or satirizing civil justice—in frowning down those pompous vanities, and that empty ostentation, which, together, are doing more to teach ignorance and vice, that society is rotten, is tottering and deserves to fall, than all the misregulations of prisons, or the errors of legislation, or the most wanton scapements of justice? To that woman, your neighbor—not the man, gross though he is—to the woman, following every shifting tide of fashion in her dress and manner, obeying every idle requirement of its voice in her home and with her children, levelling her distinctions with ignorant pride, sucking ever at the faintest hope of enlisting public attention—no from the prudence of her domestic management, not from the entireness of conjugal devotion, not from the depth and richness of her social qualities, not from the diffusion of her benevolence, but from the exquisite nicety of conformance with certain arbitrary and soulless forms—to her we bid you go, good Mrs. C., with your pleading voice and your sharp invective, and you will find work enough without enlisting in man's duty of directing civil progress. Do you resort to the old bugbear, the criminality of society, in breeding and fostering its own ailments? This is idle—idle before, and idle now. Such reasoning falls voiceless. The *argumentum ad hominem* must be the appeal. Besides, we have not now to do with so-

ciety in its corporate capacity. Social life is the word, and here woman should rule supreme arbitress of forms. She is responsible, and justly so, for every controlling usage.

We regret that our space compels us to leave the subject with this mere glance at one of its features. We may possibly take some future occasion to pursue our thoughts further upon this and kindred topics.

A word or two now about the book; for we should hardly be true to our office of reviewer without some such note. Yet it would be scarcely fair to test its matter, as a whole, by any rules of critical analysis. Written, as it seems to have been, at different times, and without comparison of the parts, there is of necessity frequent repetition of some opinions and phrases. Many things are for the like reason carelessly said—some unprettily said; and her illustrations, though fanciful, are many of them crude and undigested. But there is little that is commonplace in the volume. This is praise; better praise than we wish we could give parts of it, which seem to us objectionable in sentiment. Moreover, there is a vivacious naturalness about the book, compassing even its oddities, covering up its minor defects of rhetoric, that to one like ourselves, tired with the heat and dust of this dry September, is refreshing as an April shower. At times, too, there are scattered up and down over the letters little eloquent apostrophes, which, if we liken its general vivacity to a shower, may in sequence be likened to an iced draught of the pure element. We have not even now said what we might say, that there is an extravagant tone pervading the whole, which being at once natural and graceful in the writer, we can by no means condemn; but the same being strange and unsuited to a running comment upon practical matters, and such occasionally are sublimed by the writer's touch, we cannot wholly praise. Mrs. C. should have written "Letters from the Country." How redolent would they have been of fresh air and springing verdure! how full of the music of birds, and of leaves, and of brooks murmuring softly—as brooks do

in dreams! What a book would it have been for a companion in summer-time, for one to lounge with of a hot afternoon, under grand old trees, whose leaves let no spangle of the sunshine through upon the grass where you lie—watching sun and shadow chasing each other far away, and then the lights and shades of the book, the original and the copy, at a glance. As it is, we see everyday scenes when we see them at all—for it is wonderful how the writer, living in a city, has found extrinsic sources of interest—through a prism. Every beggar we meet is a Belisarius or Cervantes; every rambling songstress a Corinne forsaken; every outcast a Lear without his crown; every street-walker an Olivia Primrose. And if she were to write us a novel—as who knows but she may—there would be in it enormities, but few realities—personifications, with few persons;—there would be witches, but no Macduff; Rob Roy, but no Nicol Jarvie; Meg, but no Daandie Dinmont; Burchell, but no Vicar; Titania and Peas Blossom, but no Snug or Bottom; Ravenswood, but no Caleb; Juno, but no Andromache.

It is, in short, a book for a steamboat ride, but not upon the Hudson; to relieve a sick chamber, but the patient must not be nervous; to engage a man after business hours, but he must avoid the Woman's Rights. It is a book for you, indulgent reader, to run through after this hasty comment, and say if you will be most her friend or our friend—or, better, friend to both.

One word more, and a kind one, to Mrs. Child. We wish not to lessen one iota the amount of your influence, which we believe to be considerable; and so believing, we implore you, by your hatred of formalism and cant, of ostentation and pride—by your sympathy with human want, and your hearty relish for all that is natural and noble in thought and in action, to direct that influence against the crying evils of social life. Your energies misdirected will avail less than those of a weak man; rightly directed, they will avail more than those of the strongest. "*Vale, nunc—tibi que persuade, esse te quidem mihi caram; sed multo fore cariorem, si talibus preceptis latabere.*"

MR. CLAY—THE TEXAS QUESTION.

THE life and character of Henry Clay are fully before the public. Were it otherwise, no brief space, which alone this journal could afford—a few pages quickly and easily run over—would suffice for such a purpose. No scattered words of tribute could bring a man before us, who, for half a century, has filled so large a space in the eye of the nation—who, for all coming time, will occupy and adorn so large a portion of the nation's history. But it is in all respects unnecessary. His humble childhood and early struggles, his subsequent long and brilliant career, his great public services and eminently noble qualities, have been many times set forth and with the greatest distinctness. The various distinguished positions which he has occupied from the first are, perhaps, more familiar to the people than those of any man, but Washington, who has arisen in the commonwealth. From his birth in a farmhouse of Virginia amid the conflict of the Revolution, and his entrance, an unfriended youth, into the hardships of a professional life in the West, to his last exit from the chief council of the nation—whether lifting the hand of eloquence at the bar or in the senate-chamber, whether raising a determined voice for the birth of other republics in the New World, and against the oppression of long-struggling, famished, and down-trodden Greece, or presenting an equally determined front towards the encroachments of executive power at home—whether representing the dignity and worth of the American name in a foreign country, or, in our own midst, forming, defending, establishing, the great American System of Finance, or, by the efforts of an almost despairing eloquence, saving the republic from dishonor, disunion, and ruin—no one of these, or the many other high stations occupied by him in the public eye, during the course of a long life, did Mr. Clay ever leave with one stain upon his public character, or without an addition to his honorable fame. But, of all those elevated positions, though some may have been by externals more brilliant, no one has appeared to us more truly exalted by purity of patriotism and the dig-

nity of wide-seeing statesmanship, than that in which he now, at last, stands before us, on the exciting question of the admission of Texas into our Union. And we esteem ourselves fortunate that we can fortify our opinion by such a communication as follows, from one not blinded by the dust of any political arena, but whose vision is the clearer, that he looks forth upon men and things from the calmness of academic shades and the quiet repose of Letters.

To the Editor of the American Review.

SIR—I am no politician in the ordinary sense of that term; that is, I never have held, and I never expect to hold office. My daily professional employments remove me far from the strifes of elections and mass-meetings. The pursuits in which I am constantly engaged are such as, in any ordinary condition of our country, would entirely shut me out from all active participation in the political contentions of the day; and yet I must confess a deep and, at times, a most exciting interest in the result of the present election. The reasons of this interest I wish to state, because they are somewhat different from those which are most usually urged upon the country. I profess no very deep understanding of the real merits of those questions of tariff, currency, and distribution, which most regard as the main matters at issue. As far as I understand these points, I am in favor of the Whig measures, at the same time admitting that their opponents may possibly be right, that they present some fair arguments, and that their policy, if wrong, could only produce a temporary evil, soon to be rectified when the mischief should be so palpable that a desire for its removal would become stronger than any party ties. But, sir, I go much further than this. If I were opposed to the Whig policy on all the points which have been mentioned, and decidedly in favor of all the Loco-Foco views on the same subjects, I should still give my vote, and a thousand if I had them, for Henry Clay. For such an apparent inconsistency many reasons might be given,

derived from the personal character of the man, and justifying the most enthusiastic admiration that could be felt for him. The views at present offered, however, are mainly grounded on his letter written last spring, in which he expresses his opinion on the annexation of Texas. It does really seem wonderful that lower considerations, arising from collateral aspects of the question, should have kept in the back-ground the truly elevated position Mr. Clay there assumes, especially when contrasted with that of others who have addressed the public on the same matter. Mr. Polk is for "*immediate annexation*," reason or no reason, come war come peace, irrespective of national honor, national treaties, the common law of mankind, and even the law of God himself. Gov. Cass and Gen. Jackson rise a little higher. They have a show of reasons, in its pretended importance as a military frontier; reasons, to be sure, which no man's common sense can appreciate, yet still they may be called reasons, if their authors will have it so. Mr. Van Buren, in a manner more honorable to himself, views the question in its relation to foreign nations, to peace and war, the present national treaties, and present obligations. Mr. Calhoun and the southern democrats advocate it on account of its tendency to perpetuate their favorite domestic institutions. The northern abolitionists take ground above all these, and oppose it because the measure is at war with the interests of freedom, and would extend the *area* of slavery. Mr. Clay, we hesitate not on saying, assumes a position even higher than this; a position which, for its abstract grandeur, ought to call forth the warm admiration of friend and foe, whether at the south or at the north, whether pro-slavery or ultra-abolitionist. It is a position characteristic of himself, because it exhibits that trait which has ever been most prominent during his whole public life. This letter shows him to be what he is, and ever has been, a *national man*. Contrast with it the contemptible epistle of Polk to Kane, on the subject of protection; contrast with it the letters of the various democratic candidates, before the Baltimore convention; contrast with it those miserable productions which, on the eve of an election, are sometimes drawn from men whom third parties, in their usual way, succeed in making hypocrites. The letter of Henry Clay is for the nation;

it is for all time—for all similar cases. It contains words of wisdom, and maxims of statesmanship, that may be quoted, and, we believe, will be quoted, centuries hence. The temporary questions connected with Texas may, in a few years, cease to have any interest; even a war with Mexico, or with England, after having produced the usual amount of blood and death, would pass away, and might even leave some lessons of salutary wisdom to compensate, in some degree, for the evils it had occasioned. Much as such events are to be deprecated, their evils are temporary and remediable. So, also, may we say in regard to the bearings of the question on the subject of slavery, fraught, as they evidently are, with the most tremendous issues. Slavery is but an incident to our original condition and present frame of government, and, be the period longer or shorter, will, in the course of events, have an end. Those who oppose the annexation on this account, do so from noble and elevated motives, and the majority of such, we are persuaded, will cordially support the man who agrees with them in the result, although he arrives at it from considerations more purely national, and more deeply connected with the vital interests of our confederacy. We say that there is a higher reason than those which are connected with the subject of slavery, and this is the reason which naturally and spontaneously presents itself to the mind of Henry Clay. Let us, in imagination, follow him to the retirement of his chamber, as he sits down to answer a request for an expression of his views on this subject. We may suppose him fully aware of the use to which such an answer will be applied; we may imagine the deep personal interest he has in so constructing it as to please the majority, from whose suffrages he is ardently desirous of obtaining the end of a noble ambition. All these influences would strongly concur in inducing him to view the question as other men do, in its merest temporary aspects; and to those temporary aspects he does give an attention commensurate with their importance. But this is not enough for Henry Clay; as he writes on, and his soul becomes warmed, all these considerations vanish. The fixed and long-cherished habits and thoughts of the statesman, which we may suppose, for a moment, to have been superseded by personal

anxieties in respect to the bearing of the question on his own political prospects, come back to their usual course, and he is himself again. The candidate for office is forgotten, and he is once more, in imagination, on the floor of the senate-house—the legislator, the statesman, the man of enlarged and national feelings. Every consideration is now too narrow for his mind, unless it embrace the whole extent of his country's confederated territory, and the whole period of her national existence. Its collateral bearings are laid aside as he discovers that here, in this very measure, got up and concocted, as it evidently was, for the vilest of mere party purposes, there is, nevertheless, involved a profound constitutional question. Here is to be considered a grave rule of national action—a rule to be settled now, and the issues of which, if settled wrong, are fraught with evils which no man can calculate; for they reach beyond peace and war, beyond even slavery and anti-slavery, into the most vital principles, into the very heart of our confederacy. Shall such a question, he asks himself, become the game of a political canvass? Shall it be settled in the heat of an excited general election? Shall it be a matter of majorities? No, says Henry Clay; here are other issues involved, of far more consequence. It is not a question of admitting a young sister territory within our acknowledged limits, and which had been, from infancy, fostered and nursed with the expectation of being received into the family of states; the constitution had clearly provided for that. It is the far more momentous question of the incorporation of a foreign state, as much foreign as France or England. There is, then, a point to be first settled, in comparison with which the present election, considered merely in itself, the military advantages of Texas, the plans of England, or even the far higher considerations of its present bearings upon slavery, are all to be postponed. This, surely, is not a matter to be decided simply by majorities. It is no question of ordinary internal legislation. Here, all should be strict constructionists, whatever measure of liberality we might be inclined to indulge in other and more domestic matters; here, if ever, the doctrine of *state-rights* has some meaning—in fact, a most important significance. If in any sense we are a partnership, a confederacy of states, we are

most certainly such in respect to this. Viewed in any light, and on either of the contested theories of our constitution, it swells into a question of equal magnitude and importance. If we should ever act in reference to the will of the *whole nation*, instead of the will of any part, be it larger or smaller, majority or not; or, in other words, if there are any acts which should be pre-eminently, and in the very highest sense, *national*, this, of all others, is such an act. It should be viewed with no reference to Southern institutions, or Northern opposition to them. It involves a national proceeding back of all ordinary enactments, back even of the constitution, which contains no provision for such a step, and which must be so essentially modified by it—a national proceeding requiring something of a renewed exercise of that original vitality which gave birth to the constitution itself. Adopt whatever theory we please; whether we argue as the advocates of the *confederated* or more *national* aspect of our government, it is, in the one case, nothing less than the admission of a new and foreign member into a partnership originally formed with no reference to it, and, in the other, a violation of the national identity. It is a measure in direct opposition to those state-right principles, insisted on by none more than by those Southern men who are now so clamorous for immediate annexation by a bare majority, and who contradict their own doctrines in that very point, when even the most strenuous opponents of their favorite theory of the constitution would admit that they had some application. For, certainly, if a single state can justly refuse obedience to a law of *internal* legislation, which a majority of the other parties to the compact have deemed sanctioned by the constitution, and by a regard to those very objects which were specially in view in the formation of the government, why may not a single state dissent to the admission of an *external* power, never contemplated in the national articles, and whose incorporation would most seriously affect every interest of the previous national organization? Considerations of equal if not greater force present themselves in that aspect of our government which is regarded as opposed to the doctrine of a confederacy. If, in the one case, the effect of the measure, unless unanimously adopted, would be virtually to dissolve the compact, and leave each part at lib-

erty to refuse association with the foreign intruder, with which it had never formed alliance, it would be, in the other, a complete change of the national identity. It would be, in fact, the creation of a new nation, with new relations, new responsibilities, unknown to the previous organization of the body politic. Our present constitution was for *these* United States. If extended to Texas, it would require a new title and a new ratification; it would be, in fact, a new firm, and, according to all laws of partnership, there would be need of a new promulgation to the world, and a new acknowledgment of its corporate existence, by all parties with whom it might maintain intercourse; there would even be need of a new national flag, and a new inscription on the national coin.

Considerations such as these presented themselves to the mind of Henry Clay, and every lower aspect faded in the comparison. Whatever might be his own personal opinions, as to the mere temporary effects of the step, supposing it to be taken constitutionally, honorably, peaceably, and without the fearful responsibility of extending the *area* of slavery,—whatever might be his sentiments as a Southern man, not viewing, as he most frankly admits, Southern institutions in the same light with the people of the North,—all these were comparatively of but little moment, to the adjustment of the other great national principle, which, when left unsettled, or settled in a wrong way, disarranges all below it, and leaves the most sacred elements of our national life to be the sport of every presidential election, and the game of such men as John Tyler and his treaty-making cabinet.

These, then, were the grounds of that most noble declaration,—that whatever might be his personal views, (which he frankly admits were on the side of the South,) he should oppose the annexation of Texas, irrespective of the particular advantages or disadvantages of the measure, as long as any respectable minority, of any part of the Union, and for any reasons, refused its assent. In the admission of a new partner into the confederacy, or in introducing a new modification of the national existence, he would have even the smallest portion exercise, not only an influence, but a controlling influence. Even Vermont, if she stood alone, should be heard. The reception of this foreign territory might deeply affect her dearest interests. Such an *expansion* of

the national being might (in this day of *strict construction* in regard to all matters of healthy legitimate *internal* legislation) proportionably *restrict* the free exercise of those national prerogatives she had conceded for the common benefit of the confederacy of her sister states, but never for the benefit of Texas. Her interests might clash, or seem to clash, with those of some other members of the original Union, and here she would compromise, if no other method was found effectual, because mutual concession was in the national bond. She might have a strong dislike to certain institutions of other sister states; these, however, she must tolerate for the same reason; but she could not, at the will of a mere majority, consent that this bond should be opened for the admission of other parties, who might hereafter claim from her other compromises, and other concessions, for which she had never stipulated,—who, after having been themselves admitted through the door of the widest latitudinarianism, might hereafter be loudest in the demand of *strict construction*. Conceding, that there was something in the spirit of her assent to the constitution which required her to make compromises of her just claims with South Carolina, no principle of justice, equity, or the constitution, no national feeling, no law of majorities, rightly demanded of her to place herself in a position, when Texas hereafter might successfully require the abandonment of protection to her domestic industry, or that she should be employed in the degrading work of arresting fugitive slaves, who had escaped from this *extended area of freedom*. Hard as was its fulfilment, she had, in consideration of great national interests, promised this to South Carolina, but she never had given the other states, be it larger or smaller majorities of them, power to bind her to the same conditions to Texas, or Canada, or Cuba, should the latter also ever seek to enlarge the area of freedom, by transferring her domestic institutions and her nationality to the United States.

Such are the views most prominent in Mr. Clay's letter. They are noble views—far-reaching, statesman-like views. How immeasurably superior does he appear in this respect to the Polks, the Jacksons, the Casses, and the Tylers, by whom he is assailed! I wonder his own friends have not given them more prominence, instead of being so much occupied with those mere temporary bear-

ings of the question, which Mr. Clay does indeed discuss in a masterly manner, while yet he makes them all inferior to that higher principle, which is identified with the national life, which must live as long as the national existence, and on which, as on a rock of eternal adamant, he takes his immovable position. I wonder that even the reflecting abolitionist, strong as may be his dislike to Mr. Clay as a Southern man and a slaveholder, is not struck with admiration at this noble stand, and does not feel that the destinies of the nation may be safely left in the hands of that man, who is so strongly identified with the national integrity. The obvious determination of a portion of the politicians of this class, to do all in their power to elect Mr. Polk instead of Mr. Clay, and with the full knowledge that the annexation of Texas will be the almost certain result, presents one of the strangest phenomena of the present canvass.

Much as I respect the Whig party, as combining the great mass of the intelligence, patriotism, and national feeling of the country, I cannot but feel that on this and similar great questions Henry Clay is in advance of them. Look at the noble stand he has taken, and the glowing speeches he has repeatedly made in respect to those violations of law and order, which have so long been rife in the Loco-Foco party, and which in the late mob-meeting at Providence received the distinct approbation of all their principal leaders. How little have his earnest exhortations on this point been heeded by a great portion of the Whig press, who ought to have made these things the theme of their loudest and most constant alarm, instead of having been so exclusively occupied with the inferior, although important topics of tariff and distribution! How mortifying the result, if, notwithstanding all this, his party should fail him at the time when he ought to receive the reward of his long career of elevated statesmanship! Above all, how great the disgrace, not to the Whig party, but to the whole nation, that such an affair as this Texas issue, so got up and by such men—so evidently designed (some of our most strenuous opponents openly admitting the fact) to effect the lowest, basest, and most selfish ends—should carry into the presidential chair a man who, but for some circumstances arising out of this measure, would never have been named in connection with the

office! To have Henry Clay beaten by James K. Polk, and on such an issue! Would that every Whig would revolve the mortifying consideration in his mind till his whole soul was fired, and he had resolved to give himself no rest, and his neighbors no rest—to omit no exertion, until the contest is closed and Henry Clay placed in the presidential chair! We have long wanted just such a man there. The station is fast becoming degraded. The succession of James K. Polk to John Tyler would fill up the measure of our country's humiliation. No doubt many of our opponents themselves, after the excitement of the election had subsided, would feel most keenly the humbling result, and most earnestly wish, if it were possible, the disgraceful deed undone. We want men of a far different stamp from those who, on so important a question as this, will answer at once, "*immediate annexation*," with all the greediness of a dog snapping at the offered bone—without taking time to assign even the most miserable reasons for it, lest some other candidate might put in for the job before him. The country has been cursed enough already with such narrow, canine politicians. As Coleridge says, "We want public souls; yes, we want public souls, we want them." We want national souls. We want a man who can look beyond a presidential canvass, whose opinions and whose measures are for the whole nation, and look to its whole existence. Yes, we had better have the faults and errors of such a man, than the mean virtues, if they possess any, of his adversaries.

Irrespective of measures, or even if he should have some measures of mere temporary policy which we might not approve, there is something so healing, so truly conservative, so inspiring to the feeling of national honor, in the elevation to office of such a candidate, as to outweigh all other consideration. Give us an honorable high-minded man, (and such is Henry Clay, with all his alleged faults, his very enemies being judges,) and we may trust him for his measures, because we know the soundness and elevation of his principles. The distinction conveyed by these two words is but little understood by the corrupt and superficial politician. Principles we would never sacrifice, but we hesitate not to say, that there are times when we would prefer men to measures—although a mistake in the latter might perhaps work temporary injury.

It is indeed but temporary, even should it occur, and may be borne; but whose arithmetic can calculate the evils, perhaps the never-to-be-remedied evils, of a corrupt *principle*, engrafted by corrupt men into our institutions—into the very elements of our national life?

There are some few men, Whigs in every other respect, who hesitate on the ground of the tariff. We would not here meddle with their free trade notions, but we would solemnly ask them if they can suffer this single matter to outweigh all other considerations connected with this most important canvass? We would appeal to a gentleman of this city who stands high in the literary world, who has heretofore been a most efficient member of the Whig party, and who is now said to be in the predicament above described. We are perfectly sure that that gentleman must look with abhorrence upon Dorrisism. We are certain that all his religious and political views must be shocked with that Rhode Island demagoguism, with which all the leaders of the Loco-foco party openly avow themselves to be infected. We would not so underrate his intelligence as to suppose him not to be fully aware of the tremendous consequences of that doctrine to all our institutions, and how vastly, if carried out, they must exceed all the temporary evils which he may see in a tariff. We cannot imagine that he does not look with utter loathing upon the corrupt manner in which this wretched Texas issue has been forced into the canvass, and we cannot therefore deem it possible, that such a man, and others who think with him, can make this one principle of free trade the sole turning point of their conduct in the present election. Methinks that such Whigs might learn a lesson of consistency from some of the worst examples of Loco-focoism. We would point them to the course of that section of the Polk party represented by the Evening Post. How bravely do they adhere to their man, notwithstanding they admit that he received his nomination on the strength of one of the most "*contemptible measures and corrupt intrigues*" that ever disgraced the nation—that he was selected on no other ground, and that the measure itself is "*fraught with the most alarming evils to the country.*" Yet must we suppose (for we would not charge such honorable men with a corrupt inconsistency) that they are led to support all this by their unaffected admi-

ration for the character of James K. Polk. His brilliant career as a statesman, his close identification with all the great measures of his country's history, his elevated views on all other subjects, his strong national feeling, his noble frankness and magnanimity, his utter scorn at the very appearance of deception, as manifested in his letter to Mr. Kane of Pennsylvania, the celebrity of his ancestral name—all these considerations, doubtless, combine with these gentlemen to outweigh this small affair of Texas. Cannot some Whigs learn a lesson from this, and is there nothing in the character of Henry Clay which would justify them in reversing this picture in every single point, and drawing from it ten-fold stronger motives for his support; although in the earlier part of his life he may have fought a duel, or his notions on free trade may differ from their own?

We repeat it then, we want noble men, with noble *principles*, and we may trust them for their measures. The very election of such men as Clay and Frelinghuysen, after the long reign of corruption and intrigue, is worth more to the country than the mere success of any measure of mere internal, temporary legislation. In electing them we secure the continuance of the present most beneficial tariff, a settlement much to be desired of the perplexing question of the national currency, the distribution of the proceeds of the public lands, and the adoption of other measures most necessary to the national welfare. We also prevent the infamous annexation of Texas, against which our candidate's word is pledged, on the highest of all grounds—a pledge which no man doubts he will most honorably maintain. But the sublimest result of the victory will be, that we rebuke that foul spirit of anarchy and disorganization, which has found so much countenance with the other party. We cut off the heads of all that young brood of radical Hydras, which, though as yet of comparatively feeble growth, are constantly sprouting up from the venomous Typhon of Loco-focoism and infidelity. We purge that political charnel-house at Washington, which has so long tainted our moral atmosphere; threatening, unless speedily removed, to breed an incurable pestilence in the body politic; and last, though not least, we do, by the highest national act, incorporate among the permanent interpretations of the Constitution Mr. Clay's noble protest against the

admission of a foreign territory, in opposition to the dissent of even a small minority of the members of the confederacy. By making it now the successful watchword of the whig party, we render it for all time to come the glorious motto of constitutional conservatism. We wrest from the demagogue the hope of ever again playing the same game with Canada, or Cuba, or any other contiguous

territory, from the accession of which a corrupt political party may seek to derive political strength, irrespective of all other considerations. Finally, we disappoint the hopes of English Tories, and all European aristocrats, derived from what they have the sagacity to perceive must be the inevitable consequence of Locofocoism, in overthrowing everywhere all respect for free institutions.

WHO SHALL LEAD THE NATION!

SOME POLITICAL LINES NOT REQUIRED TO BE SUNG.

In the land of the West, where the sun hath rest
And the evening-star hangs bright,
There's a chieftain stands—in his fearless hands
Upholding a banner of light.
We are strong when we gaze on his earnest face,
We thrill when his voice sounds high;
At the beating we start of his dauntless heart,
And burn at his eloquent eye!

Oh! ever be blest the Man of the West,
While the evening-star hangs bright!
We'll go with him on till the battle be won
For our country, the truth, and right!

So bravely he stood, while the ceaseless flood
Bore off his earlier years—
With a voice and hand for his native land,
And a soul unknown to fears;
And his well-won praise, in the former days,
Was a part of the nation's fame—
For the title he bore on many a shore
Shone high with Liberty's name!

Then dark grew the hours! Base, treacherous powers
Long ruled by corruption and guile;
We triumphed—our trust was trampled in dust,
A traitor had made us his spoil!
Our credit was fled, our industry dead,
The wide wings of commerce were furled,
And the deeds we had done, the renown we had won,
Were a taunt and a jeer to the world!

And the profits of vice were bought at a price,
And infamy carelessly borne,
And error was rife in the highways of life,
And the by-paths were planted with thorn;
And comfort had gone from the cold hearth-stone,
And sorrow came in like the sea—
For confidence then from the hearts of men,
Seemed sadly forever to flee.

Yet brightly and high on the darkened sky
 There streamed a broad banner of light,
 And He of the West, from his bold, stern breast,
 Flung out a loud voice to the night :
 " O sons of the brave by mountain and wave !
 Oh, bartered—dishonored—undone !—
 Yet why !—when ye stand on your native land,
 Where the battles of freedom were won !

" Who trample ye down, and laugh at your frown ?
 Who deem ye so easy to bind ?
 Who talk of relief, then sneer at your grief
 When their promise proves vain as the wind ?
 And are ye then sold for a price that is told ?
 Still know ye the soil of your birth ?
 O men ! ye are strong to right the wrong—
Fling down the usurpers to earth !"

So looks he afar to the field of war,
 And he calls to the homes of the free,
 And the nation awakes, as a tempest shakes
 The woods and the mighty sea ;
 And the beacon-lights fade on the heights
 As the hill-tops brighten with day,
 And the valleys ring out to the mountain's shout—
 " Prosperity, freedom, and CLAY !"

Oh ! ever be blest, thou chief of the West,
 While the evening-star hangs bright !
 We'll go with thee on till the battle be won
 For our country, the truth, and right !

CANZONET.

MAID, 'mid the autumn leaves
 Weeping alone !
 Why do thy ceaseless tears
 Wet the gray stone !
 Is it a father's loss
 Seal'd in thy breast ?
 Is it a mother laid
 Early to rest ?

Or hast thou a sister
 Remember'd in Heaven !
 Or have friends to the dark earth
 The lips of love given !—
 MAID, 'mid the autumn leaves
 Weeping alone !
 Why do thy ceaseless tears
 Wet the gray stone !

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF TRAVELS.

THERE are many things of diversified interest in the north of Ireland, both in the inhabitants and in the scenery, whether of land or water; and the Irish character is always a pleasant study.

We left Glasgow, in a steamer, at four o'clock of a pleasant day, and sailed rapidly down the Clyde. The spires and smoke of the city were soon left behind us, but the spirit of the great emporium of commerce and manufactures was all the way visible in great pillars of smoke rising above it; and hundreds of black steamers, and sloops with sails nearly as black, were plying up and down the river; and the banks everywhere gave forth the full hum of busy life.

A hearty, good-looking Scotch burgher sat next to me, and occasionally pointed out the objects of interest on the shore.

"Yon' white monument's to the memory of Watt, him that made the steam-engin'. He was a benefactor."

I ventured a remark about Fulton's labors in that line, but he seemed never to have heard of him. We soon came in sight of Dumbarton castle, a memorable fortress, associated with Bruce, and other glorious names in Scotland. It is situated on a rock some hundreds of feet high, which seems to have been made by nature for the express purpose of protecting the river. The last rays of the sun were falling upon the old gray walls, and the troops were beating the evening reveillé as we passed. Observing the evident pleasure with which I gazed upon the scene, the old Scotchman turned to me, and, with a quiet smile, observed:

"Ay, it's a braw sight! And so is war alway, till the broken banes and brakin' taxes tell its cost; but, then, there's mony a man wad rather be marched after with the funeral-drum and a train o' soldiers on a distant shore, than be buried a few years later by a plain procession o' his ain townsmen, and the auld kirk service."

I made no immediate reply to this singular comment upon the passion for glory "e'en at the cannon's mouth;" but our subsequent conversation showed

my companion eloquent upon the useful arts of peace and the evil effects of war.

There were some twenty or thirty cabin passengers, and, on the forward decks, some sixty or seventy Irish laborers, returning from the harvest in England. The men, women, and children were huddled together, in rags, wretchedness, and filth, apparently making their stumps of pipes serve the place of victual and drink; and for this purpose they gathered up with avidity every cigar-stump the passengers threw away. There was a great glistening of eyes when a few bottles of whiskey were added to their supply of creature comforts! They laughed and joked with each other, and made their very rags a subject of sport.

The steward's bell summoned us to dinner, and about twelve of us took our seats at a neatly-laid table, in a cabin more tastefully painted and adorned than is usual on English steamers. The captain, a fine-looking old Scotchman, reverently asked a blessing, in which every one joined with, as I thought, increased earnestness from having just left the half-starved laborers on deck. I could not but feel the full force of Burns's blessing:

"Some ha' meat and canna eat,
And some wad eat that want it;
But we ha' meat, and we can eat,
And so let God be thanket."

There was ham, and Scotch mutton—the best in the world—and dishes of smoking potatoes bursting open with desire to be eaten, and huge sirloins of beef, from which the juice flowed at every turn of the knife. It was well the poor fellows above could not look on: the wretched condition of Tantalus would have been illustrated in a large number of very ragged cases.

By degrees, the conversation became general, the captain taking the lead, and the topics being constantly varied—the free church, the state of Ireland, and the merits of potatoes—and, finally, when the crackers and cheese, the decanter of mountain-dew, the sugar and hot water,

had been brought on, every one seemed to be on the best possible terms with himself and his neighbor. They were all, except myself, bound to Londonderry, which was the destination of the steamer, and they appeared to be plain farmers, or traders, in and about that place, with the exception of my friend the old burgher, who was a manufacturer at Glasgow. Anecdote and story-telling now became the order of the day, or rather night; and, finding that I was bound to the Causeway, they each contributed their share of information for my guidance. All the traditions concerning it were told over—how the giant Fingal had commenced building it in order to cross to Scotland, but he did not lay the foundations well, and it sunk into the sea—or, perhaps, he had given it up in despair—the legend went both ways; how, too, the Spanish armada fired into a part of the basaltic-bound coast, thinking it a fortress. They came afterwards to more veritable history, relating all the pugnacious feuds between the McQuillans who originally owned the country, and the McDonalds, who now possess it, by which it seemed that McDonald, being a powerful leader of a gallant band of highlanders, seeking occupation in a warlike way, assisted McQuillan to fight his neighbor; in return for which kindness the latter invited the whole clan to his castle of Dunluce; but McDonald found his quarters so comfortable, that he first made love to the old man's daughter, and then, with her assistance, defeated all plans which McQuillan laid to get rid of him, till, at last, the proprietor was glad to give up possession to his guest.

When we returned to the deck it was quite dark—a cold wind was blowing from the land—a few sea-sick passengers were lying about upon the settees, and the Irish harvesters were crouched together, wrapped up in awnings and old sails, and, for the most part, fast asleep. We were nearly off that part of the coast where the Causeway lies; but I was told that it was difficult to distinguish the columns even in the daytime, the whole coast being for miles formed of the same material.

At about twelve o'clock we entered the harbor of Port Rush, distant a few miles from the Causeway, where I committed myself and trunk to the care of a solitary porter, who conducted me to quite a spacious hotel; but the beds were all

occupied, so I camped down on a settee in the coffee-room, and, wrapping my cloak around me, was soon fast asleep. I arose at five o'clock, and finding no one up, unlocked the front door and wandered forth to look at the town, which I had concluded, from the appearance of the hotel, must be a place of some importance. My astonishment was of course proportionable at finding nothing but mud hovels around me. They were well whitewashed, however, and had an appearance of neatness which I have not seen since. Few of their occupants were yet out; the very pigs were snugly asleep around the doors. I found finally a straggler with a pick-axe on his shoulder, on his way to work upon a bit of road they were cutting through a hill. On asking him a few questions, he answered civilly, and, finding I was a stranger, seemed disposed to do the honors. He told me that it was a very thriving place—the people were all Protestants, and “as industrious a set as ye'll find in all the county of Antrim.”

“Are you repealers?”

“No indeed, sir—devil a bit do we care for O'Connell here!”

“Have you any thing like a bookstore here?”

“A bookstore! ye'll find one, maybe, at Coleraine, a few miles off. Did you want a histhory, sir?”

“No, a map of Ireland, or of the county.”

“Is't a map ye want? For the matter of the county of Antrim, I can tell ye the way as well as any map can. See here, sir—here's Port Rush, (marking with his pick on the sand,) that's this place, sir; and there's Ballylough, that's five miles; and there's Ballycastle, that's a thrifle more than tin miles; and there's the Causeway—ye'll see the Causeway, sir!—and there's Coleraine, that's in the county of Derry. Is there any other place ye'd like to see, sir?”

“No, I thank you; you are well entitled to the shilling I should have paid for the map.”

Returning to the hotel, the door of which was ornamented on each side by a pillar from the Causeway, I ordered breakfast, and immediately after mounted a jaunting car, (a queer vehicle, looking like two settees placed back to back upon wheels, with resting-places for the feet,) and was off at a brisk trot for the great point of interest. My driver, a bright little Irishman, entertained me

constantly by his accounts of the people who lived here, nearly all of whom he knew, and whose intelligence and prosperity, as compared with those who lived further south, he was extremely anxious to impress upon my memory.

"It's only in the south, sir, where the praists is, that they care about rapale; and, troth to tell, sir, it's hard to see where's the good they'll get out of it, down about Dublin.—Get along with ye! ye've ate too much braikfast to carry ye'r weight! He's a good horse, sir, when he gets a start—seeing, as I was a saying, that the parlyment can't make bread, sir, and that's the most—(how do ye do, Misthor M'Kane!)—that's wanting, sir. They're a saying that it will kape the landlords more at home—(what are ye afther, shying so, for! If ye was a man I should think ye'd been a taking a dhrop too much!)—and maybe they would, sir; but it's not much of their rints they'd be a spinning at home, sir, except at the time of elaiashun. I'm thinking they'd find the worth of money better at Dublin or London."

"Take care that ye don't be a falling off with ye'r legs a danglin' that way, my darling!" exclaimed a bare-legged, thick-set Pat, who was driving his cow along the road.

"It's grateful ye may be that it's not yerself behind me horse's heels, seein' it's none but jintlemen he's used to draw."

So he rattled on, now enlightening me on the subject of repeal politics and the country at large, and now turning to exchange a joke with passers-by on the road. In about an hour we arrived at Dunluce castle, (the scene of the McDonald and McQuillan feud,) and were immediately surrounded by about fifty ragged urchins, offering to act as guides, each with his well-thumbed book of recommendations. I selected the best-looking of them, in whose book I found several familiar names. A rocky island, about seventy feet in diameter, rises abruptly from the sea to the height of one hundred feet, and at a distance of only about ten feet from the land, so that on that side there is a deep gulf into which it might be dangerous for a man of weak nerves to look while crossing the frail bridge of boards, with the sea roaring in a perfect whirlpool among the rocks below. Upon this island is seated all that remains of the castle of Dunluce. Portions of the rock are much wider at the top than at the bottom, and a part

of it broke off one stormy night, carrying away with it a portion of the castle in which several girls were sleeping; whereupon the rest of the occupants wisely deserted it, and the place has been left to go to ruin. So strongly is it built, however, that but few of its towers have yet fallen, though the hand of time has been busy with them for many centuries. It is a somewhat picturesque ruin, full of interest to the antiquary, though it does not appear to have been more than two stories high, and has not all that striking effect which we see in the more lofty towers of Scotch and English ruins. It belongs to the Earls of Antrim, who are descendants of the McDonalds, and also own the Causeway, to which we now proceeded, about two miles further on. The guide mounted the jaunting car by my side, and began to tell me all about the Antrim family.

"They are a good family in the most part, sir, and arn't over hard on their tinants; but they thrayten a writ against any poor fellow who stales a bit o' the Causeway; so, sir, if ye should want a column shipped for you to ornament ye'r libreery, and give an idea of the matther to others, jest be careful to spake to me privately, and won't I get one out in the night time for ye! It's the only way in which we can get at 'em, sir. Bein' a nathral curiosity, it's wrong they should kape it all to themselves, and I don't think it staling, do you, sir!"

The idea of such an act of ownership over the Causeway, struck me very much as would the possession by an individual of a fee simple in the falls of Niagara; and I could not help coinciding with the guide, although I was informed afterwards that the practice of carrying away columns had become so general as to make such a regulation necessary in order to preserve the best ones.

We stopped at a small bay, where a large boat with six stout oarsmen was ready to take us out to the front of the Causeway. We were followed to the water's side by a great number of boys, each of whom had some crystal or other minerals which they had picked up in the neighborhood, and which they insisted upon selling to you, taking no refusal. A man with a gun and powder-horn, for whom we had been waiting, having at last arrived, we pushed off and were pulled over a heavy sea around to the front of the bank, which formed a wall of dark rock, here and there vary-

ing in height, and with a slightly undulating surface, having the appearance of huge columns, and now and then split into wide fissures. Into one of these clefts we were rowed, and found ourselves in a cavern some hundred yards in depth, the basaltic sides running into a point at the top at a height of ninety feet, and giving an appearance not unlike that of a Gothic entrance. This basalt, of which the coast for twenty miles is formed, is a very close-grained, heavy stone, of a dark gray color, at times approaching to black. Its principal component parts are iron and flint, and it is susceptible of a beautiful polish. In many places it has a degree of natural polish which gives it a brilliant appearance when lighted up. The aspect of the Giant's Cave, as we entered its dark recesses, was truly beautiful. The sun's rays, just peeping in at the mouth, caused a delicate tint to be reflected along the natural vaulting, and as the sea broke from one side of the entrance to the other, we could now and then in looking back discover a rainbow in the spray so formed. The gun was now brought into use, and echo repeated its report some half-dozen times with what seemed a kind of ringing-metallic sound.

Coming out of the cave, we returned to the place from which we started, and landed the man with the gun, who, by way of eliciting a larger fee, told me that he had a wife and seven children to support by his business as echo-maker. Putting out again, we rounded a sort of promontory, and came in full sight of the long projecting mole forming the Causeway. As is almost always the case with objects of which we have heard so much, the first sensation was that of disappointment. I had heard it compared to a great stone-yard or quarry full of hewn rock; and at a little distance the comparison holds good. But as you approach, it has more the appearance of a huge castle or fortification, portions of which have fallen down; and when you are directly in front of it, the comparison ceases entirely, for it looks like nothing that I have ever seen. Thousands of columns rise one above another from the height of one foot to sixty, over a space of perhaps five acres. In the back ground you may see the palisades of the Hudson,—gradually changing from a rough to a smooth surface, in which long lines, as it were, of columns in embryo, are to be traced—and finally breaking into

perfect pentagonal or hexagonal pillars, in clusters and unequal lines, as if the porticoes and projections of a hundred Grecian temples had been suddenly thrown together by the fantastic architecture of Nature. And this is gradually lost in the ocean's depths, forming, in all probability, a connection with Fingal's Cave in Staffa, and the similar formations on the Scottish coast. The columns, as every one knows, are found divided at intervals of four or five inches, each of which divisions is found, on separation, to fit into the one above it like a ball into its socket.

Passing around the Causeway, we entered a little opening in a side of the mole, where the water was comparatively smooth; and where, ascending a pair of stairs, which had been formed by removing portions of columns, we found ourselves on a comparatively even surface at the top. The rolling of the sea had made me sick, and this was a great relief. As an additional remedy, the guide advised me to drink some whiskey at the Giant's well, a curious spring issuing from the joints of the columns, near the uppermost part of the Causeway. An old woman was sitting there to deal out the favorite liquor, with which an Irishman so well loves to flavor his water. She was, in appearance, a sort of mediate creation between Meg Merrilies and Norna of the Fitful-Head. She wore a red flannel petticoat, above which a man's coat of the largest size was held together by buttons of various colors and kinds. Over this was fastened an old red cloak of coarse stuff, with a hood attached, which had fallen back. Her long half-gray hair was brought round from behind her ears in two strands, and tied in a knot under her chin, in a kind of hangman's cravat. A pair of capacious feet, in Nature's shoes, peeped out from under her gown. She was very tall, and her whole appearance, from a distance, might have led one to believe her a descendant of the traditional builders of the Causeway and the Giant's Cave. When we first saw her she was walking about with a stick in her hand, scolding two or three boys for some matter of offence. The tatterdemalions seemed to have been on the look-out for strangers, tumbling forwards in a body to sell me their crystals and spars, while Meg herself proceeded to uncork her bottle and wash the tumbler, all the while vociferating, "Take a dhrop of potheen! take a dhrop of

potheen! It's good, and no desait nor mixin'."

I accepted the proffered tumbler. It had a most unpleasant taste of smoke and soot, which with the Irish is a great recommendation. I threw her a sixpence, however, which, of course, called forth a shower of blessings, and walked away. When I afterwards looked back and saw her with hood on head and cane in hand, I could not resist the idea that there was something supernatural about the old crone, and half expected to see her walk down to where the Giant's pavement has sunk beneath the sea.

We went on to inspect the more curious formations. Columns are to be found of almost every prism, though the greater part are five and six sided. The different clusters are distinguished by various names—such as the Giant's Organ, the Giant's Chair, and other Titanic titles. The guide took great pains to point out every part to me, and seemed apprehensive that I would be disappointed.

"It's only by these close inspections, sir, that a gentleman can understand the wonderful nathur ov the work."

"How do you suppose these columns came here?"

"Indade, sir, an' that's more than I can tell, or any other man. Many jaologists and learned men has been here, and puzzled their brains about it, but afther all they can only say that God made it, and that's the troth."

There is, indeed, a mystery about the workings of nature here, which gives an interest different from that with which we view other objects far more impressive to the eye. It is something so different from any thing we have ever seen before; so evidently natural, and yet so near an approach to art, that the mind is filled with speculation and astonishment; and, when we have conned over all the theories on the subject, there still seems to be so much that is unsatisfactory, that we are led to content ourselves with the conclusion of the guide, that the Deity made it, without undertaking to say through the agency of what convulsion it was brought about.

In justice to the geologists, however, it ought to be remarked, that they are not without a very plausible theory on the subject. They have mostly agreed, that this is an ancient torrent of lava, which, suddenly precipitated into the sea, would separate into spherical bodies while in the process of cooling, when

acted upon by peculiar magnetic forces; and by constant pressure against each other, while yet in a soft state, and the tendency of flint and iron to crystallization, they might gradually assume the form of oblong prisms. This view is not without its difficulties, but it has more arguments in its favor than most others, though, as we are not writing for the scientific, we shall not enter into the merits of the question. The learned professor of geology at Yale College informed the writer that there are similar formations to be seen at Mount Tom, near Northampton, in Massachusetts, where every thing indicates former volcanic action; but at no place are they so numerous or perfect as at the Giant's Causeway.

We now returned to the boat, where we found the men taking their comfort with lighted pipes. We directed our course towards another small headland, east of the Causeway. It required the utmost exertions of the oarsmen to make much headway against the heavy billows, for it was now high tide, and the sea was breaking furiously over all the lower columns, leaving a long line of foam and spray at their base, that greatly heightened the effect, as we moved away, of the vast, bold colonnades and the dark rock above. I gazed with intense interest upon the columns, as they faded by distance, and at last became blended with the masses piled above; and, as we rounded the point, it was with reluctance that I bade adieu to this object, the last appearance of which so much exceeded the first. There was a solemnity and wildness about the whole scene, which absorbed all my thoughts, and led me to pay little attention to the constant comments of the guide upon the beauty of this or that particular point. He seemed at last to comprehend my feelings, exclaiming:

"Sure and ov little use is it for me to be a talking to ye'r honor, when ye'r own reflection will sarve you better than any tongue of mine could!"

We were now out some quarter of a mile from the shore, and had a fine view of the coast for some miles, till cut off by the high bluff of Bengore Head, projecting into the sea. One continuous seawall here presented itself to the eye, all of dark basaltic rock, varying from one to five hundred feet high; in some places presenting the appearance of a vast fortress, with its towers and pinnacles—in

others, capped by cliffs and jagged points formed by the falling out of the rocks below; here cut into terraces, or shelves, on some of which a small quantity of earth and stunted vegetation had collected—and there, split into huge fissures, through some of which, over piles of fallen rocks, a glimpse could be caught of the country beyond; and from others a light cloud of spray arose, caused by the leaping of some light waterfall over the giddy height. Flocks of sea-birds were flying into and out of the deep crevices, but no other sign of life was seen, except a solitary cow chewing her cud above, and apparently watching our progress. As if on purpose to add to the loneliness of the scene, a small dark cloud had settled over this very spot. I remarked that it must be a bad place for shipwrecks. This made the whole crew eloquent at once. Each had some story to tell of terrible disasters which had happened in this quarter—of vessels which had gone to pieces at midnight on the rocks, of shrieks heard through the tempest, and bodies found in the morning strown along the foot of the crags. But they all talked together, with every possible pitch of voice, and it was not easy to make out any consecutive meaning.

Steering for a sort of cave or opening in the bank, we ascended a steep hill above the ocean.

"Look here, sir," said the guide, pointing to a place that jutted two hundred feet over the sea. "Isn't that below a steep place? And would ye think, sir, that any thing could go over there and kape the life in him?"

"Hardly."

"Well, sir, it's the troth I'm goin' to tell ye. There was Dinnis Slater, (he was one of thim in the boat,) had a bull that was the fiercest crathur in the county. And one night two boys from Bushmills was out here huntin' for a sthray cow; and they had two tirrible great dogs. Off there, by thim stouns, they saw the cow—as they consaited. 'There she is!' says they. 'Oo-w-oo!' says the bull, bellerin' low. 'No, tian't!' says they, and run; and the bull run afther 'em—and they set the dogs on, and there was a mischaiv'us fight. The bull worrid them a dale, and they worrid the bull a dale—for if one got on his horn, the other was bitin' on his neck, or tearin' him behind. Finally he refiaicted, Isn't it bothersome fitin' two at the

once! So he whirled one up wid his horn, thin thrampled him all down whin he fell wid both his feet, afore the cur kim to his sinses. Thin he turned on the second—and the second run away—whist! how he run—and the bull afther him—and they wint it round and round in a circle, an' closer an' closer on the edge; and the bull got dizzy and didn't mind his footin'—the crazy fool!—till over he wint, and the boys heard a dale of bellerin' and a splash, but they couldn't see nothin', for 'twas too dim, faith, to see a church for to know it. And they wint home and told Dinnis his bull had gone over the rocks; and the next mornin' Dinnis came here, thinkin' he might get out his boat and save the ould carcass, for he tho't, in coorse, the crithur was dead; but what was his wondher when he see the bull solimnly standin' in the wather up to his neck, sufferin' no spacial inconvenience exsaipt from the dampness—and when it saw Dinnis it looked up and bellered, as much as to say, 'Kim and hilp me, you spalpeen, who've been a slaapin' all night, while I've been nigh drownin'!' And troth, sir, it was wondherfull how the crathur had lighted on the only sandy standin'-place there was amongst the rocks, where he would not have been knocked to paices; but isn't it the more strange that he should have iver got down there with the breath in him!—and indade, Dinnis said it was because he was dhrunk with dizzibess; and you know dhrunken men niver get hurt in a fall, sir! and faith, Dinnis himself's an example of that, for he's dhrunk the bull's health tin times a day, ever sinse! But it took the consait out of the bull—intirely!"

Such was the guide's story. It will serve, as would a thousand others which any traveller in Ireland would hear, to show the fondness of the Irish for incessant chat and story-telling on all occasions, a trait which Lover has, I was surprised to find, described with so little exaggeration.

The extreme absence of all substantial property among the common people of Ireland constantly appears from the ideas they seem to entertain when one happens to possess a little. On leaving the scene of the above story, we passed over a potato field which gave assurance of our being near what my guide termed the "Great Causeway Hotel." He added that its proprietor was a very thriving man, having become "intire

owner of a house, three acres of ground, a horse, two cows, and a dacent wife."

Observing a large sign swinging from a pole, with "Giant's Causeway Hotel" upon it, I looked around for the edifice to which it referred, but saw nothing except what I supposed to be a stable or shed. On nearer approach it proved to be a mud cabin of a larger size than ordinary, with a board roof instead of a thatched one; and this it was which rejoiced in the name and title aforesaid.* We walked at once into one of the two rooms. A bright peat fire was burning on the hearth, or rather on that part of the mud floor which was under the chimney, and over it was a huge pot in which some potatoes were boiling. In front of the fire stood the owner of the establishment, who was introduced to me as Mr. McGannon, a tall, well-proportioned man, with a good-looking countenance, although somewhat marked with the small-pox. He had just returned from a visit to Belfast, which perhaps accounted for his being very well dressed in a suit of blue cloth, with well-polished boots, presenting altogether a buckish appearance—quite out of place considering the appearance of every thing else. Near the door was a dresser, formed by driving sticks into the floor and laying an old shutter across; and here his wife, a red-haired, fair-featured young woman, in a loose calico gown, with bare feet, was engaged in clearing up the tin vessels, and, from the bright polish of the two or three she had finished and hung up, it was apparent that she understood her business. Children were running about out of doors without the encumbrance of much clothing except a loose shirt; I understood them to be mementoes of a former wife, the present hostess being, comparatively, a bride. A table, chest, one chair, and two or three benches completed the furniture of the public room of the "Giant's Causeway Hotel." A peep into an adjoining apartment about five feet square, in which were some straw and blankets, told that the owner enjoyed the unusual luxury here of a separate sleeping-room. We were welcomed by the landlord, who drew out the chair for my accommodation.

"Is't sick you are, sir? It's often the case with those who are not used to

the wather. But a little quiet will cure ye, sir."

The guide walked up to the fire, and unceremoniously thrusting a fork into the pot, took out a potato, which he broke in two, and sprinkling on a little salt with his fingers, disposed of it in three mouthfuls. "Maybe, sir, you're not used to 'ating potathoes alone in so plain a way?"

"Perhaps the jintleman 'll thry one?" said Mr. McGannon. "It 'll settle ye'r stomach, sir;" and selecting a large one, he handed it to me with a wooden platter of salt. It was a splendid potato; the rich mealy substance, just peeping through the dark skin where it had burst open, fed the imagination. I was just taking another, when a large pig entered the cabin with an extraordinary air of ownership in the premises.

"Ah, Toby, did ye smell the praties?" said his master. "Well, an' ye shall have one," he added, taking the largest out of the pot. The "guest at home" opened his mouth, and the landlord tossed the hot edible with such force down his throat as very naturally gave rise to a half-suppressed squeal of pain. Coughing it up with great haste, and mizzling it on the ground for cooling, he commenced operations in a quiet way, and seemed to be of the same opinion with myself as to its merits.

It was altogether a scene for a painter, the landlord, the guide, the pig, and myself, each discussing his potato, the intrinsic merits of the vegetable being heightened by the quiet running comments of Mr. McGannon on its wholesomeness, which he could more fully appreciate since his visit to Belfast, where the variety and luxuries had come near making him sick.

It is singular what a hold upon the memory little things of this kind obtain, when matters of far more real claims to interest fade entirely away. I never think of the Causeway without coupling it with the potato in the Irishman's cabin. I was told that they generally cooked about a bushel a day, once in a while throwing in a little bit of pork, and in the fishing season toasting a few herrings, "or, what is bether, a salmon." And Mr. McGannon was a prosperous man, the envy of many of his neighbors!

* I was afterwards informed that there is a very good one on the other side of the Causeway.

MR. SCHOOLCRAFT'S ONEÖTA.*

THOSE who feel any interest in the character, customs, traditions, and melancholy history of the Indian tribes, are under great obligation to the labors of Mr. Schoolcraft. By long residence and extended travels among them, for the most part in an official connection, he has had the greatest advantages for gathering accurate knowledge on every point connected with them; and he has pursued his researches through the greater part of his life, in a manner that entitles him to the warm confidence of the public. Facts are of more importance on these topics than any speculations or abstract argument. We never can know the real nature of the Indian, in all the aspects and conditions of his wilderness life, till we have gathered from the widest range of inquiry, ample data on which to build our conclusions. It is idle to write or speak otherwise. The great merit of Mr. Schoolcraft's writings is, that he gives us facts; if he makes deductions, they are such as previously presented data render probable. And the most valuable part of the information he has given us, is not respecting the mere physical traits, customs, or history of the Red Men, of which writers of sketches and travels are always speaking. His aim has been far higher and more difficult—to open to us the world of the Indian's mind and spiritual emotions. This he has effected to some extent by scattered observations in his several books of travels, but more successfully in some small volumes entitled "Algie Researches," a collection of simple, at times grotesque, but exceedingly imaginative Arab-like stories, which give us access, indirectly, and therefore the more certainly, to many of the Indian's opinions hitherto kept concealed by his impenetrable reserve.

Some months since, a specimen sheet was issued of an extended work, to be called "Cyclopedia Indianensis," and designed to embrace every thing that can be known about the race. Such a work

would be invaluable—to those, certainly, who take any interest at all in the subject; and it ought to meet with encouragement. As it has never appeared, we suppose the encouragement was not afforded, nor any prospect of it,—an issue which does not redound greatly to the honor of the community.

The present publication under the title of *Oneöta*, the first number of which is before us, appears to be an attempt to see how far the public will extend favor to a part of the plan. The name, belonging to the tribe of the Oneidas, and signifying "the people sprung from a rock," seems a very partial and fanciful one for a work treating of the entire race. It may do, however, for its indefiniteness, since we know nothing about their origin.

We cannot so easily excuse the extremely irregular arrangement of the contents of the work; at least, so far as the present number is a specimen. The materials are all good, but seem thrown in, and stewed up together into a kind of *ollapodrida*, very unpleasant to a reader of books. It would seem, in fact, that a bundle of notes, collected at random for many years, were handed in to the printer, and flung into type without further ordering. But this weighs little against the real excellence of the collection: there is nothing in it which has not its interest, or is not classically written.

The first few pages are occupied, under the title of *Tales of a Wigwam*, with two or three curious traditionary stories, such as make up the "Algie Researches." It is not generally known that the Indians possessed this story-telling faculty to so great a degree as appears by late inquiries. The earliest satisfactory information on this point is due to Mr. Schoolcraft, who first made it distinctly known in the "Researches" mentioned above; and it is now discovered that the Indian has in reality a most vivid imagination, and that wild and mysterious tales form their favorite recreation in the languid leisure of summer, or around

* ONEÖTA, or the Red Race of America: their history, traditions, customs, poetry, picture-writing, &c., in extracts from notes, journals, and other unpublished writings. By Henry R. Schoolcraft, author of "Travels to the Sources of the Mississippi," "Algie Researches," "Expedition to Itasca Lake," &c. New York: Burgess, Stringer, & Co., 222 Broadway.

their wigwam fires in the winter evenings. There are, in fact, especially throughout the north-west, professed story-tellers, as among the Arabs, who employ themselves by the hour with gathering circles of savage listeners around, and telling over their strange fictions, which they relate in an infinite diversity, garnishing them with new wonders at every fresh recital. Many of these, it is probable, had once a foundation in fact; but intrusted, as they are, only to oral preservation, inevitable obscurity soon magnifies and distorts them, and the more so, that each narrator considers it as concerning his honor to make his hero as wonderful as possible, exaggerating his exploits accordingly. Already, among the north-western tribes, the great efforts of Pontiac, Little-Turtle, and Tecumseh, are diversified in narration with a thousand feats which they never performed.

The remainder of the number is filled with a medley of interesting matter, anecdotes, antiquarian extracts, historical and biographical notices, personal reminiscences, and scattered remarks on Indian character, distinguished by great justness of philosophical perception; together with some observations on Indian names among us, and the first part of an extended article on what has had almost no attention given to it by others, the picture-writing and mnemonic symbols of the race. Most of these are fruitful and attractive topics of remark. The Indian system of hieroglyphics especially, and geographical terminology in North America, are deserving of more particular investigation than has ever been given to them.

The most interesting chapter, however, is the first of a projected series on Indian music, songs, and poetry, in connection with their dancing. A wide inquiry would show that all nations are accustomed to dancing, and to some kind of singing or rude chanting. Farther inquiry would make it evident that there can be no kind of chanting without some sort of melody in the accompanying words, so that all nations, where they employ any words with their singing, must use some species of versification, however unregulated. But all nations have not the Indian's naturally poetic mind, leading him to the frequent use of apposite imagery, and the question comes at once—To what extent is the Indian, with his continual song-singing, a maker of poetry? On these points, Mr. School-

craft has many clear and satisfactory remarks:—

"Dancing is both an amusement and a religious observance among the American Indians, and is known to constitute one of the most wide-spread traits in their manners and customs. It is accompanied, in all cases, with singing, and, omitting a few cases, with the beating of time on instruments. Tribes the most diverse in language, and situated at the greatest distances apart, concur in this. It is believed to be the ordinary mode of expressing intense passion or feeling on any subject, and it is a custom which has been persevered in, with the least variation, through all the phases of their history, and probably exists among the remote tribes precisely at this time as it did in the era of Columbus. It is observed to be the last thing abandoned by bands and individuals in their progress to civilization and Christianity.

"Every one has heard of the war dance, the medicine dance, the wabeno dance, the dance of honor, (generally called the begging dance,) and various others, each of which has its appropriate movement, its air, and its words. There is no feast, and no religious ceremony among them, which is not attended with dancing and songs. Thanks are thus expressed for success in hunting, for triumphs in war, and for ordinary providential cares. Public opinion is called to pressing objects by a dance, at which addresses are made, and, in fact, moral instructions and advice are given to the young in the course of their being assembled at social feasts and dances. The priests and prophets have, more than any other class, cultivated their national songs and dances, and may be regarded as the skalds and poets of the tribes. They are generally the composers of the songs, and the leaders in the dance and ceremonies, and it is found that their memories are the best stored, not only with the sacred songs and chants, but also with the traditions and general lore of the tribes.

"The instances where singing is adopted without dancing, are nearly confined to occurrences of a domestic character.—Among these are wails for the dead, and love-songs of a simple and plaintive character. Maternal affection evinces itself by singing words to a cheerful air, over the slumbers of the child, which being suspended in a kind of cradle, receives at the same time a vibratory motion. Children have likewise certain chants, which they utter in the evenings, while playing around the lodge door, or at other seasons of youthful hilarity. Some of the Indian fables are in the shape of duets, and the songs introduced in narrating their fictitious tales, are always sung in the recital."

But though their songs are thus common, it is singular how few accurate specimens we actually have of them. Mr. Schoolcraft has remarked on the causes in a manner to throw light on the exact nature of their songs:—

"Even after the difficulties of the notation have been accomplished, it is not easy to satisfy the requisitions of a correct taste and judgment in their exhibition. There is always a lingering fear of misapprehension, or misconception, on the part of the interpreter—or of some things being withheld by the never-sleeping suspicion, or the superstitious fear of disclosure, on the part of the Indian. To these must be added, the idiomatic and imaginative peculiarities of this species of wild composition—so very different from every notion of English versification. In the first place there is no unity of theme or plot, unless it be that the subject, war for instance, is kept in the singer's mind. In the next place both the narration and the description, when introduced, are very imperfect, broken, or disjointed. Prominent ideas flash out, and are dropped. These are often most striking and beautiful, but we wait in vain for any sequence. A brief allusion—a shining symbol, a burst of feeling or passion, a fine sentiment, or a bold assertion, come in as so many independent parts, and there is but little in the composition to indicate the leading theme, which is, as it were, kept in mental reserve by the singer. Popular or favorite expressions are often repeated, often transposed, and often exhibited with some new shade of meaning. The structure and flexibility of the language are highly favorable to this kind of wild improvisation. But it is difficult to translate, and next to impossible to preserve its spirit. Two languages more unlike in all their leading characteristics than the English and the Indian, were never brought into contact. The one monosyllabic, and nearly without inflections—the other polysyllabic, polysynthetic, and so full of inflections of every imaginative kind, as to be completely transpositive;—the one from the north of Europe, the other, probably, from Central Asia—it would seem that these families of the human race had not wandered wider apart in their location than they have in the sounds of their language, the accident of their grammar, and the definition of their words. So that to find equivalent single words in translation, appears often as hopeless as the quadrature of the circle.

"The great store-house of Indian imagery is the heavens. The clouds, the planets, the sun and moon, the phenomena of lightning, thunder, electricity, aerial sounds, electric or atmospheric; and the endless

variety produced in the heavens by light and shade, and by elemental action,—these constitute the fruitful themes of allusion in their songs and poetic chants. But they are mere allusions, or broken description, like touches on the canvass, without being united to produce a perfect object.

"In war excursions great attention is paid to the flight of birds, particularly those of the carnivorous species, which are deemed typical of war and bravery, and their wing and tail feathers are appropriated as marks of honor by the successful warrior. When the minds of a war party have been roused up to the subject, and they are prepared to give utterance to their feelings by singing and dancing, they are naturally led to appeal to the agency of this class of birds. Hence the frequent allusions to them in their songs.

"Generally the expressions are of an exalted and poetic character, but the remark before made of their efforts in song being discontinuous and abrupt, applies with peculiar force to the war songs. To speak of a brave man—of a battle—or the scene of a battle, or of the hovering of birds of prey above it, appears sufficient to bring up to the warrior's mind all the details consequent on personal bravery or heroic achievement. It would naturally be expected that they should delight to dwell on scenes of carnage and blood; but however this may be, all such details are omitted or suppressed in their war songs, which only excite ideas of noble daring.

The birds of the brave take a flight round the sky,

They cross the enemy's line,
Full happy am I—that my body should fall
Where brave men love to die."

In fact, however, sufficient specimens of their songs are collected to show not only that they are sentimental, imaginative, poetic, but that they throw poetic expression into the forms of poetry. Mr. Schoolcraft, in the present collection, has given one, which, with the occasion of it, is certainly very pleasing, and contains many of the recognised turns of poetic expression. One thing is observable in it, as in nearly all their songs—a kind of repetition somewhat akin to the Hebrew parallelism:—

"In 1759, great exertions were made by the French Indian department, under Gen. Montcalm, to bring a body of Indians into the valley of the lower St. Lawrence, and invitations for this purpose reached the utmost shores of Lake Superior. In one of the canoes from that quarter—which was left on their way down at the Lake of Two Mountains, near the mouth of the Utawas,

while the warriors proceeded farther—was a Chippewa girl called Paig-wain-e-osh-e, or the White Eagle driven by the wind. While the party awaited there the result of events at Quebec, she formed an attachment for a young Algonquin belonging to the French mission of the Two Mountains. This attachment was mutual, and gave origin to the song, of which the original words, with a literal prose translation, are subjoined :

I.

Ia indenaindum
Ia indenaindum
Ma kow we yah
Nia denaindum we.

Ah me! when I think of him—when I think of him—my sweetheart, my Algonquin.

II.

Pah bo je aun
Ne be nau be koning
Wabi megwissun
Nene mooshain we
Odishquagumee.

As I embarked to return, he put the white wampum around my neck—a pledge of truth, my sweetheart, my Algonquin.

III.

Keguh wejawin
Ain dah nuk ke yun
Ningee egobun
Nene mooshain we
Odishquagumee.

I shall go with you, he said, to your native country—I shall go with you, my sweetheart—my Algonquin.

IV.

Nia! nin de nah dush
Wassahwud gushuh
Aindahnuk ke yauu
Ke yau ninemooshai we
Odishquagumee.

Alas! I replied—my native country is far, far away—my sweetheart; my Algonquin.

V.

Kai aubik oween
Ain aube annin
Ke we naubee
Ne ne mooshai we
Odishquagumee.

When I looked back again—where we parted, he was still looking after me, my sweetheart; my Algonquin

VI.

Apee nay we ne bow
Unishe buu
Aungwash agushing
Ne ne mooshai we
Odishquagumee.

He was still standing on a fallen tree—that had fallen into the water, my sweetheart; my Algonquin.

VII.

Nia! indenaindum
Nia! in denaindum
Ma kow we yuh
Nin de nain dum we
Odishquagumee.

Alas! when I think of him—when I think of him—it is when I think of him; my Algonquin."

Long, in his Journal of an Expedition to the Rocky Mountains, gives two or three fragments of love-songs which are very quaint and simple. The first appears to be the lover's:—

"Father—I love your daughter—Will you give her to me, I pray you? The small roots of her heart shall entangle mine, And the strongest wind that blows, It never shall break them asunder."

The other is of the maiden herself; which, if sung openly, was hardly according to modern etiquette.

The last two lines contain a very beautiful comparison—the more so for its extreme suitableness—a quality in which, whatever others they may lack, Indian song and oratory always excel:—

"It is true, I love him only;
For his heart is like the sweet sap
That in spring-time runs from the sugar-tree,
And is brother alone to the aspen-leaf
That always lives and shivers."

Mr. Schoolcraft has given us, in another place, some simple words of Indian children to the lightning-bug, curious for the imaginative form of expression:—

"In the hot summer evenings, the children of the Chippewa Algonquins, along the shores of the upper lakes, and in the northern latitudes, frequently assemble before their parents' lodges, and amuse themselves by little chants of various kinds, with shouts and wild dancing. Attracted by such shouts of merriment and gambols, I walked out one evening, to a green lawn skirting the edge of the St. Mary's river, with the fall in full view, to get hold of the meaning of some of these chants. The air and the plain were literally sparkling with the phosphorescent light of the fire-fly. By dint of attention, repeated on one or two occasions, the following succession of words was caught. They were addressed to this insect:

Wau wau tay see!
 Wau wau tay see!
 E mow e shin
 Tshe bwau ne baun-e wee!
 Be eghaun—be eghaun—ewee!
 Wa Wau tay see!
 Wa wau tay see!
 Was sa koon ain je gun
 Was sa koon ain je gun.

Flitting-white-fire-insect! waving-white-fire-bug! give me light before I go to bed! give me light before I go to sleep. Come, little dancing-white-fire-bug! Come, little flitting-white-fire-beast! Light me with your bright white-flame-instrument—your little candle.

Metre there was none, at least, of a regular character: they were the wild improvisations of children in a merry mood."

As a farther illustration of the real elements of poetry native with the Indians—especially that perfect simplicity of paths which makes numerous passages and little snatches of stories in the Bible so exceedingly touching, and which is found the most, and in the greatest purity, among nations not highly cultivated—the following unaffected lament may be cited. It was obtained a great distance in the north-west—the plaint of an Indian mother, by Athabasca Lake,

nearly a thousand miles beyond the waters of Lake Superior:—

"My son! my son!—why hast thou left me?
 Oh! where hast thou gone, my child—
 To what strange land and people?
 Poor boy! so young—so young, and taken
 away so soon!

Who now will hold thy head?
 Who now will prepare thy food?
 Who now will lull thee to rest,
 And lay thee to sleep on the moss?

Of what avail was my care?
 I watched by thee all the night,
 I gave to thee herbs from the plain,
 But nothing could save thee, or keep thee!
 Why hast thou thus left me, my child!
 Ah! where art thou gone, my boy!"

But we have not space for further illustrations or remarks. The general subject is one which will bear recurring to.

We trust such a reception will be given to the numbers of *Oneöta*, of which we understand there will be six or eight, as to encourage the author to edit soon the long-projected "Indian Cyclopædia." Such a work, if rightly executed, would be the most valuable by far that has ever appeared on the character, history, customs, feelings, and opinions of the aboriginal race.

H. W. Bellows.

INFLUENCE OF THE TRADING SPIRIT UPON THE SOCIAL AND MORAL LIFE OF AMERICA.

THOSE influences which affect the characters of a whole people are less observed, although more important, than such as are peculiar to classes or individuals. The exertions which one may make to protect himself from error, or demeaning influences, are sometimes rendered ineffectual from his ignorance of the tremendous biases which he receives from a corrupt public opinion; as the most careful observations of the mariner are sometimes vitiated by an unknown current which insensibly drifts him from his supposed position. What everybody does in our own community, we are apt to suppose to be universal with men; and universal custom is, by general consent, not to be disputed. We are not disposed to suspect public opin-

ion, or to question common custom.—Nay, we do not even, for the most part, distinguish between a prevailing sentiment and an innate idea—between a universal or national habit and a law of nature. The customs of the city in which we are brought up seem to most persons of divine appointment. We are apt to account a foreigner who prefers (in accordance with his own national manners and prejudices) a different division of the day, different hours at the table, a different style of dress, as almost immoral. This proves how little aware we may be of the nature of the social habits and sentiments which greatly influence our characters. We propose to offer a few observations upon some of our national habits and tendencies.

There is but one thing to discourage such an inquiry, and that is, that after understanding the direction and force of the current on which we are borne, there is little hope of withstanding it, or guiding ourselves upon it. But to this it must be replied, that public opinion is made up of private opinions, and that the only way of ever changing it is by commencing to correct, be it ever so little, the judgments of one's own mind and of the few others under our influence. We must not despise humble means of influence, nor hesitate to do a little good, because an almost hopeless amount of evil surrounds us.

All strangers who come among us remark the excessive anxiety written in the American countenance. The widespread comfort, the facilities for livelihood, the spontaneous and cheap lands, the high price of labor, are equally observed, and render it difficult to account for these lines of painful thoughtfulness. It is not poverty, nor tyranny, nor over-competition which produces this anxiety; that is clear. It is the concentration of the faculties upon an object, which in its very nature is unattainable—the perpetual improvement of the outward condition. There are no bounds among us to the restless desire to be better off; and this is the ambition of all classes of society. We are not prepared to allow that wealth is more valued in America than elsewhere, but in other countries the successful pursuit of it is necessarily confined to a few, while here it is open to all. No man in America is contented to be poor, or expects to continue so. There are here no established limits within which the hopes of any class of society must be confined, as in other countries. There is consequently no condition of hopes realized, in other words, of contentment. In other lands, if children can maintain the station and enjoy the means, however moderate, of their father, they are happy. Not so with us. This is not the spirit of our institutions. Nor will it long be otherwise in other countries. That equality, that breaking down of artificial barriers which has produced this universal ambition and restless activity in America, is destined to prevail throughout the earth. But because we are in advance of the world in the great political principle, and are now experiencing some of its first effects, let us not mistake these for the desirable fruits of freedom. Commerce is to be-

come the universal pursuit of men. It is to be the first result of freedom, of popular institutions everywhere. Indeed, every land not steeped in tyranny is now feeling this impulse. But while trade is destined to free and employ the masses, it is also destined to destroy for the time much of the beauty and happiness of every land. This has been the result in our own country. We are free. It is a glorious thing that we have no serfs, with the large and unfortunate exception of our slaves—no artificial distinctions—no acknowledged superiority of blood—no station which merit may not fill—no rounds in the social ladder to which the humblest may not aspire. But the excitement, the commercial activity, the restlessness, to which this state of things has given birth, is far from being a desirable or a natural condition. It is natural to the circumstances, but not natural to the human soul. It is good and hopeful to the interests of the race, but destructive to the happiness, and dangerous to the virtue of the generation exposed to it.

Those unaccustomed, by reading or travel, to other states of society, are probably not aware how very peculiar our manner of life here is. The laboriousness of Americans is beyond all comparison, should we except the starving operatives of English factories. And when we consider that here, to the labor of the body is added the great additional labor of mental responsibility and ambition, it is not to be wondered at that as a race, the commercial population is dwindling in size, and emaciated in health, so that *pallor* is the national complexion. If this devotion to business were indispensable to living, it would demand our pity. It is unavoidable, we know, in one sense. That is, it is customary—it is universal. There is no necessity for the custom; but there is a necessity, weakly constituted as men are, that every individual should conform greatly to the prevailing habits of his fellows, and the expectations of the community in and with which he deals. It is thus that those who deeply feel the essentially demoralizing and wretched influences of this system are yet doomed to be victims of it. Nay, we are all, no matter what our occupations, more or less, and all greatly, sufferers from the excessive stimulus under which every thing is done. We are all worn out with thought that does not develop our thinking faculties in a right direction, and with feeling expended upon poor and

low objects. There is no profession that does not feel it. The lawyer must confine himself to his office, without vacation, to adjust a business which never sleeps or relaxes. The physician must labor day and night to repair bodies, never well from over-exertion, over-excitement, and over-indulgence. The minister must stimulate himself to supply the cravings of diseased moral appetites, and to arouse the attention of men deafened by the noise, and dizzy with the whirl in which they constantly live.

We call our country a *happy* country; happy, indeed, in being the home of noble political institutions, the abode of freedom; but very far from being happy in possessing a cheerful, light-hearted, and joyous people. Our agricultural regions even are infected with the same anxious spirit of gain. If ever the curse of labor was upon the race, it is upon us; nor is it simply now "by the sweat of thy brow thou shalt earn thy bread." Labor for a livelihood is dignified. But we labor for bread, and labor for pride, and labor for pleasure. A man's life with us *does* consist of the abundance of the things which he possesseth. To get, and to have the reputation of possessing, is the ruling passion. To it are bent all the energies of nine-tenths of our population. Is it that our people are so much more miserly and earth-born than any other? No, not by any constitutional baseness; but circumstances have necessarily given this direction to the American mind. In the hard soil of our common mother, New England—the poverty of our ancestors—their early thrift and industry—the want of other distinctions than those of property—the frown of the Puritans upon all pleasures; these circumstances combined, directed our energies from the first into the single channel of trade. And in that they have run till they have gained a tremendous head, and threaten to convert our whole people into mere money-changers and producers. Honor belongs to our fathers, who in times of great necessity met the demand for a most painful industry with such manly and unflinching hearts. But what was their hard necessity we are perpetuating as our willing servitude! what they bore as evil we seek as good. We cannot say that the destiny of this country did not demand that the spirit of trade should rule it for centuries. It may be that we are now carrying out only the decree of Providence. But if so, let us

consider ourselves as in the wilderness, and not in the promised land. Let us bear the dispensation of God, but not glory in our bondage. If we are doomed to be tradesmen, and nothing but tradesmen—if money, and its influences and authority, are to reign for a season over our whole land, let us not mistake it for the kingdom of heaven, and build triumphal arches over our avenues of trade, as though the Prince of Peace and the Son of God were now and thus to enter in.

It is said that we are not a happy people. And it is true; for we most unwisely neglect all those free fountains of happiness which Providence has opened for all its children. Blessed beyond any people with the means of living, supplied to an unparalleled extent with the comforts and luxuries of life, our American homes are sombre and cheerless abodes. There is even in the air of comfort which their well-furnished apartments wear something uncomfortable. They are the habitations of those who do not live at home. They are wanting in a social and cheerful aspect. They seem fitted more to be admired than to be enjoyed. The best part of the house is for the occasional use of strangers, and not to be occupied by those who might, day by day, enjoy it, which is but one proof among many that we love to appear comfortable rather than to be so. Thus miserable pride hangs like a mill stone about our hospitality. "We sacrifice the hospitality of a year to the prodigality of a night." We are ashamed of any thing but affluence, and when we cannot make an appearance, or furnish entertainments as showy as the richest, we will do nothing. Thus does pride close our doors. Hospitality becomes an event of importance. It is not our daily life, one of our chiefest enjoyments, but a debt, a ceremony, a penance. And not only pride, but anxiety of mind, interferes with sociality. Bent upon one aim, the merchant grudges his thoughts. He cannot expend his energies in social enjoyment. Nay, it is not enjoyment to him; society has nothing of the excitement of business. The excessive pursuit of gain begets a secrecy of thought, a contradiction of ideas, a barrenness of interest, which renders its votary any thing but social or companionable. Conversation incessantly takes an anxious and uninteresting turn; and the fireside becomes only a narrower exchange, and the parlor a more private news-room.

It is rare to see a foreigner without some taste for amusement, some power of relaxing his mind, some interest in the arts, or in literature. This is true even of the less privileged classes. It is rare, on the contrary, to find a *virtuous* American past middle life, who does not regard amusements of all sorts either as childish or immoral; who possesses any acquaintance with or taste for the arts, except it be a natural and rude taste for music; or who reads any thing except newspapers, and only the political or commercial columns of those. It is the want of tastes for other things than business which gives an anxious and unhappy turn to our minds. It cannot be many years before the madness of devoting the whole day to the toils of the counting-house will be acknowledged; before the claim of body and mind to relaxation and cheerful, exhilarating amusement will be seen. We consider the common suspicion which is felt of amusements among thoughtful people to be one of the most serious evils to which our community is exposed. It outlaws a natural taste, and violates and ruins the consciences of the young, by stamping as sinful what they have not the force to refrain from. It makes our places of amusement low, divides the thoughtful and the careless, the grave and the gay, the old and the young, in their pleasures. Children are without the protection of their parents in their enjoyments. And thus, too, is originated one of the greatest curses of our social state—the great want of intimacy and confidence between children and their parents, especially between fathers and sons.

The impulses that incline to pleasure, if opposed, tend to vice. Nature finds a vent for her pent-up forces. Alas! for what are called *strict morals* in this view; when, by an unnatural restriction, innocent and open pleasures make way for secret vices or sins of the heart.

While the commercial spirit in this extravagant form gives a certain sobriety and moral aspect to society, it occasions an excessive barrenness of real moral excellencies. This is a very difficult and delicate distinction to render popularly apparent, although of the most vital and substantial reality. There is a very great difference between what are called strict morals, and morals that are really profound in their sources, and pervading in their influence. We are more strict in our morals in these Northern States

than anywhere in the world, but it is questionable whether our morality is not of a somewhat inferior quality, and in a too narrow view. It is artificial, conventional. There is no quarter of the earth where the Sabbath is more scrupulously observed—where religious institutions are so well supported, or where more abstinence from pleasure is practised. The great virtue of industry prevails. Overt sins are more rare here than elsewhere. As far as morality is restrictive in its nature, it has accomplished a great work in America. The vices or sins which are reducible to statute, or known by name, are generally restrained. We have a large class of persons of extraordinary propriety and faultlessness of life. Our view of morals has a tendency to increase this class. Our pursuits are favorable to it. The love of gain is one of the most sober of all desires. The seriousness of a miser surpasses the gravity of a devotee. Did not every commercial city draw a large body of strangers to it, and attract many reckless and vicious persons, it would wear a very solemn aspect. The pleasure-seeking, the gay, the disorderly, are never the trading population. Large commercial cities tend to great orderliness and decency of manners and morals. But they also tend to very low and barren views of moral excellence. And the American spirit of our own day illustrates this. Our moral sense operates only in one direction. Our virtues are the virtues of merchants, and not of men. We run all to honesty, and mercantile honesty. We do not cultivate the graces of humanity. We have more conscience than heart, and more propriety than either. The fear of evil consequences is more influential than the love of goodness. There is nothing hearty, gushing, eloquent, in the national virtue. You do not see goodness leaking out from the full vessel at every motion it feels. Our goodness is formal, deliberate, premeditated. The upright man is not benevolent, and the just man is not generous. The good man is not cheerful. The religious man is not agreeable. In other words, our morals are partial, and therefore barren. It is not generally understood how great scrupulousness of character may be united with great selfishness, and how, along with a substantial virtue, there may exist the most melancholy deficiencies. This seems to be very common with us, and to be the natural result

of our engrossing pursuits. Every one minds his own business, to the extreme peril of his own soul. The apostolic precept, *Mind not thine own things*, but also the things of another, is in danger of great neglect. Our social condition makes us wary, suspicious, slow to commit ourselves too far in interest for others. The shyness of the tradesman communicates itself to the manners of the visiter; we learn to live within ourselves; we grow unsocial, unfraternal in feeling; and the sensibility, the affection, the cordiality, the forth-putting graces of a warm and virtuous heart, die of disuse. For our part, we are ready to say, let us have more faults and more virtues; more weaknesses and more graces; less punctilio, and more affluence of heart. Let us be less dignified and more cordial; less sanctimonious and more unselfish; less thriving and more cheerful; less toilsome and more social.

We want, as a people, a rounder character. Our humanity is pinched; our tastes are not generous. The domestic and social virtues languish. The dearest relations of life are stripped of beauty; a wretched utility usurps that proper theatre of beautiful sentiment, our very homes. Children grow up unknown to their parents. The mature despise their own youth, and have no sympathy with the romance, the buoyancy, the gayety of their children. Enterprise is our only enthusiasm. We grow to be ashamed of our best affections. We are afraid to acknowledge that we derive enjoyment from trifles, and make apologies for being amused with any thing. Thus is the beautiful field of life burnt over, and all its spontaneous flowers and fruitage destroyed; a few towering trunks alone redeeming the landscape. Happiness is made up of little things, and he who would be happy at all, must enjoy the little things day by day. So fraternal love, benevolence, virtue, consist in small acts prompted by love, and binding the day with a chain of delicate moral links. Character, too, is the result of right purposes, and pure feelings, and generous emotions, exercised upon trivial occasions day after day; and heroic and high virtue is the necessary result of this mode of life. We fear that the ruling passion of our community, the habits of business which it has established, the anxious and self-concentrated mind which ensues, the morals which it engenders, are very hostile to any thing like perfect-

ed humanity. It is very probable that we may have erred in supposing a greatly better state of things to exist in other communities. But we know that we are right as to the positive state of our own, whatever it may be relatively to others. We know, too, very well the almost insuperable difficulties in the way of any individual who shall attempt to withstand the prevailing current of sentiment, or of business habits. But if *none* are to escape, it is well to be aware of the danger; nor must it be assumed that a firm will cannot do much to emancipate a man from the general bondage of trade. Sooner than slave from morning to night at business, we would counsel any man conscious of inward resources, of the desire to cultivate his better nature, his social feelings, his tastes, his generous and cheerful sentiments, to give it up altogether as soon as the most moderate competency is secured; to seek the country—to occupy some of our rich western lands—to do any thing which will give him time to enjoy domestic pleasures, to rear his children, to acquaint himself with nature, to read, to meditate. [The excitement, the bustle, the toil of our life render us dead to the voice of the highest truth. We cannot stop to consider the matter. How few are aware that Christianity is a call to freedom—a call to happiness. Would we but listen, it would break these very chains whose galling wounds we have been opening; it would allay these feverish anxieties; it would restore to us contentment; it would legitimate our pleasures; it would re-establish, or for the first time build, our homes; it would give our children parents, and us parents children; it would teach us that happiness resides ever in the simple and impartial bounties of God—in a domestic love—in social intercourse—in generous sympathy—in a mind pleased with little things—in the gratification of our various innocent tastes—in the love of nature—in thought—in doing good. We meanwhile barter the substance for the shadow—delve for the means instead of quietly enjoying the end—keep up appearances, deceive others with the show of happiness, and fall at length from the top of life's laborious gains into our graves, worn out with anxieties that have benefited no one, and carrying neither the recollection nor the capacity of happiness with us into a spiritual existence.]

THEODORE FRELINGHUYSEN.

THE skilful burin of our engraver has most happily transcribed the grave, expressive features which the faithful pencil of the sun, through the wonderful process of the Daguerreotype, had caught from the living face of this eminent statesman; and we propose to illustrate the artist's labor by a sketch of the *character* of its subject, copied from the no less truthful impression which Mr. Frelinghuysen's life and labors, political and philanthropic, have made upon the minds and hearts of his countrymen.

Mr. Frelinghuysen was not only born in New Jersey, but, by all ancestral associations, is connected with the most patriotic events in her history. His father, Frederick Frelinghuysen, at the early age of twenty-two a delegate from that state to the Continental Congress of 1775, in 1777 resigned this elevated station of honor in his country's councils, to take a position of danger in her battle-fields, served with distinction as captain of a volunteer corps of artillery, at Monmouth and at Trenton, and afterwards was actively engaged, throughout the war, as colonel in the Somerset militia. After the restoration of peace, the warm gratitude of his fellow-citizens bestowed upon him, in quick succession, the political honors of their state, and, in 1793, elected him to a seat in the Senate of the United States. Seldom has a richer inheritance of public service and of public honor been bequeathed by a father, and never has it descended to a worthier heir.

Theodore Frelinghuysen was born at the village of Millstone, in the county of Somerset, on the 28th of March, 1787, and is now in his 58th year. He prepared for college at the school of the Rev. Dr. Finley, since distinguished as the author of the noble scheme of African colonization, of which his scholar has proved so eminent an advocate; and, in 1804, was graduated at Princeton, with the highest honors of his class. Mr. Frelinghuysen pursued his professional studies, for some years, in the office of an elder brother, and completed them under the auspices of the celebrated Richard Stockton, in 1808, when

he attained his majority, and was admitted to the bar.

In a profession whose honors and emoluments, when rightly sought, are seldom sought in vain, Mr. Frelinghuysen rapidly reached eminence. The character of his reputation as a lawyer, and the substantial grounds upon which it rested, are well expressed in the language of one familiar with them:

"The eloquence by which the forensic efforts of Mr. Frelinghuysen were distinguished; his voice, clear, mellow, and full; his manly appearance, brilliant imagination, vehement declamation, and fine flow of language, together with his acute knowledge of human nature, accurate legal acquirements, strong reasoning powers, and stern adherence to right, rendered Mr. Frelinghuysen the most popular advocate at the bar of eastern New Jersey. His consistent morality in his profession, his scorn for petty artifice and chicanery, his desire to settle rather than protract disputes, and strict integrity in his conduct of legal difficulties, won for him such a reputation for honesty, that his brother lawyers soon complained that juries would believe any thing Mr. Frelinghuysen contended for, simply because he did so."

Mr. Frelinghuysen's devotion to his profession was not such, however, as to preclude him from the adoption and maintenance of decided political opinions, and, with the practical energy of which his father had set him so noble an example, in the progress of the last war he raised and commanded a company of volunteers. In 1817, by the free choice of a legislative body, of which a majority held political sentiments at variance with his own, he was appointed attorney-general, a post of honor and trust which he held until 1826, when he obeyed the high behest of his state, to represent it in the United States Senate. Before this time, and in 1826, he had declined a seat upon the bench of the supreme court of New Jersey, to which the legislature had elected him.

With his election to the United States Senate, the career of Mr. Frelinghuysen upon the broad field of national politics commences, and a rapid survey of that

career will display, in the clearest light, the eminent qualities for the service of the state which he possessed; his thorough devotion to the best interests of the entire country, his ready sacrifice of selfish and sectional feelings to the general welfare, and his fearless maintenance of the high demands of virtue and religion, amid the strife and tumult of party warfare, and all the engrossing anxieties of secular concerns.

As the earnest, scrupulous, and uncompromising preserver of national faith, Mr. Frelinghuysen, amid obloquy and derision, sustained the cause of the Indians, and strove to stay the tide of events which was sweeping away "the ancient landmarks" of this feeble and decaying people; as the firm and conscientious conservator of national morality, he sought to restore somewhat of the strictness of primitive observance which our ancestors accorded to the Christian Sabbath, to encourage its honor among the citizens, by its respectful recognition by the state, and, at least, to protect its solemn rest from governmental desecration; and as the *Christian statesman*, who recognises the finger of God amid the affairs of men, and would avert national calamity by national humiliation, he seconded and eloquently supported Mr. Clay's resolution for a national fast, in the season of the cholera, which passed the Senate by a vote of thirty to thirteen.

In all the great questions which regarded as well the substantial and important commercial and industrial interests of the country, as the first duties of national faith and national gratitude, Mr. Frelinghuysen, while a member of the Senate, took a position equally prominent and decided. In the debate which took place upon the extension of the pension system, and which resulted in its establishment on its present patriotic basis—a measure in opposition to which Mr. Polk occupied a bad eminence, Mr. Frelinghuysen expressed himself in a strain which, for the union of practical sense, warm sympathy, and broad national views, has been rarely surpassed in the records of deliberative eloquence. In exposing the blemishes existing in the pension system, even as improved by the law of 1828, and urging the removal of these stains upon our national gratitude, in reply to Mr. Hayne of South Carolina, Mr. Frelinghuysen remarked:

"But there were two defects in the system, even as thus liberalized. In the first

place, it exacted the humiliating confession of absolute poverty. It required of the aged veteran that he should publicly, and in the presence of the sons by the side of whose fathers he had fought and suffered, expose the wretchedness of his condition; that he should produce the proof of his pauperism, and swear to it himself. I have seen these worthies, in our public courts of justice, exhibit the inventory of their poverty, down to the items of cups and saucers, and I have felt humbled for my country. Sir, a noble spirit would sometimes exclaim: 'I will die in want first! If my country exacts such ignoble conditions, let her withhold the miserable pittance.' And who, sir, of this Senate, does not honor the sentiment? It has been honored and vindicated by the manly feeling of this great community. Public opinion would not longer brook such terms of national honor and gratitude; and, by the concurring indications of legislatures and people, we are invoked to relax these hard conditions. And should a few partake of a favor that do not need it, better so, than that even one deserving relic of times so dearly cherished should go down to the dust neglected and forgotten.

"But, sir, there was another and equally substantial objection to the present system. It discriminates most invidiously between the troops of the regular line and the militia. The latter could not perceive the reasons for such difference, when they remembered that they had fought as bravely, and bled as freely, as any soldiers of the American army. The honorable senator (Mr. Hayne) has said that the camp was the place of safety. If that were so, it must have been the camp of the regular forces, and not the uncertain, ever-changing quarters of a partisan corps, whose tents were raised to-day, only to be struck to-morrow, to repel the sudden incursions of a prowling and mercenary horde. Sir, the gentleman also urged that the men at home and on their farms suffered most severely by dangers and depredations; and such, Mr. President, were precisely the exigencies of the militia—they were the yeomanry of the country, who were often summoned from their ploughs at a moment's warning, to fly to the defence of their neighborhoods, and reclaim the plunder that in an unexpected hour the enemy had rifled from their dwellings and their farms. These were the men who felt the distresses of a cruel and relentless warfare, that brought terror, alarm, and confusion to the fireside; and who, amid all that long, harassing, and doubtful conflict, stood firm to the cause, and never flinched from their purposes. In personal privations they suffered quite as severely, and, in the sacrifice of

property, vastly more than the regular soldiery. Wherefore, then, is it that we should coldly pass them by, and with such partial and exclusive consideration, distinguish the one, and utterly reject the just claims of the other?

"Besides, sir, if the bill should be made to rest on adequate compensation, how were the militia paid? In the same depreciated, worthless currency in which the Congress has accorded indemnity to the regular army. So that, whatever inducements may be urged, there is no sound or satisfactory reason for preferences, where the sacrifice, sufferings, and glory were common.

"I regretted to hear any thing of sectional contrasts in this matter; that the North would receive at the rate of ten thousand pensioners, while the South and West could only present four thousand. Sir, these exciting suggestions I consider unhappy in their influence. We have far too many sectional prejudices already to deplore. Let us not increase them. Why should this bill be enlisted in the ungracious service? It was not so regarded in 1818 or 1828. We then treated it as a national object. The battles and perils of the revolution were not encountered for sections—life and honor were pledged and redeemed as fully and freely for Georgia as for New Jersey. Why, then, sir, should we attempt to trace the dollars of this proposed appropriation to the pockets of the receivers, and run up an account between this and the other side of any line? But, Mr. President, on principles of the strictest accountability, the provisions of the bill are just. If the North sent the most men, she should receive the greater recompense. To give to the most fighting the most pay seems very equal.

"The West have, in terms, been invoked to aid in preventing what is denounced as unequal, because, from social and political causes, the most numerous body of the revolutionary army happen to reside north of this District. I also invoke the West—not for sectional purposes—but I would call upon them to remember their aged fathers whom they have left behind—to soothe the last years of a feeble few, now in sight of their graves, by whose patriotic struggle you now enjoy your noble West, with all its enterprise, resources, and happiness. Sir, my honorable friend, in terms of eloquent eulogium, ascribed to the female heroism of the revolution a full share in the achievements of those memorable times. I thought, Mr. President, that had those more than Spartan mothers listened to the high tribute paid to their virtues, their hearts would have responded: 'Such praise from such a source is more than ample re-

compense; now, be just to our husbands and sons, and we shall acquit our country of all her obligations.'

"As the bill before us dispenses with the condition of poverty, and impartially imparts its benefits to all that deserve them, I hope it will receive the support of the Senate."

Mr. Frelinghuysen's position and efforts on the great questions of the tariff, the compromise act, and the distribution of the proceeds of the public lands, have been closely connected with those of Mr. Clay, and no two politicians from opposite sides of Mason and Dixon's line have been so thoroughly coincident in their views on these and other subjects of national concern, as these eminent statesmen, who are now together presented for the suffrages of the *whole* country, for the highest stations human favor can bestow. The following candid exposition of Mr. Frelinghuysen's opinions and feelings in regard to Mr. Clay, written and published in the year 1832, while it shows the peculiar fitness of the Whig nominations, from the personal relations of the two candidates, exhibits their full concurrence in political sentiments—a consideration of the more importance, from the failure of the present chief executive to carry out, as accidental president, the principles which, as a vice-president, he was definitely elected to sustain.

"I have just returned from the Young Men's Convention, where I heard Mr. Clay in his finest style of address. He was brief, but full of energy and ardor. He made my bosom thrill with patriotic emotions. The hall was crowded with ladies, members of both houses of Congress, and distinguished strangers; the body of the room filled with youth—the hope of our country. I never saw such an assemblage; almost every State has sent up its youthful talent and virtue, to confer together and take counsel with each other, on the great interests of the republic—to be refreshed and invigorated for their public duties, and in urging the *just* claims of Mr. Clay to the first office of the government. I say his *just* claims, for if eminent qualifications—if exalted talents, and persevering and unshaken devotion to the vital interests of the country deserve such distinction, his title is full. I have been investigating Mr. Clay's public character for the whole session, and for many years before, and the more I have studied, the more I have esteemed and admired. Look at his noble course on the tariff policy; on the acknowledgment of

South American independence; on the great scheme of the Colonization Society; and last, not least, his conduct with regard to the public lands, and you behold the same manly, fearless, able, and upright pursuit of the broad, old-fashioned path of national and social happiness. There are no shifts or trucking to circumstances about him—no feeling the wind, or bending even to the storm—this least of all; for if ever the Roman firmness of Cato is more than usual in his conduct, it is when any attempt is made to drive him from his course. In short, my dear sir, I know no man in the country who has so much of soul mingled with politics as Mr. Clay. They call him ambitious. He is ambitious; but it is for the welfare of his country—that all her people, through all her ranks to the humblest cabin, may enjoy the blessings of peace, industry, and enterprise; and that he may be the honored instrument of promoting those great purposes, I do ardently hope that he may soon receive the exalted testimony of the Union to his public worth as a statesman, and the steady friend of liberty in its broadest relations.”

We shall make but two further extracts from the political speeches of Mr. F., the one indicating his views of the paramount obligations of the Constitution, delivered on occasion of “the removal of the depositories,” in Jan., 1834, and the other exhibiting the soundness of his opinions respecting the powers and duties of the general government and the several States in the matter of slavery.

“In the language of Mr. Jefferson, and according to the soundest philosophy of politics, the great mass of the American people have always been, and now are, ‘all Federalists, and all Republicans.’ It is the federalism of the Constitution that I honor—the system of fundamental law, as expounded by Hamilton, Madison, and Jay, and administered by Washington and most of his successors. I never drank at any other fountain, and wish to follow no other guide. And however, in seasons of tranquillity, when the sun shines brightly, and the waters are calm, we may venture to condemn or neglect these good old principles; when tempests begin to muster—when the highways are broken up, and the billows of convulsion break over us and around us, then, sir, when every face is sad, and every heart is heavy, we almost instinctively seek refuge and guidance in our Federal Constitution; we will then follow no other leader; it is the only shield that affords security. It is, indeed, sir, a copious and perennial fountain; copious, to supply all the social and political wants of this

great confederacy, and of vital energy, fully adequate to impart its rich benefits still wider, as the lines of our Union shall expand and encompass many more noble States. Yes, sir, far as the intrepid enterprise of our people shall urge the tide of emigration toward the setting sun, until all over the valleys of the West freemen shall rejoice in their blessings, and not an uncultivated acre remain on which to raise a cabin or strike a furrow.

“Mr. President, if in the benignant councils of a merciful Providence it shall please him to perpetuate our liberties, I believe that it will be through the agency of these principles. And should that melancholy crisis come to us, as I fear it may, as it has come to all past republics, when the people of this Union shall reject the control of fixed principles, and seek to break away from the government of laws, then, indeed, sir, will the hopes of our enemies, and all the fears of our friends, meet in the catastrophe of constitutional liberty, and our ‘sun shall go down while it is yet day.’”

The following remarks upon slavery as existing in our political system, represent the true constitutional doctrine as held by the great body of sound thinkers on either side of the Potomac.

“It is universally agreed that, by the principles of our confederation, the internal concerns of each State are left to its own exclusive cognizance and regulation, and the Federal Government of the United States cannot lawfully legislate on the subject of slavery, as it exists in the several States.

“Prior to the adoption of the Federal Constitution, the thirteen States were separate and independent governments. There was no political bond to which was given, by concession, the power of control: the State of Massachusetts, for instance, possessed no more right to interfere with the relation of master and slave in Carolina, than it had to interfere with the relation of prince and serf in Russia. When the Constitution was framed, no such right was acquired or could be obtained; and a subsequent provision was ingrafted, which was merely declaratory of the necessary intentment of the instrument, that ‘all powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people.’ The precise extent of these reserved rights has, in many particulars, been the subject of grave debate; but that they include the right of interfering in the relations of master and slave, no one has had the hardihood to pretend. Such terms as the States respectively chose to insist upon must necessarily have been acceded to, or

the whole compact remains inoperative; and, at all events, the slaves of the South, by its adoption, were placed in no worse situation than before, and, in many respects, much better. Nothing of an unkind or uncharitable character is attributable, therefore, to the Constitution—to those who framed, or to those who adopted it. Interests were contemplated and protected in which our black population participated, and of which they are now reaping, slowly but surely, the favorable fruits.

"What the *political* action is which the Constitution *prescribes* for the removal of slavery, we are yet to learn; nor is it easy to imagine a federal principle adequate to that result, and, at the same time, compatible with the 'sovereignty of each State to legislate *exclusively*' on the subject, and the disclaimer of any right of Congress, under the *present* national compact, to interfere with any of the slave States on this momentous subject.

"When, therefore, we are urged to the immediate abolition of slavery, the answer is very conclusive, that *duty* has no claims where *both the right and the power to exercise it* are wanting. The door is shut upon us here; nor could we open it but by a violence destructive of public harmony, and probably fatal to our National Union."

In 1835 Mr. F. was succeeded in the Senate by a gentleman of different political opinions, in accordance with those of the party then dominant in the New Jersey legislature. He returned to his native State, quietly resumed the practice of law, and, beloved and admired by his fellow-citizens of every sect and party, seemed to have retired forever from the political service of his country. In 1838 he became the Chancellor of the University of New York, and transferred his residence to that city. In this position, the dignified head of a learned university, the nomination of the Baltimore Convention of May, 1844, found him, and called him to the mighty conflict which is now dividing the land. For this conflict, and to achieve success in it, Mr. F. needed not to furnish up any arms of

party strife, grown rusty by disuse;—when in the heat of the fight, and in the ardor of youth, he had need only of the armor of truth and the weapons of peace, and with these, amid his scholastic retirement, and in the serene vigor of his mature age, he was still girt about. To this nomination the whole country responded with enthusiasm, and Mr. Frelinghuysen, with the graceful ease of the practical statesman, assumed the post of honor and trust which the great Whig party had assigned him, as cheerfully and as modestly as he had before labored in its ranks.

In all valuable movements for the improvement of the condition of our race, Mr. F. has always been earnest and active. In the cause of popular education, in the promotion of temperance, in the relief and improvement of imprisoned felons, in the diffusion of the Bible, he has ever been a laborious coadjutor with kindred spirits throughout the land; and at this moment he presides over the largest, most enlightened, and most comprehensive scheme of benevolence, and guides the deliberations of the most learned and honored body of philanthropists, to which our country has given birth.*

We cannot but congratulate not only the Whig party, but the whole people of these United States, upon the nomination of Mr. Frelinghuysen for the Vice-Presidency. The country has been prolific of political genius and oratorical talent; the various and vast systems of public philanthropy which this present century has nurtured and matured, have produced many men of eminent ability, and as eminent self-devotion; the benign influences of our social institutions have fostered in many private citizens the most dignified and beautiful of personal virtues, and made their possessors an honor and an ornament to their kind; but we challenge the list of living men of worth for the name of one who unites in so high a measure the valuable qualities of a statesman, a scholar, a Christian, and a *man* as Theodore Frelinghuysen.

* American Board of Commis. for Foreign Missions.

SIMMS'S LIFE OF MARION.*

THERE was one book, of "American manufacture," which especially delighted our boyhood. It has lingered with us. It left that peculiarly clear and ineffaceable impression which is only made on the boyish mind—as if the things told were matters of personal knowledge with us, that occurred a great while ago, and very wonderful. It was not a marvelous "Historie of Sathanic Witchcraft in y^e Colonies," printed with suitable pauses for shuddering; nor a tasteful collection of the most interesting crimes, as the "Pirate's Own Book," and "Lives of Eminent Highwaymen;" nor a "Narrative of Indian Wars," with tattooed cuts, and pleasantly interspersed with long captivities, and strange glimpses into the solitary distant abodes and wild life of the Red Men. It had no advantages of attraction by delicate paper, or covers exceedingly gilt. There was no artistic merit about it, such as makes Defoe's "Crusoe," and the travels of "Gulliver," and the wonderful allegory of the tinker's "Pilgrim," equally interesting to the young and the old. But the book was connected with the most eventful period of our country's history, the revolutionary war—a period which every American, for all time to come, will doubtless read over and call back to mind, to be imagined and lived through by themselves, with a more earnest and thrilling delight than any other since the first opening of the country. And this connection was of a very peculiar kind. There were not, among the scenes set forth, any movements of trained officers, and great armies, and regular campaigns; there were not even the recognised tactics of war; but there was the same serious and calculating, yet hazardous determination, which everywhere marked that memorable struggle; while, in addition, about the accidents and incidents which the unpretending narrative described, there was a degree of romance belonging to no other part of the contest over the country. It was altogether a singular union of impressions—a Robin Hood and border-war interest, united

with the stirring sense of dangers undergone, and blood spilt, to establish a great nation in freedom. Weems's Life of Marion will be forgotten by no one who ever read it in childhood.

The qualities of that eccentric writer were certainly remarkable. Some of them are the traits of a really Bunyan-like genius, and would have been so considered, had not the extreme exaggeration and love of fun everywhere exhibited, too fully occupied the mind of the reader. No one, especially, could fail to be struck with the imagination displayed in both of his narratives, and also by the opulence of poetic language, though replete with an amount of hyperbole that makes it, at times, sufficiently near the ridiculous. All his writings are but an illustration in point. We remember a particular passage:

"Oh, Marion!" he exclaims, in the person of the valiant Peter Horry, at the close of his preface, where he seems to have had an unusual fit of inspiration—"Oh, Marion, my friend! my friend! never can I forget thee! Although thy wars are all ended, and thyself at rest in the grave, yet I see thee still. I see thee as thou wert wont to ride, most terrible in battle to the enemies of thy country. Thine eyes, like balls of fire, flamed beneath thy lowering brows. But lovely still wert thou in mercy, thou bravest among the sons of men! For, soon as the enemy, sinking under our swords, cried for quarter, thy heart swelled with commiseration, and thy countenance was changed, even as the countenance of a man who beheld the slaughter of his brothers; the basest tory who could but touch the hem of thy garment was safe; the avengers of blood stopped short in thy presence, and turned abashed from the lightning of thine eyes.

"Oh, that my pen were of the quill of that swan that sings to future days! Then shouldst thou, my friend, receive the fulness of thy fame; the fathers of the years to come should talk of thy noble deeds; and the youth yet unborn should rise up and call thee blessed!"

But the ground required to be thoroughly traversed again. The reverend biogra-

* The Life of Francis Marion. By W. Gilmore Simms. New York: Henry G. Langley, 8 Astor House. 1844.

pher, though he, in fact, took very few liberties on the field, had such a habit—we may say, a *faculty*—of presenting all the picturesque scenery, and making that which was not such appear so, that however the reader may be amused, he will believe himself not authentically instructed. But even if the eccentric narrator had made the most discreet use of his genius, the subject would still have remained to be written over. The account which he gave was but partial, made up, in a great degree, of anecdote. Of the materials requisite for a full narrative, many which he might probably have gathered he neglected; many others which he could not have found, time, in the natural course of things, has brought to light. For the fact, in regard to historical composition, is different from what might be supposed. The materials of history can rarely be obtained contemporaneously with the events related. It is only with the departure of years that the sources of information are fully open. Old chests, old family bookcases, and antique-fashioned secretaries, with queer devices for hiding things, are then suffered to be ransacked; the historian is far removed from causes of prejudice; and the calm, fair narrative is produced, bearing to all future time the events of a long preceding age. Mr. Simms has been able most successfully to avail himself of this fact; he has discovered many treasures of information, and produced a complete and ample biography. Were it, indeed, of almost any other man, we should be disposed to find fault with it as too much extended. Histories and biographies are becoming, of late, alarmingly corpulent; many of them will never be able to carry down such bulk of body to posterity. But the life of Marion eminently deserved to be written, and written freely and minutely. Any name that has so lived in the hearts of a people must have deserved such a tribute; if *not*, in any case—then the facts should be carefully set forth, to show his fame unjust. And here we might with assurance rest the merits of Marion; for all authenticated facts bear witness that his reputation is not greater than were his deeds. As no state, throughout that memorable struggle, bore herself with a greater spirit of self-devotion, at greater expense of suffering and blood, and the anguish of broken ties, than his native South Carolina, so was there no man, more resolutely heroic in suffering and

self-denial, or whose efforts did more, with the exception of Washington's, to forward the revolutionary cause, than Francis Marion. And over all this the manner of his warfare has flung a strange romance, that belongs to no other name whatever in the annals of our history. His whole career, with his band of brave partisans, for several years, was one of the most wild and stirring adventure. The things related of them are just those which delight the imagination, while they excite the warmest personal interest. We see them, chased by the enemy, like Robin Hood's men of the "good greenwood," suddenly vanish in swamp and thicket; we see them lie concealed at noonday in sunny nooks in the forest; we see them at midnight issue forth on secret and sudden enterprises, to be executed with bold adroitness; we see them, too, enduring the dearest privations—of food, and clothing, and rest, and the affectionate intercourse of wives and children at the fireside—visited with turns of despondency, and unable to see the triumphs of the future in the unceasing struggles of the present, yet bearing all with manly cheerfulness, and unflinching determination to abide the issue. And what might that issue be? For aught that they could foresee, final subjugation and the death of traitors. By dwelling on such things we begin to appreciate the thrilling cause of liberty; and it is not wonderful that "Marion," "Marion's brigade," and "Marion's men," have "passed into household words" for children and youth, and have become themes of fiction and song.

"Our fortress is the good greenwood,
Our tent the cypress-tree;
We know the forest round us
As seamen know the sea.
We know its walls of thorny vines,
Its glades of reedy grass,
Its safe and silent islands
Within the dark morass.

"Well knows the fair and friendly moon,
The band that Marion leads—
The glitter of their rifles,
The scampering of their steeds.
'Tis life our fiery bars to guide
Across the moonlight plains;
'Tis life to feel the night-wind
That lifts their tossing manes.
A moment in the British camp—
A moment—and away
Back to the pathless forest,
Before the peep of day."

We regret that we have not space to dwell at leisure upon the wide and most interesting subject which this little volume opens to us. The whole partisan warfare of the South, and the contemporary movements of the continental armies in that region, offer many topics for delightful disquisition. But we must employ some other occasion. The merits of the biography, however, are worthy of notice; and we shall extract a few passages which may present them to advantage.

Marion appears to have begun his military career in that terrible struggle, in 1761, in which the spirit of the powerful and warlike Cherokees was first broken. A passage, recounting the causes of the war, may be cited as a specimen of the lucid and easy style of narration that runs through the book, and because it is a better account than we have yet seen of the real origin of that conflict, so disastrous to the native race.

"At the opening of the year 1759, the colony of South Carolina was on the eve of an Indian war. The whole frontier of the Southern Provinces, from Pennsylvania to Georgia, was threatened by the savages, and the scalping-knife had already begun its bloody work upon the weak and unsuspecting borderers. The French had been conquered upon the Ohio. Forts Frontenac and Duquesne had fallen. British and Provincial valor, aided by strong bodies of Cherokee warriors, had everywhere placed the flag of Britain above the fortresses of France. With its elevation, the Indian allies of the French sent in their adhesion to the conquerors; and, their work at an end, the Cherokee auxiliaries of Britain prepared to return to their homes, covered with their savage trophies, and adequately rewarded for their services. It happened, unfortunately, that, while passing along the frontiers of Virginia, the Cherokees, many of whom had lost their horses during the campaign, supplied themselves rather unscrupulously from the pastures of the colonists. With inconsiderate anger, the Virginians, forgetting the late valuable services of the savages, rose upon their footsteps, slew twelve or fourteen of their warriors, and made prisoners of as many more. This rash and ill-advised severity aroused the nation. The young warriors flew to arms, and pouring their active hordes upon the frontier settlements, proceeded to the work of slaughter without pausing to discriminate between the offending and the innocent. The emergency was pressing, and Governor Lyttleton, of South Carolina,

called out the militia of the province. They were required to rendezvous at the Congarees, about one hundred and forty miles from Charleston. To this rendezvous Francis Marion repaired, in a troop of provincial cavalry commanded by one of his brothers. The prompt preparation of the Carolinians had somewhat lessened the appetite of the savages for war. Perhaps their own preparations were not yet sufficiently complete to make them hopeful of its issue. The young warriors were recalled from the frontiers, and a deputation of thirty-two chiefs set out for Charleston, in order to propitiate the anger of the whites, and arrest the threatened invasion of their country. Whether they were sincere in their professions, or simply came for the purpose of deluding and disarming the Carolinians, is a question with the historians. It is certain that Governor Lyttleton doubted their sincerity, refused to listen to their explanations, and carrying them along with him, rather as hostages than as commissioners in sacred trust, he proceeded to meet the main body of his army, already assembled at the Congarees. The treatment to which they were thus subjected filled the Cherokee deputies with indignation, which, with the usual artifice of the Indian, they yet contrived to suppress. But another indiscreet proceeding of the Governor added to the passion which they felt, and soon baffled all their powers of concealment. In resuming the march for the nation, he put them into formal custody, placed a captain's guard over them, and in this manner hurried them to the frontiers. Whatever may have been the merits of this movement as a mere military precaution, it was of very bad policy in a civil point of view. It not only degraded the Indian chiefs in their own, but in the eyes of their people. His captives deeply and openly resented this indignity and breach of faith; and, brooding in sullen ferocity over the disgrace which they suffered, meditated in silence those schemes of vengeance which they subsequently brought to a fearful maturity. But though thus impetuous and imprudent, and though pressing forward as if with the most determined purposes, Lyttleton was in no mood for war. His policy seems to have contemplated nothing further than the alarm of the Indians. Neither party was exactly ripe for the final issue. The Cherokees needed time for preparation, and the Governor, with an army ill-disciplined and imperfectly armed, found it politic, when on the very confines of the enemy's country, to do that which he might very well have done in Charleston—listen to terms of accommodation. Having sent for Attakullakullah, the wise man of the nation, who had always been the staunch

friend of the whites, he made his complaints, and declared his readiness for peace;—demanding, however, as the only condition on which it could be granted, that twenty-four men of the nation should be delivered to him, to be disposed of as he should think proper, by death or otherwise, as an atonement for that number of the Carolinians massacred in the late foray of the savages. A treaty was effected, but with some difficulty, on these terms. Compliance with this *sine quâ non* was not so easy, however, on the part of the Cherokee chiefs. The moment it was understood, the great body of their people fled to the mountains, and the number of hostages could be secured only by the detention of twenty-two of those chiefs already in the Governor's custody. The captives were placed for safe-keeping at the frontier fort of Prince George.

"But the natural sense of the savage is not inferior to that by which the laws of the civilized are prescribed in their dealings with one another. The treaty thus extorted from their leaders while in a state of duress, was disregarded by the great body of the nation. They watched their opportunity, and scarcely had the Governor disbanded his forces, when the war-whoop resounded from the frontiers."

The result of the conflict is well known. The Cherokees were terribly defeated; nor did the vindictiveness of the whites stop there, as it should have done, but "fourteen hundred of their towns were burnt—their granaries were yielded to the flames—their cornfields ravaged, while the miserable fugitives, flying from the unsparing sword, took refuge with their almost starving families among the barren mountains." It was worthy of Marion that he always spoke of this destruction, which he had no authority to hinder, with expressions of horror.

The tidings of the battle of Lexington had no sooner rung through the southern settlements, than Marion entered the struggle with his whole soul. Yet, for such a part, his physical ener-

gies seemed entirely inadequate. Weems says, that "at his birth this great soldier was not larger than a New England lobster, and might easily enough have been put into a quart pot." A little hyperbole may be reckoned upon in this statement; but Henry Lee, in his memoirs, describes him, in after life, as "in stature of the smallest size, thin, as well as low." The rest of that description, however, will show why he became the indefatigable, skilful partisan, followed into dangers by his men with unbounded trust, and feared by his enemies as far as they could hear the report of his daring.*

Such was the man; and the following finely-drawn picture of the manner in which he had trained his parties to move, fills out a perfect idea of him, and of his wonderful energy and skill in perilous strategy. We have read of no one but an Indian warrior equalling him in these respects.

"When he himself, or any of his parties, left the island upon an expedition, they advanced along no beaten paths. They made them as they went. He had the Indian faculty in perfection, of gathering his course from the sun, from the stars, from the bark and the tops of trees, and such other natural guides, as the woodman acquires only through long and watchful experience. Many of the trails, thus opened by him, upon these expeditions, are now the ordinary avenues of the country. On starting, he almost invariably struck into the woods, and seeking the heads of the larger water courses, crossed them at their first and small beginnings. He destroyed the bridges where he could. He preferred fords. The former not only facilitated the progress of less fearless enemies, but apprized them of his own approach. If speed was essential, a more direct, but not less cautious route was pursued.

"The secrecy with which Marion conducted his expeditions was, perhaps, one of the reasons for their frequent success. He intrusted his schemes to nobody, not even his most confidential officers. He consult-

* Henry Lee's Memoirs. He adds: "His visage was not pleasing, and his manners not captivating. He was reserved and silent, entering into conversation only when necessary, and then with modesty and good sense. He possessed a strong mind, improved by its own reflections and observations, not by books or travel. His dress was like his address—plain, regarding comfort and decency only. In his meals he was abstemious, eating generally of one dish, and drinking water mostly. He was sedulous and constant in his attention to the duties of his station, to which every other consideration yielded. Even the charms of the fair, like the luxuries of the table and the allurements of wealth, seemed to be lost upon him. The procurement of subsistence for his men, and the continuance of annoyance for his enemy, engrossed his entire mind. He was virtuous all over; never, even in manner, much less in reality, did he trench upon right."

ed with them respectfully, heard them patiently, weighed their suggestions, and silently approached his conclusions. They knew his determinations only from his actions. He left no track behind him, if it were possible to avoid it. He was often vainly hunted after by his own detachment. He was more apt at finding them than they him. His scouts were taught a peculiar and shrill whistle, which, at night, could be heard at a most astonishing distance. We are reminded of the signal of Roderick Dhu:—

—“He whistled shrill,
And he was answered from the hill,
Wild as the scream of the curlew,
From crag to crag, the signal flew.”

His expeditions were frequently long, and his men, hurrying forth without due preparation, not unfrequently suffered much privation from want of food. To guard against this danger, it was their habit to watch his cook. If they saw him unusually busied in preparing supplies of the rude, portable food, which it was Marion's custom to carry on such occasions, they knew what was before them, and provided themselves accordingly. In no other way could they arrive at their general's intentions. His favorite time for moving was with the setting sun, and then it was known that the march would continue all night. Before striking any sudden blow, he has been known to march sixty or seventy miles, taking no other food in twenty-four hours, than a meal of cold potatoes and a draught of cold water. The latter might have been repeated. This was truly a Spartan process for acquiring vigor. Its results were a degree of patient hardihood, as well in officers as men, to which few soldiers in any periods have attained. These marches were made in all seasons. His men were badly clothed in homespun, a light wear which afforded little warmth. They slept in the open air, and frequently without a blanket. Their ordinary food consisted of sweet potatoes, garnished, on fortunate occasions, with lean beef.”

As a sequel to this description of their partisan expeditions, the following exquisite picture of one of their noted sylvan encampments may be added. It occurs in connection with an anecdote, which is doubtless familiar to every reader, of the young British officer and the feast of sweet potatoes.

“He was encountered by one of the scout-

ing parties of the brigade, carefully blindfolded, and conducted, by intricate paths, through the wild passes, and into the deep recesses of the island. Here, when his eyes were uncovered, he found himself surrounded by a motley multitude, which might well have reminded him of Robin Hood and his outlaws. The scene was unquestionably wonderfully picturesque and attractive, and our young officer seems to have been duly impressed by it. He was in the middle of one of those grand natural amphitheatres so common in our swamp forests, in which the massive pine, the gigantic cypress, and the stately and ever-green laurel, streaming with moss, and linking their opposite arms, inflexibly locked in the embrace of centuries, group together, with elaborate limbs and leaves, the chief and most graceful features of Gothic architecture. To these recesses, through the massed foliage of the forest, the sunlight came as sparingly, and with rays as mellow and subdued, as through the painted window of the old cathedral, falling upon aisle and chancel. Scattered around were the forms of those hardy warriors with whom our young officer was yet destined, most probably, to meet in conflict,—strange or savage in costume or attitude—lithe and sinewy of frame—keen-eyed and wakeful at the least alarm. Some slept, some joined in boyish sports; some, with foot in stirrup, stood ready for the signal to mount and march. The deadly rifle leaned against the tree, the sabre depended from its boughs. Steeds were browsing in the shade, with loosened bits, but saddled, ready at the first sound of the bugle to skirr through brake and thicket. Distant fires, dimly burning, sent up their faint white smokes, that, mingling with the thick forest tops, which they could not pierce, were scarce distinguishable from the long gray moss which made the old trees look like so many ancient patriarchs.”

The style employed in the biography is among the best examples of descriptive narrative we have seen for some time. It is a style not easy to hit, requiring, at times, great simplicity and terseness of language; at times, an equal degree of richness and fluency; and always a clearness which shall not give the reader a moment's doubt as to the writer's meaning. The work is certainly full of interest, and we believe it will add materially to Mr. Simms's reputation as a writer.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

The Charleston Book: a Miscellany in Prose and Verse. Charleston, published by Samuel Hart, Sen., King-street, 1845.

WE have been favored, in advance of publication, with the sheets of a tastefully executed volume bearing the above title, and edited, as we understand, by Mr. Simms.

Many amateur books, made up of local contributions, have appeared in Northern cities, containing always pieces of very unequal merit. The present volume, collected in the polished capital of South Carolina, does not differ greatly from others in this respect. It has writings from men of splendid repute—and the writings are worthy of their reputation. It has writings from persons of whom few, probably, ever heard—and the merit of these, also, seems commensurate with the fame of their authors. The greater part of the book, however, which we cannot say of many similar collections, is very good writing; and there are two or three names that stand among the first in our literature. Of these, no one will fail to notice at once the name of the lamented Legaré,—a name which we cannot mention without profound regret that so ripe and eloquent a scholar, so finished and able a lawyer, so classical an orator, and a man every way so accomplished, should, in the vigor of manhood, have passed away from among the ornaments equally of his native state and of the nation. But Mr. Legaré had happily built his own monument before he died. He has left writings which are among the finest critical and oratorical productions of the country.

Mr. Legaré, as is known, was widely read in classic literature—and had, in particular, an unbounded admiration for the Greek genius. In this admiration we are disposed to join him so fully, that we cannot refrain from quoting, out of the volume before us, an eloquent eulogium on the Greek language.

It is impossible to contemplate the annals of Greek literature and art, without being struck with them, as by far the most extraordinary and brilliant phenomenon in the history of the human mind. The very language, even in its primitive simplicity, as it came down from the rhapsodists who celebrated the exploits of Hercules and Theseus, was as great a wonder as any it records. All the other tongues that civilized men have spoken, are poor, and feeble, and barbarous, in comparison with it. Its compass and flexibility, its riches and its powers, are altogether unlimited. It not only expresses with precision all that is thought or known at any given period, but it enlarges itself naturally with the progress of science, and affords, as if without an effort, a new phrase, or

a systematic nomenclature whenever one is called for. It is equally adapted to every variety of style and subject—to the most shadowy subtlety of distinction, and the utmost exactness of definition, as well as to the energy and pathos of popular eloquence—to the majesty, the elevation, the variety of the Epic, and the boldest license of the Dithyrambic, no less than to the sweetness of the Elegy, the simplicity of the Pastoral, or the heedless gaiety and delicate characterization of Comedy. Above all, what is an unspeakable charm—a sort of *naïveté* is peculiar to it, and appears in all these various styles, and is quite as becoming and agreeable in an historian or a philosopher—Xenophon, for instance—as in the light and jocund numbers of Anacreon. Indeed, were there no other object in the learning Greek, but to see to what perfection language is capable of being carried, not only as a medium of communication, but as an instrument of thought, we see not why the time of a young man would not be just as well bestowed in acquiring a knowledge of it—for all the purposes, at least, of a liberal or elementary education—as in learning Algebra, another specimen of a language or arrangement of signs, perfect in its kind. But this wonderful idiom happens to have been spoken, as was hinted in the preceding paragraph, by a race as wonderful. The very first monument of their genius, the most ancient relic of letters in the Western world, stands to this day altogether unrivalled in the exalted class to which it belongs. What was the history of this immortal poem, and of its great fellow? Was it a single individual, and who was he, that composed them? Had he any master or model? What had been his education, and what was the state of society in which he lived? These questions are full of interest to a philosophic inquirer into the intellectual history of the species, but they are especially important with a view to the subject of the present discussion. Whatever causes for the matchless excellence of these primitive poems, and for that of the language in which they are written, will go far to explain the extraordinary circumstance, that the same favored people left nothing unattempted in philosophy, in letters, and in arts, and attempted nothing without signal, and, in some cases, unrivalled success.

Another name, widely known as that of a fine scholar and a writer, appears in the volume—Thomas S. Grimké. Some remarks are introduced on “the secret of oratorical success,” in which he occupies a ground quite opposite to Mr. Legaré. How Mr. Grimké should have so disparaged ancient oratory, and the classics generally, when his own finished and expressive style was notoriously the result of classical studies, is beyond our comprehension.

Washington Allston, too, of whom we need not here speak in terms of praise, is claimed by South Carolina as her son, having been born in Charleston. Extracts of his verse and prose, consisting of “The Tuscan Maid” and passages from “Monaldi,” are found in the volume. A very interesting essay, by Mr. Poinsett, on the Etruscans and their singularly exquisite remains of art, adds much to the interest of the compilation. There is a generous tribute to the Pilgrims of New England,

and numerous essays on various subjects by such writers as Pettigru, Pinckney, Simmons, and others sufficiently well known to the public—making altogether a varied and pleasant volume.

Among other things is a curious story of a boy that rose to great eminence by eating old parchments—illustrating the force of habit—introducing which, the writer tells the most laughable anecdote we have ever seen related of the ancients.

The Tyrinthians were a people so inveterately given to joyousness and gayety, that they were unable to enter upon the most serious and important deliberations with any thing like solemnity. In their public assemblies the orators, when they attempted to speak, were convulsed with laughter, and the chairman's hammer lay idle upon his desk while his hands were engaged in holding both his sides; the ambassadors of the neighboring kingdoms were received with ridiculous grimaces, and the gravest senators were neither more nor less than mere buffoons. In short, so far had this spirit of levity extended, that a rational word or action had become a prodigy among them. In this deplorable state of things, they consulted the Oracle, at Delphos, for a cure of their folly. The reply of the god was, that if they succeeded in offering a bull to Neptune without laughing during the ceremony, they might hope thereafter for a greater share of wisdom.

A sacrifice is in itself by no means a capital joke, but yet, well aware of their propensity, they took every precaution to avoid the provocation even of a smile. The youths of the city were debarred the privilege of assisting at the ceremony, and not only they; but all others were excluded, who had not some cause of melancholy within themselves—such, for instance, as were afflicted with painful and incurable diseases—such as were overhauled and heels in debt—and such as were wedded to scolding wives. When all these collected on the beach to immolate the victim, they prepared to perform their office with looks composed to seriousness, their eyes being cast down and their lips compressed together. Just at this moment a boy, who had glided in unperceived, and whom some of the attendants were endeavoring to drive out, exclaimed, in a comico-serious tone of voice, "What! are you afraid that I will swallow your bull?" This was too much for them; their counterfeit solemnity was disconcerted; habit overcame their resolution; they burst into roars of laughter; the sacrifice was abandoned; and gravity never returned to the Tyrinthians.

The prose of the collection is much better than the poetry—a circumstance to be expected. No local compilation could be made in any part of the country, that would not show the same features. There are several specimens, however, which are not without merit.

Aside from the intrinsic merits of a good portion of its contents, we are glad to see this volume on another account. We have had little community of literature in this country. Even in cities do our literary men live in miserable cliques; between the cultivated minds of neighboring cities there is still less intercourse; least of all, have the writings of one section of the Union been familiar to another. It ought to be otherwise. Nothing would tend more to create unanimity of feeling and purpose throughout the country, and to build up a body of national literature of a uniform

character, than that one portion of our great community should become acquainted with the feelings, opinions, and intellectual features of other portions—which can be fully effected only by perusal of their literature.

Hunt's Library of Commerce—Practical, Theoretical, and Historical.

Under this title a series of volumes is, we perceive, to be published by Mr. Hunt, the gentleman who has done so great a service to the mercantile community, and all interested in that great department of civil life, by the publication of the *Merchants' Magazine*.

The present undertaking is intended as a sequel or accompaniment to this so deservedly successful work; obviously a most excellent idea, as by this means topics can be treated of which require more elaborate elucidation than would be consistent with the design of a Magazine alone.

The Part before us (being Part First of the first volume) is a "Sketch of the Commercial Intercourse with China, reprinted from Knight's Store of Knowledge, with additions by the American Editor." A very interesting and succinct, but lucid history of this intercourse, from the earliest times of which we have any authentic account, is given, interspersed with as much valuable information of the customs of this curious people, bearing upon the subject of Commerce, as was possible in so small a compass. Nothing need be said of the importance of this particular subject, at the time of so great an epoch as the present in the commercial intercourse of the rest of the world with that nation.

Within the space that we can possibly give to notices such as this, it is impossible for us to say what ought so forcibly to be said upon a topic suggested by this publication. We mean the great importance to all engaged in Commerce, of information commensurate with their profession. To say nothing of the dignity and stability of character involved in the idea of an *intelligent* merchant, how much wildness of speculation, and misapplication of energy, enterprise, and labor, would be avoided, were merchants more generally acquainted with the various and complicated subjects connected with their calling; so that the causes and consequences of operations might be more intelligently reasoned about. In England, Commerce is now treated as a science; and it is becoming more and more necessary every day that it should be understood as such, in order to success. In fact, when the numbers contending for its glittering prizes only become a little more numerous than they are, to so understand and practise it will be essential to the avoidance of certain failure.

Life and Eloquence of the Rev. Sylvester Larned, First Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in New Orleans. By R. R. GURLEY. New York: Wiley & Putnam, 161 Broadway. 1844.

Pulpit eloquence is a distinct field in oratory, and its requisitions on all the resources of the speaker are as great, certainly, as are found in any department of the art. If its subjects are less varied than those of an every-day worldly nature—which may admit of doubt—they will yet bear to be more frequently recurred to; if they appear not of such immediate, and therefore pressing concern, they are yet of infinitely vaster import, and present themselves to the mind with such breadth and extension as belong to the prospects of immortality. And in this country its field is doubtless more distinct, and makes greater exactions, than in any other. For the turn of our people is decidedly towards oratory; and as the mass here are unquestionably more intelligent than in any other land, they will expect far more of their sacred teachers.

The discourses of the Rev. Sylvester Larned have been looked for now for several years, and great expectations, founded on universal report, had been formed with respect to their merits. Oratorical efforts, however, which when delivered produced the greatest effect, often appear, when perused in writings, to have no qualities justifying such an impression; so much of the power of eloquence belongs to the voice, the eye, the least motion of the hand. This fact, united with the great expectation which had been raised, would come in the way at once to disappoint the readers of Mr. Larned's Sermons now published. Yet, though his person "combined dignity, grace, and strength," though "his countenance well expressed his soul, and his voice was persuasion,"—none of which aids to impression can now be of avail—yet no one of those who may peruse these discourses in his own chamber, can fail to be struck with their many high qualities. After reading them, we cannot greatly differ from the opinion of his biographer, that "nothing irrelevant, nothing superfluous, is admitted;" that "he enters at once, and proceeds steadily onward in his argument, never pausing, and never deviating from his main design;" that "his words are things, his illustrations arguments, and even his ornaments seem but to clasp the simple drapery of great and majestic thoughts." If with all this he had, as is urged, the rare talent of being eloquent without seeming sensible of it, of hiding from himself and others the power by which he moved them, he was certainly an *orator*.

Commerce of the Prairies: or the Journal of a Santa Fé Trader during eight expeditions across the great Western Prairies, and a residence of nearly nine years in Northern Mexico. Illustrated with maps and engravings. By JOSIAH GREGG. Two volumes. New York: Henry G. Langley, 8 Astor House. 1844.

We do not suppose that any number of books, written from personal observation and adventure on the great prairies of the west, by those capable of describing what they saw and met with, would weaken our interest in a new volume depicting the same wonderful country. There is so much of new and varied incident still to be met with—so much of her fresh solitudes still left to Nature—so much that is unchangeably magnificent in its immense scenery—so much room to be free—that the imagination, among its green-swelling prairies, mounds, and vast rivers, with buffalo herds, and lines of dark forest belting the distance, very readily loses itself for the fiftieth time. Though Pike and Long, therefore, gave such full accounts of their journeys from the Mississippi to the mountains, and Murray, Irving, and Hoffman, and more recently the graphic narrator of the "Santa Fé Expedition," have added to scenes of the prairie many graces of style, the present somewhat loosely-arranged narrative of Mr. Gregg seems effectually to reawaken our interest.

Mr. Gregg's narrative is peculiarly rambling; but for that very reason, it has the more variety, which is, of course, in such a work, one great element of attraction. He gives some new information about the more distant Mexican territories, and a good deal that is new about many wild tribes of Indians. It is a book, in brief, pleasant to read, and one to which we should recur in writing about that region of the continent.

Elements of Logic, together with an Introductory View of Philosophy in general, and a Preliminary View of the Reason. By HENRY P. TAPPAN. New York and London: Wiley & Putnam. 1844.

Prof. Tappan is most favorably known in the field of philosophical inquiry by his able Review of Edwards on the Will. The present work on the very difficult field of logic will add to his reputation. It is divided into Primordial Logic, Inductive Logic, and Deductive Logic—presenting, in a more attractive form than is usual, a full discussion of all the principal elements of the subject. It is too large a subject, however, to be laid aside by us with a brief reference. We shall give it an extended notice on another occasion.

The Literary Remains of the late Willis Gaylord Clark. New York: Burgess, Stringer, & Co., 222 Broadway.

We have received from the publishers the various writings of Mr. Clark, as edited by his brother, the conductor of the "Knickerbocker." We regret the want of space for an appropriate notice of them at this time. In our next we shall endeavor to do justice to a man of genius, a true poet, and one of the finest humorists whom the country has produced.

Ellen Woodville: or Life in the West. New York: Henry G. Langley, 8 Astor House. 1844.

This book is not particularly worth noticing as a work of fiction. It deserves praise, however, for its general elegance of language—a trait not always found in the fictions of the day—and for a very clear and truthful portraiture of the life, principles, and practice of the western land speculators, especially their extreme want of what we might term *financial morality*.

THE SOLILOQUY.

THE lamp burns dimly, and the midnight stars
Have wheeled their slow course round the moveless pole.
—'Thus, then, oh! thus, with a returnless vow,
And a most voiceless purpose, deep within—
Deeper than fear or doubting—am I flung
On the great ocean of the world's wide thought.
What fortune there unto my freighted bark
Shall fall, I know not. Every billow seeks
Its own wild independence; and the shores
Of that tumultuous deep are strown along
With the dull wrecks of many a glorious scheme,
Once buoyant borne upon the topmost wave—
And under the dark waters, all unseen,
Lie myriad others, which no thought of man
Shall more remember. None the less, for these,
Shall yet another, laden with great hopes
And solemn purposes, go calmly forth
To struggle, as it may, for its bold aims,
And meet its destiny. There will be storms
In causeless strange abuse, and the strong breath
Of busy mouths will blow upon our course,
And their loud clamor strive to drown the voice
Of sun-bright Truth that sitteth on the prow:—
Nay, bitterer far, pretended friendly tongues
May fill the fair free winds with secret taint,
Poisoning the spirit of so fair a voyage—
Yet will we on with a most constant heart,
Stretch the broad sails, and through the dark-brow'd deep,
"Stem nightly towards the pole!" 'For if for thee,
O Native Land! there be forever sunk
One new delusion or one hoary error,
And thy dear sons accord no thought of praise,
Be all my recompense the toil for good,
And the high consciousness of evil slain,
And that which none can take away, thy gifts,
O Intellectual Beauty!—Influence bright,
Wide Presence! Great Adorner!—thou that wast
The earliest offspring of th' Eternal Soul,
Most loved, most honored, and endowed with power
Over the souls of angels and the mind
Of man, create in glory—thou that sitt'st
Among the clouds, and watchest with the stars,
And holdest converse deep, all times, all hours,
With the old mountains, and the changeful skies,
And solemn ocean, drinking in the light
Of God's great universe with silent gaze,
And look'st through all things—unto me, O Spirit!
Mayst thou reveal thy presence and thy power,
And all the calmness of thine aspect fair.